THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS MAY 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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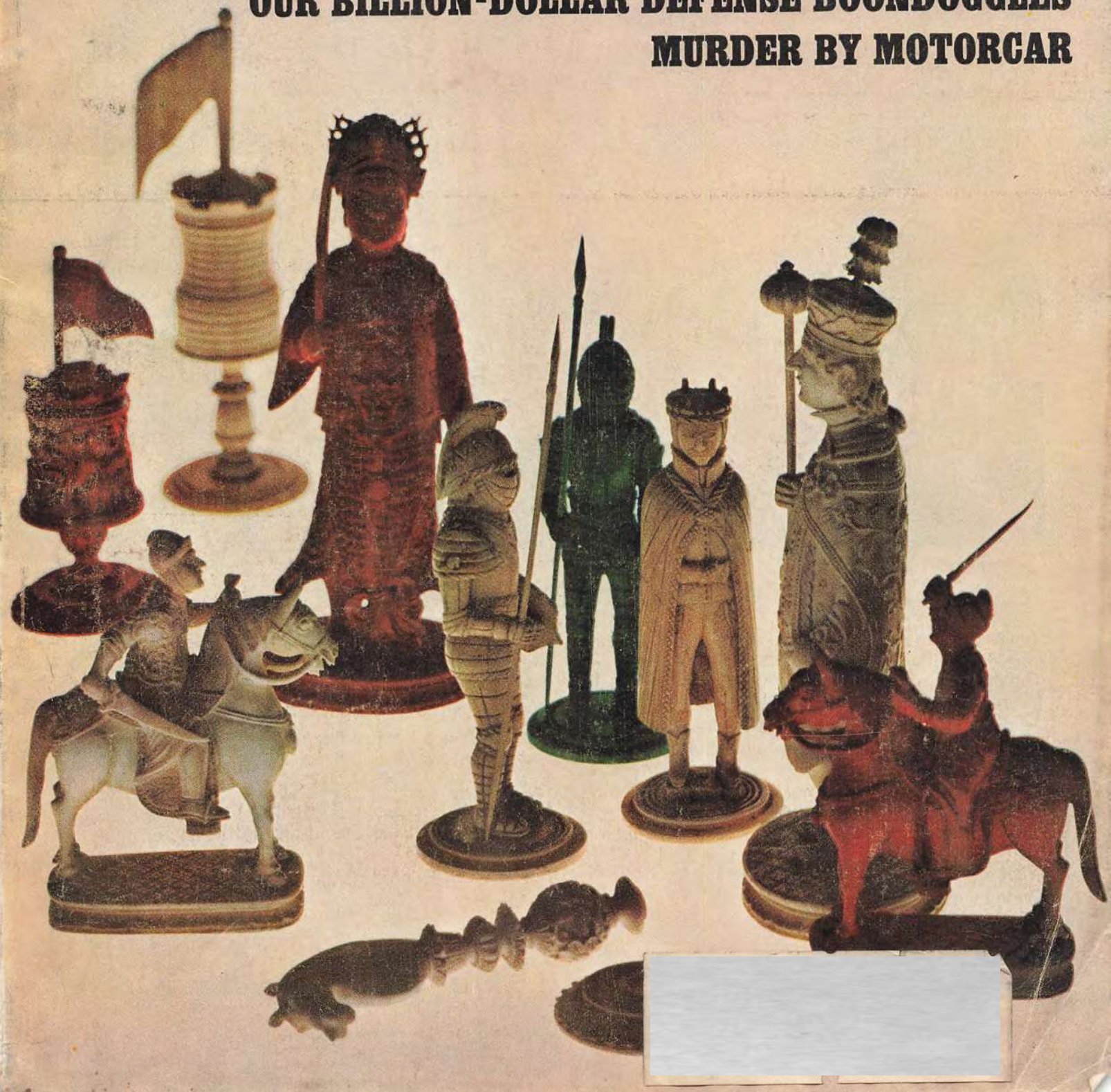
OUR BILLION-DOLLAR DEFENSE BOONDOGGLES

MURDER BY MOTORCAR



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FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

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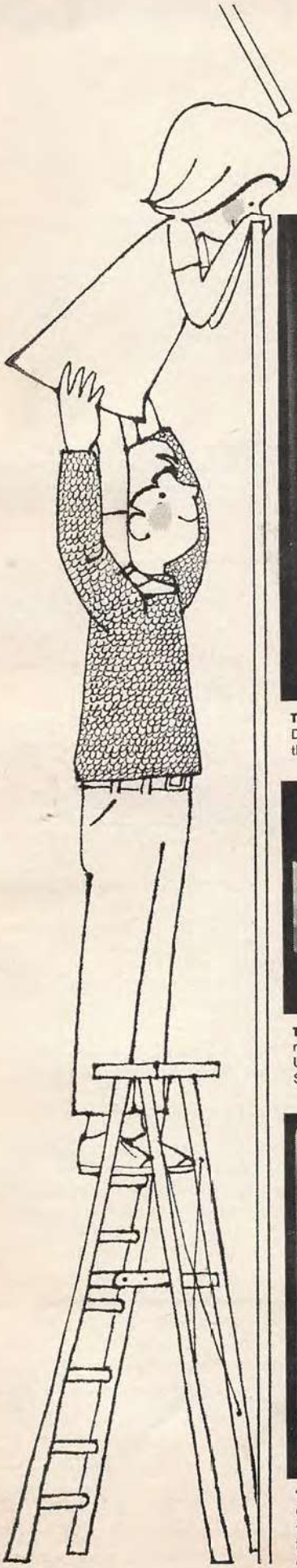
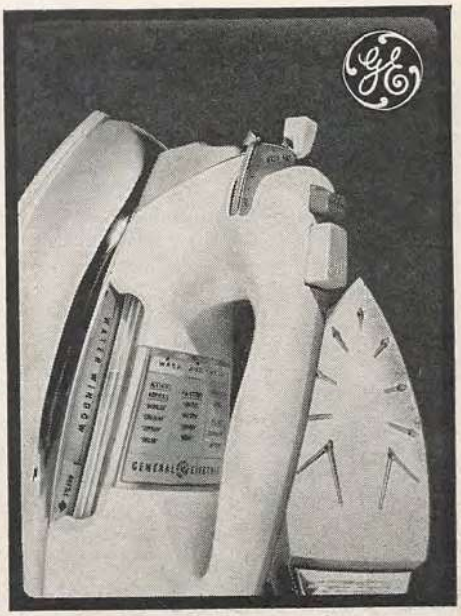
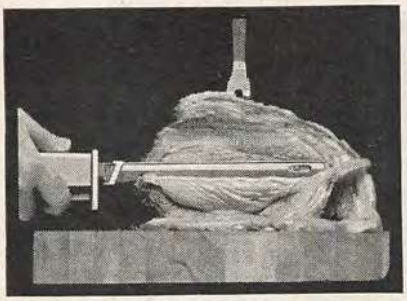


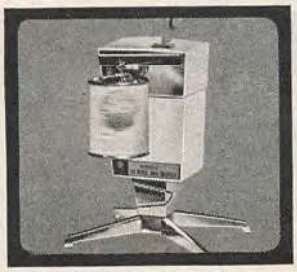
TO SAVE HER TIME... the new General Electric Medallion Hair Dryer. Unique "Instant Heat" unit next to bonnet dries hair faster than ever before. Also has nail dryer. Smart travel case, too.



TO MAKE IRONING A BREEZE... the General Electric Spray, Steam and Dry Iron. Irons even heavy fabrics without pre-dampening. Has automatic Fingertip Spray.



TO GIVE HER THE SECRET OF CARVING... the new General Electric Cordless Electric Knife. Use anywhere—kitchen, dining room, patio. Stores in its own recharger rack.



TO SAVE HER TEMPER... the new General Electric Can Opener-Knife Sharpener does the work quickly, efficiently.

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TO LIGHTEN HER CLEANING CHORES... the General Electric Portable Cleaner. No bigger than a handbag, yet it cleans bare floors, stairs, furniture, hard-to-reach corners powerfully well. All attachments included.

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True Derring-Do

Only you, TRUE, would have had the derring to do *Only You, Dick Daring* as your April book bonus. It looks like we the people are the April fools, with our airwaves in the hands of such mendicants of mindless mediocrity as Merle Miller portrays in his tragic epic. Miller may have had his TV series botched for him, but he got a damned good book out of the botching. And he's inspired me to do some writing myself. After I post this letter to you good men and TRUE, it's to work I go penning protests to my Congressmen and to the TV tycoons who are befouling my living room with their meretricious mush.

—Martin Castiglioni
San Francisco, Calif.

Salute To Iwo Defenders

After reading your condensation of Richard Newcomb's *Iwo Jima* (March) I was impressed by one astounding fact. Of the 21,000 Japanese defending Iwo, nearly 20,000 paid the highest price in behalf of their cause. There were no mass surrenders or desertions. They fought with courage, stamina and a patriotism that is hard to beat. Although their efforts were considered close to fanatical, I for one take my hat off in salute to their bravery and loyalty.

It's not often we Americans speak out with respect for a vanquished enemy, but here is a case that deserves at least honorable mention. My only hope for world peace is that our armed forces are currently turning out fighting men of at least equal caliber.

—Fred J. Schnaufer
Norwalk, Conn.

Unwed Dads

In your article *Buchwald Strikes Back—Hope for Unwed Fathers* (February) Buchwald makes the statement, "For every unwed mother there is an unwed father somewhere."

Since when are all married men impotent?

—G. A. Welch
Thomasville, Ga.

A pregnant question.

Man vs. Pigeon

Slaughter of the Multitudes by MacKinlay Kantor (February) is an incredible true story. I used to believe that man's destruction of the passenger pigeon was inexcusable, but after reading this story my opinion is that it had to be we humans or the pigeons. This story disproves the theory of "balance of nature." Mankind is the real check and balance on nature.

—Watson Howden
Oakland, Calif.

But let him use a little of the brains that supposedly distinguish him from other species and not "check" the rest of the animal kingdom out of existence.

Good Gad!

The Secret World of the Hunter by Vance Bourjaily (February) is a very fine story, but when he mentioned a "goodwall" duck—gosh-all get-out! Didn't he really mean "gadwall"? Or maybe his mind wandered to buying tires for the station wagon?

—Bernard N. Chancellor
Truth or Consequences, N.M.

You told the truth, Bernard, and our typographer takes the consequences.

Rattling Good Yarn

Dan Mannix (*How to Housebreak a Rattler*—February) has challenged any Westerner to try to top the stories attributed to Cotton Mather in support of the deadliness of the Eastern timber rattler over the

[*Continued on page* 4]

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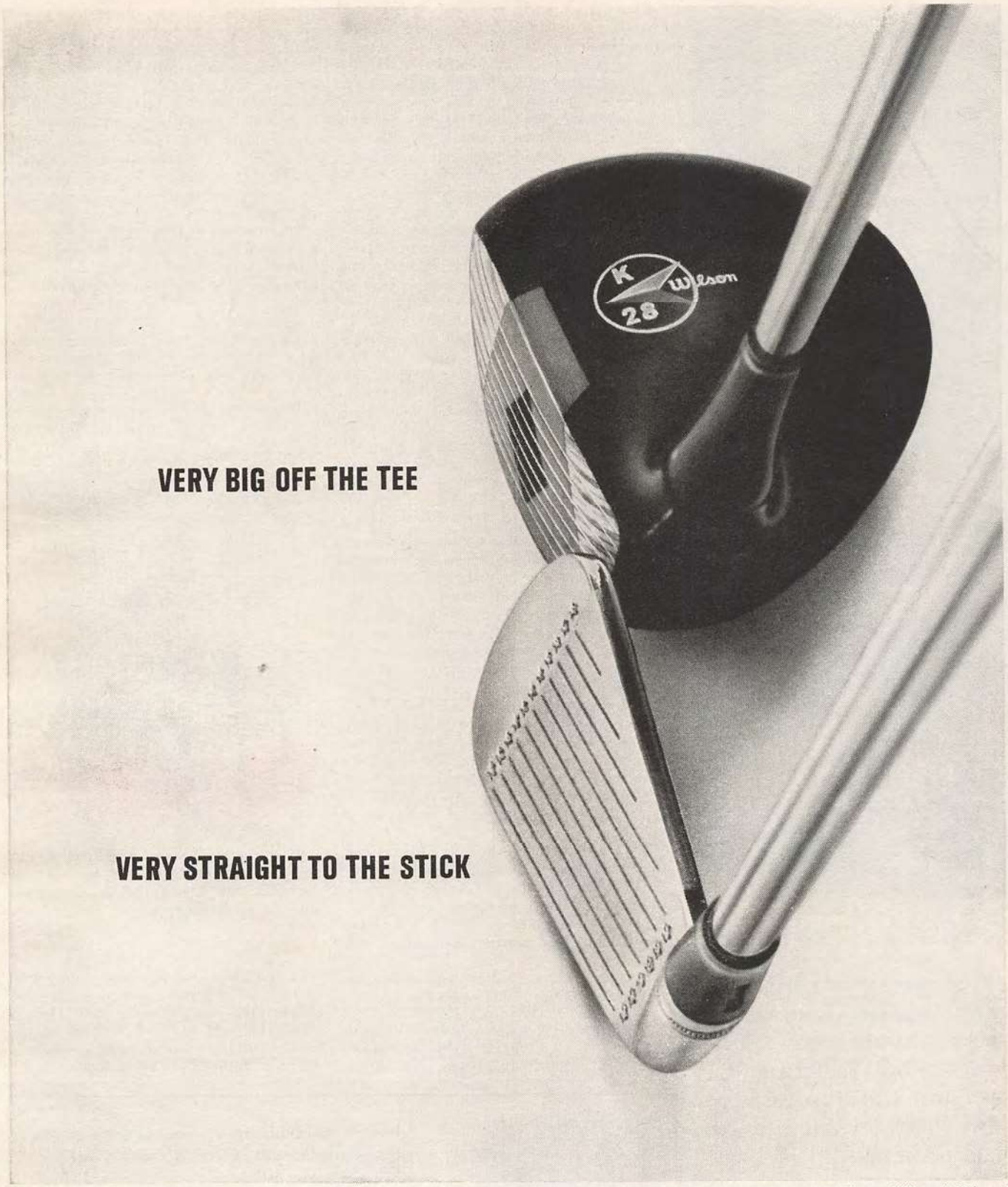

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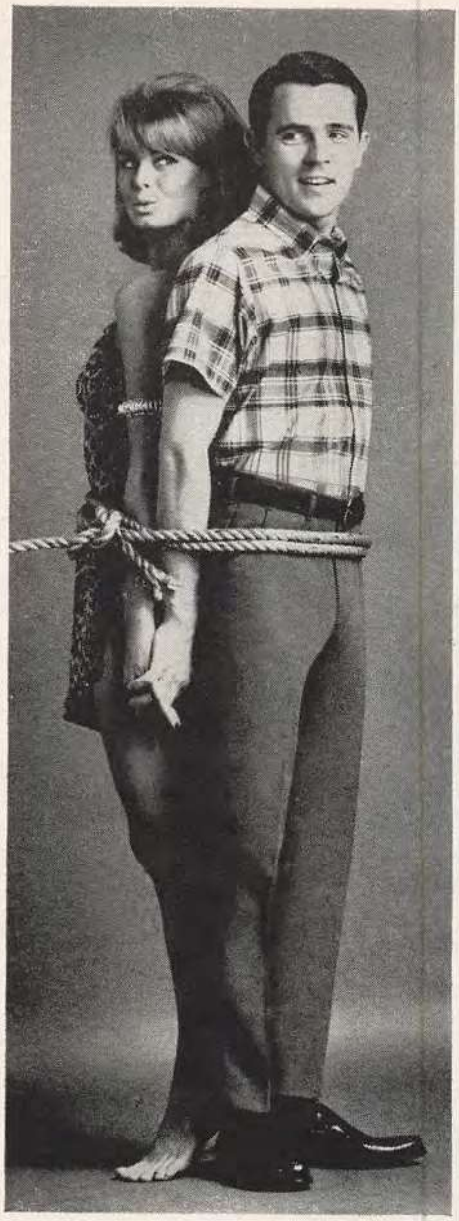

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[*Continued from page 2*]

Western diamondback. As the late Damon Runyon would have said, I weigh in with a strong shill for the diamondback.

In the fall of 1907, when my Old Man was trimming some brush, he was struck at by a diamondback. My Old Man could move faster than a goosed antelope when the occasion demanded, and the rattler sunk his fangs into a small sapling instead. In a couple of days this sapling swole up into a tree 79 feet tall. My Old Man cut it down and sawed it into lumber and built a fair-sized stable to shelter some young calves. Mom insisted the raw lumber structure was an eyesore, so my Old Man painted it. The turpentine in the paint sucked out the poison and the lumber began to shrink. It shrank so fast he barely got the last calf out in time.

My Old Man said he figured he could use the stable for a dog house, but it got too small to hold a decent sized dog, so he used it for a cat house.

—R. G. Voorhees
Ontario, Calif.

The Timorous Sex

Without a doubt Max Gunther has scored a perfect bull's eye and located our country's Achilles heel in *The Female Fears That Bind a Man* (February). Up here in Alaska my family and I arrived with about $700, our truck and our trailer. We have been here a little over a year and a half and have built and equipped a complete marine machine shop, acquired about 11 acres of land and built our own little restaurant. We have been advertising for a combination diesel mechanic and machinist to run our shop, but as yet haven't found a man with enough guts to quit punching a time clock and punch his wife and tell her to pack up the kids because he's going north where he knows of an opportunity.

This last frontier is the only physical one that's left that bears any resemblance to those frontiers of the 1800's that made our country and our men the greatest. If Mr. Gunther's sagacious revelation goes unheeded, this last frontier will remain the last.

—R. R. (Buck) Beamer
Homer, Alas.

I'm sure you and Max Gunther will want to know of an incorrect statement in his otherwise blemishless article. The great statisticians, actuaries of insurance companies using the companies' own historical experience tables, indicate in their disability and hospitalization premium rates that men are *not* more prone to disease than women. A policy, *without* maternity benefits, is usually 20 percent higher on the female than on the male of the same age with similar coverage. Believe Max confused likelihood of disease with longevity. Mortality tables indicate that a woman will outlive an equal-age male by five years.

A girl who had both accident and maternity insurance became pregnant and, at her farewell party, asked the boss under which coverage he thought she should file her claim.

"Maternity, of course."

"You're wrong, boss," said the girl with a pout. "This is one time an insurance company can't tell *me* it wasn't an accident."

—Dean Palance, Editor
Conscience-Guide
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

One thing Max forgot to mention—meat! Most women cook meat until it is as gray as a dirty sneaker, and tastes like one. Why not rare? "It looks raw and unhealthy."

—David J. Ives
Davenport, Ia.

Well done, Dave.

When you've been to a hell-and-damnation meeting, you know damned well when the old man is talking directly at you. This is how Max Gunther's article hit me.

—Willy Smith
Eugene, Ore.

Gunther says that if a man owns life insurance for retirement income, he is better off putting his money in a bank. Here he reveals his lack of research. Just ask any banker, "If I put my retirement savings in

[*Continued on page 8*]

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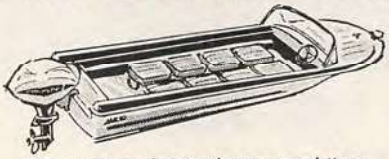

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

MAY 1965

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN SOMOROFF

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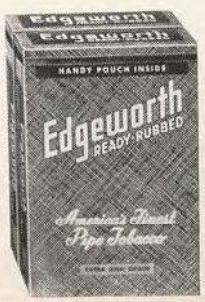

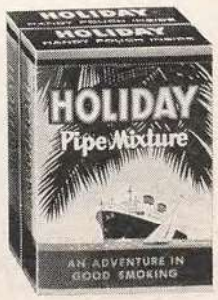

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[*Continued from page* 4]

your bank will your bank guarantee my wife and children, in the event of my death, an estate equal to a lifetime income starting with the very first deposit I make of, let's say, $50?" Of course it won't. It is a big contradiction in Mr. Gunther's article when he concludes that life insurance is "mostly a device for women's safety."

—*Mrs. June Harrington*
Las Vegas, Nev.

Well, now, just who gets that "estate"?

I don't think I've ever read anything truer than Max Gunther's article. Ruth in the Bible said, "Whither thou goest, I will go," and some of these women should take a lesson from that.

—*Mrs. John Oja*
Ironwood, Mich.

Starry-Eyed

In the 10 years I've been reading each issue of True, there has never been one to equal this February's All Star issue. From the descriptive cover through the many interesting articles, even to the choice of cartoons, it's the best ever. Your *Mystique of the Hunter* by Vance Bourjaily was a wonderful study of the absolute relaxation and solitude of hunting alone, including the minute and usually left-out occurrences to which he has the keen ability to direct the reader's full attention. Also, there was a thought-provoking lesson to be found between the lines in MacKinlay Kantor's story *Slaughter of the Multitudes* describing the destruction of the passenger pigeon. These two articles alone will do more than any before have to help attract a new following of sportsmen readers to True. Please give us more like them, and often.

—*J. C. Nichols,*
Valdosta, Ga.

Cultural Explosion

The *Gangway for Culture* item in your February *It's a Man's World* is as childish a piece of reverse snobbism as I've ever come across. You state that if a man takes his wife to a "tony shindig" (I thought this kind of Will Rogers' "folks down home" corn went out 30 years ago—though God knows Lyndon's bringing it back), it is only to please her "for the hell of it" and of course has nothing really to do with the man's own desire to occasionally engage in activities other than bowling, hunting, fishing and poker. You suggest that any person of the male sex who would *really want* to see an art exhibition, hear a concert or see a play is either a phony or a pansy or both.

Gentlemen, this is 1965; your intimated attitude of "all them artist fellers is queers"

[*Continued on page* 10]

Looking for a fishing motor that tucks in a car trunk, carries like a suitcase, goes like the wind and thrives on a 50 to 1 gas-oil diet?

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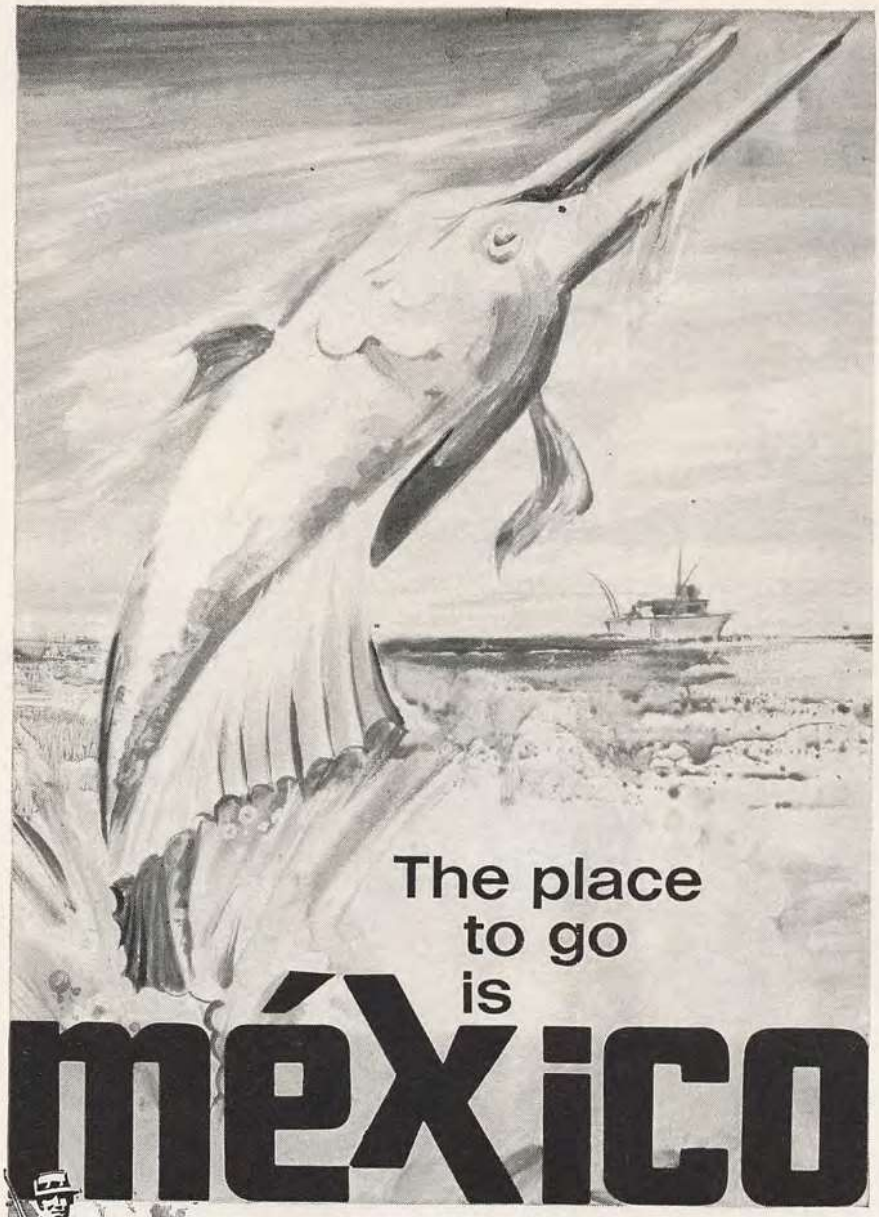
Enough power to plane a 14-foot fishing boat, yet the 9½ is so compact it packs in a car trunk like a 3 (actually it's 3 inches shorter). It totes like a 6 and the new low profile gives unlimited fishing room astern. **Built-in fuel economy.** Sea-Horse motors require no special fuels. From 3 to 90 hp, all 17 new models use regular grades of gasoline and oil and use a new 50 to 1 fuel mix to halve oil costs and up spark plug life 50%. **How carefree can an outboard be?** All Johnsons are so corrosion resistant that they need not be flushed after salt water use. Each one is backed by a 2-year warranty* covering both parts and labor. For the right engine to fit your needs see your Johnson dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. Johnson Motors, 1931 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. Division of Outboard Marine Corporation. In Canada: Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.

*For 24 months after purchase, Johnson will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

Another carefree Johnson...first in dependability



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[*Continued from page 8*]

is no longer cottoned to, even by manure-shoveling high school dropouts.

—Michael Lewis
New York, N.Y.

Aw, shucks, we wuz jest doin' a little funnin'.

Greg The Great?

Dick Gregory's *Nigger* (January) will, I hope, do a lot to bridge the chasm between the races in the United States. Each race tends to view members of the other as all-alike stereotypes, not as individuals. Gregory presents himself as an individual; he doesn't hide the fact that he's got bad in him as well as good. He doesn't portray himself as a plaster saint or a spokesman for "the Negro." We will make more progress toward a harmonious America, I think, when we start regarding each other just as people, as individuals, and forget about the racial labels.

—Jerry Walker
New Orleans, La.

UFO Mystery

I must express my disgust over your using material by Donald Keyhoe (*U.S. Air Force Censorship of the UFO Sightings*—January). This guy is the biggest crackpot to come out in many years. Flying saucers are to him what Communists are to the Birch Society. They are everywhere! Hide!

—Lyn A. Sherwood
Huntington Park, Calif.

What magazine did you read that in? Keyhoe's whole point is that we should not get hysterical about UFO's.

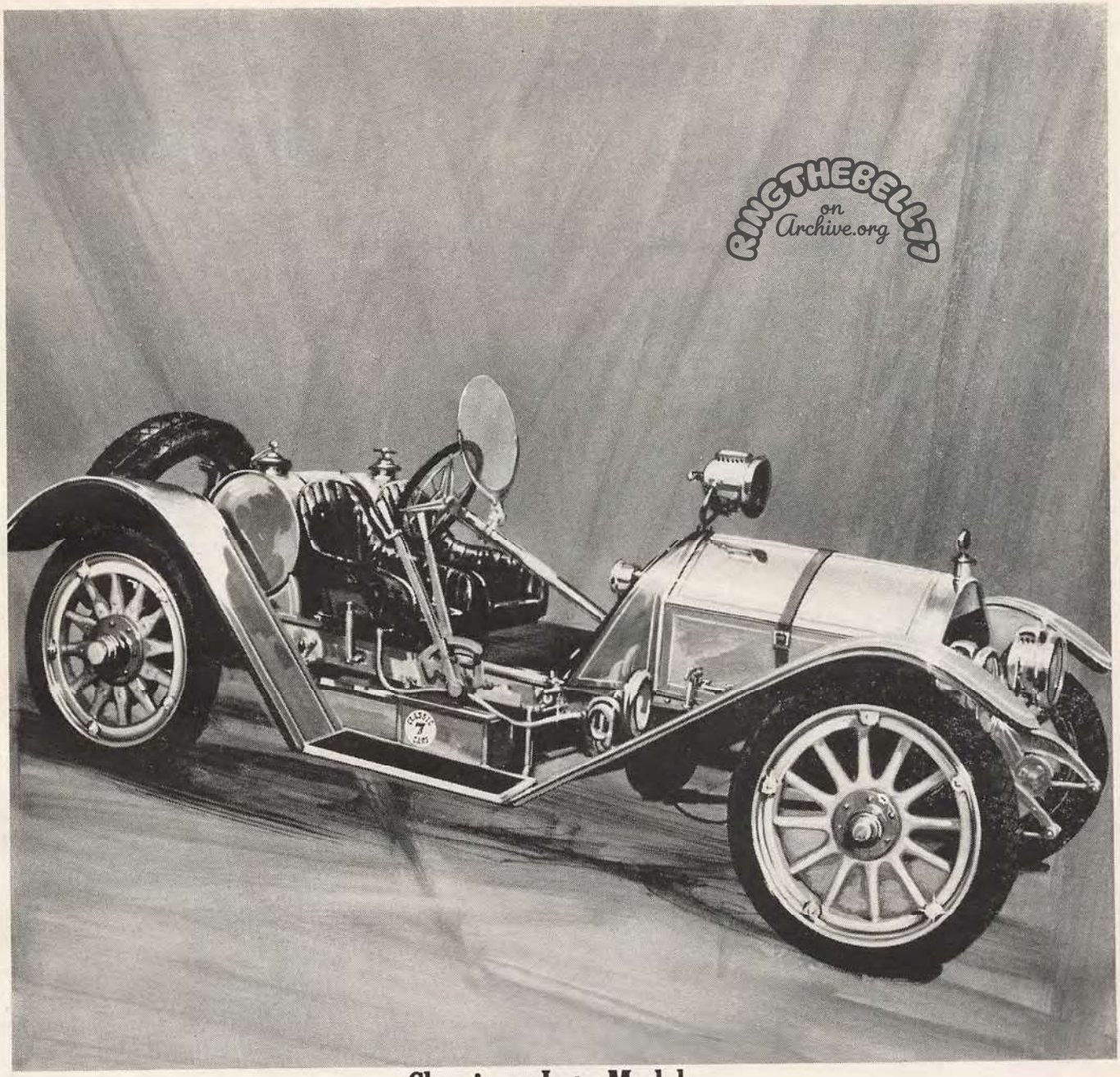
Major Keyhoe tells the facts as they really are. It is time that the public was warned of the dangers of withholding information on flying saucers. The recent flap throughout the U.S. and overseas has brought this subject to the attention of a great majority of people. TRUE was a pioneer in this field during the early days and it is good to see a return to this attitude.

We would like to hear of any personal experiences your readers may have had, and hope they will report them to our society as well as to NICAP, Major Keyhoe's group.

—Timothy Green Beckley
Interplanetary News Service
3 Courtland Street,
New Brunswick, N.J.

Let us hope that the UFO's take over Earth soon. I am frightened of the state of the world, not of the unidentified flying objects.

—M. G. Marsh
Dothan, Ala.



Classic or Late Model...
Du Pont Golden "7" stops oil burning

Even if your car isn't an old classic like this 1913 Mercer Raceabout, it may be showing its age by needing oil between oil changes. If you're feeding an "oil burner", you can stop it in a hurry with Du Pont Golden "7".

Add a can of Golden "7" to your oil. It instantly improves oil viscosity, stopping excessive oil burning and the troubles that go with it. Power is sealed in. Your engine runs quieter, smoother.

Golden "7" is scientifically formulated with long chain polymers to protect vital engine parts by keeping them properly lubricated whatever the temperature. Oil doesn't thin out, and you get faster, easier starts.

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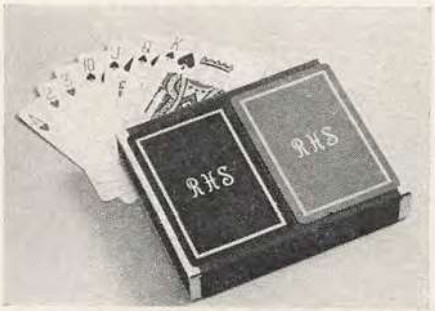
If you wonder how your psychiatrist can stand listening to you, remember that he spends two weeks a year on the 18-hole championship Stardust Hotel* golf course in Las Vegas.

*where your "resort dollar" buys more.

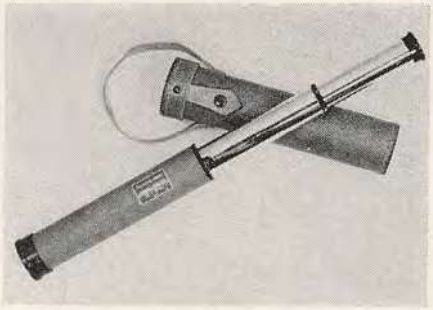
TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.



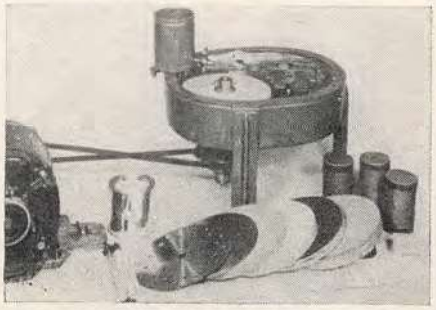
MONOGRAMMED PLAYING CARDS are suitable for Bridge, Poker, Rummy, Canasta. Made of a fine quality plastic, the cards are smartly designed and personalized with your choice of 2 or 3 initials. Initials are gold stamped. You get one red deck and one blue deck in a handsome gift box. Complete price for set of 2 decks is $2.50. Gloria Dee, Dept. T, Box 2000, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

MINIATURE LUGGAGE—Clever scale copies of the famous English Gladstone bag are little gems. Made in British Commonwealth, one is a miniature bar with 4 bottles, and the other is in reality an address book-notebook combination. In British tan; measure 4x2½x1¾". Really nice. Each, $2.98. British Imports, Dept. TR-5, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

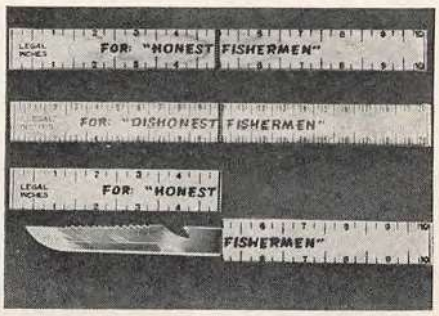


30-POWER TELESCOPE has an achromatic lens for pin-point viewing. Color-corrected coated and optical ground, the scope brings you up close to birds, animals, ships at sea, stars, planets, etc. Collapsed, it's only 7½" and extends to 13½". With a heavy lined pigskin case and strap. $6.95. Majestic Distributors, Dept. T-5, 16 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

AUTO BEVERAGE HOLDER prevents drinks from spilling. Holds glasses, cups, bottles, cans safely while driving or parked. Removable holder quickly attaches to bracket on dash panel or other flat surface. Self-adhesive bracket holds securely. Use in boats, on card tables, wall surfaces, too. $1.49; 2 for $2.79. Greenland Studios, Dept. T, 3710 E. 10 Court, Hialeah, Fla.



CUT & POLISH YOUR OWN GEMS at home with this lapidary machine. Easy to operate. Buy readily available rough, uncut gems and turn out expensive and beautiful jewelry. Without Motor, $36.50. With ¼ HP Split Phase Westinghouse Motor, $49.95. Express charges collect. $5 worth of rough gems included free. International Gem, 15-T Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.



HONEST FISHERMAN'S RULER & FLOATING KNIFE. Add laughs to your next fishing trip with this gadget. Ruled wooden case measures 10 Legal Inches on one side, 20 Illegal Inches on reverse side. Select the side that best fits your character. 5" long stainless steel blade also has one serrated edge and bottle opener. $1.50; 3 for $4. Ferry House, Dept. T-5, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 118

Ted Cavagnaro of St. Louis, Missouri, is an avid deer hunter. "Last season my brother and I hauled in six deer on our Trail 90's," Ted told us. "They performed effortlessly. We wouldn't think of going hunting without them." Matchless performance. That's the reason sportsmen the world over prefer Honda, the biggest-selling trail machine in the business. For further information write American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Department EM, 100 West Alondra, Gardena, California.

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HONDA TRAIL 90 FEATURES

Engine	OHV, single-cylinder, air-cooled, 4-stroke
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Load Capacity	450 lbs.
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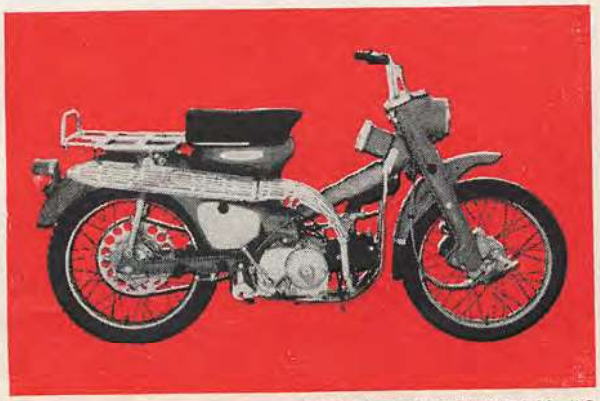
Shock Absorbers	Hydraulically dampened front and rear
Tires	Rugged "knobby" type for extra traction
Frame	"Step-through" design for easy mounting
Clutch	Automatic multiplate wet type
Muffler	USDA Forest Service-approved spark arrester



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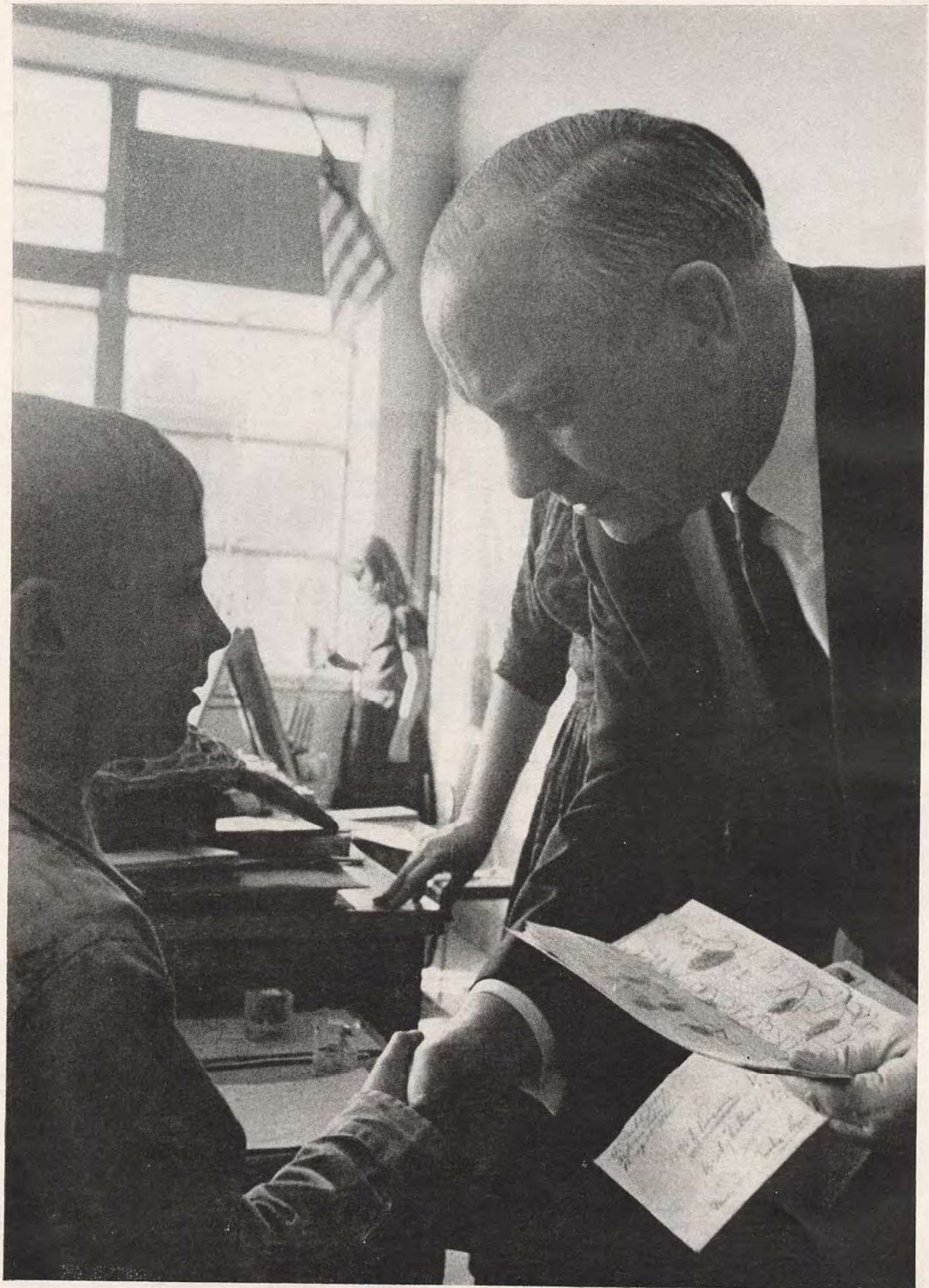

Willis's responsibility reaches right to the students. Here he thanks awed youngster who sent him a decorated letter.

BY ROBERT A. LISTON
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ART SHAY

PUGNACIOUS PLANNER OF AMERICA'S FUTURE

A big-city superintendent of schools has to be a hard-nosed businessman, builder, race-relations battler, mediator, politician—and educator. For Chicago's 600,000 school kids, the big boss is Ben Willis. And there's no tougher, more controversial or more respected "super" around

CHICAGO, ILL.

■ A Chicago newspaper called him "the most controversial and thoroughly disliked man in the city—if not in America." Said a community leader, "I don't think there is anything good about him." Another echoed, "My personal opinion is that he is no damn good."

The man thus described is not a hatchet murderer or even a purveyor of heroin to children. He is Benjamin C. Willis, general superintendent of Chicago's public schools, a man other Chicagoans have labeled courageous, sagacious and the best public-school administrator in the nation. As evidence of their regard, they have raised his salary to a formidable $48,500 a year, making him the fourth highest-paid public official in the United States, exceeded only by the President, the Governor of New York and the Mayor of the city of New York.

Most, but by no means all, of the extreme criticism and the extravagant praise of Willis stems from his handling of the school-integration issue, a thorny problem beleaguering school administrators across the country. In Chicago it has become the "Willis issue," and the personality of the man has split Chicago public opinion. Few are indifferent to him.

"I honestly believe," says soft-spoken Warren Bacon, one of two Negroes on the board of education, "more progress would be made if Dr. Willis were not on the scene." Says Frank Whiston, school-board president, "He can do the job better than anyone else at this time." Another man declares, "Willis must go. He stands in the way of all progress." And still another asserts, "Ben Willis is the only thing preventing chaos in our public schools."

"He is," a female reporter told me, "the most arrogant man in the world, secretive and unable to give a straight answer to an intelligent question." To balance that opinion is the statement made by a leading businessman: "Only a man as strong-minded and as dedicated as Willis would keep on trying under the barrage of criticism he has taken."

Willis's name is heard, not just in Chicago but all over the country, where teachers, principals and other educators congregate, for he is, many believe, the most able of all at what may be the toughest public job in the land: superintendent of schools in a large city.

Such administrators are expected to be capable of filling and challenging the minds of youngsters from 6 to 18. They must know "all about" philosophy, psychology, science, art, music, mechanical drawing and execution of the eligible-tackle play. At any given moment they are to be business ex-

Waiting to address school officials, Willis checks his facts.

PUGNACIOUS PLANNER

On tours of schools, Willis makes it a point to talk to pupils as he looks for signs of progress and notes good teachers.

His visit to a school over, he passes on observations to its principal, listens to her problems, weighs her suggestions.

ecutives handling multi-million-dollar budgets, with economy always in mind; financiers floating huge bond issues at favorable interest rates; contractors erecting school buildings with speed and economy; personnel managers able to resolve the complaints of teachers, unionized labor and PTA presidents; sociologists capable of solving grinding social ills such as poverty and prejudice, unemployment and crime; politicians working with mayor, councilmen and assorted ward heelers; and public-relations men ready to soothe injured feelings, appear on TV, greet reporters and visiting firemen and, in general, be available to any citizen eager to know how they are using their free time. Above all, they are the custodians of the future, responsible in large part for the knowledge, attitudes and mental fiber of society's future leaders.

The job is just about impossible, but Willis comes closest to doing it well. In the process, he makes most corporation executives look overpaid and underworked, for he has charge of and full responsibility for nearly 600,000 students and 30,000 employees in more than 500 separate buildings. He handles a budget of well over $300 million, a plant investment in excess of $600 million, an indebtedness of $200 million. Not only does he have an 11-man board to report to at its whim, but he has a never-ending "stockholders'" meeting with the 3½ million taxpaying residents of the nation's second largest city.

Perhaps because of this job and the controversy swirling around him, Willis seems a little larger than life—on the order of Gibraltar and Hurricane Connie. He's six feet tall, 200 pounds, barrel-chested, with eyes that suggest drill bits and a mouth that looks as if it were made with a hatchet. He may be 63 years old, gray of hair and struggling against a paunch, but he is also tireless—his day begins at 7 a.m. and progresses non-stop till 11 p.m.—and tough. I asked him once how he stands so much criticism. He thought a moment, then offered this explanation: "Oh, it's rather like brushing off gnats."

It is said by Willis's friends that he has no hobbies, no recreation other than the Chicago public-school system. Perhaps—but sometimes he acts as if making people mad were his barrel of monkeys.

"When are you going to meet with the press?" a newshen asked him as he appeared outside his office one day.

"Right now. I've 30 seconds while I walk to the elevator," he said, and set off at a pace doing credit to an enraged rhino.

The reporter ran after him and rattled off questions which earned such well-phrased answers as "Yep," "Nope," and "I'm not going to tell you." When the elevator arrived, he blurted, "All right, that's all. Your time is up," stepped in and disappeared from sight, leaving an angry woman. But not a helpless one. The story she wrote did nothing to win Willis friends or alleviate the bad press he often receives in Chicago.

To watch him in operation with the school board is to understand, at least in part, why he is so controversial. I sat in on a meeting considering integration and redistricting problems —thorny matters in Chicago as in many other cities. A board member spoke against the plan proposed by Willis. Then came the flood as Willis jumped to his feet before a sheath of maps and charts. He sought to drown his opponent in an inundation of figures and a torrent of words supporting his own thesis. No board member, citizen or critic has access to the mass of data available to Willis, [*Continued on page* 25]

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swinging sports-fastback!
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Most exciting Rambler ever—and America's first man-size sports-fastback. Big, solid. Power Disc Brakes, individually adjustable reclining seats, *standard*. Sports options galore. Power? Plenty—even the might of a 327 cu.-in. V-8 option. Marlin! Newest of the Sensible Spectaculars. (Your Rambler dealer invites you to see it.) In limited production, but stepping up fast. American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

PIN-UP DROUGHT

Progress (a lightly-used word) is killing the pin-up industry. Time was when a GI could get all the cheesecake Rita Hayworths and Betty Grables his heart desired, from movie studio publicity departments. Now that independent production is the vogue, Hollywood studios no longer have squads of busty lasses under contract and there are no pictures to mail out. The tragedy is that scores of starlets are eager and willing to pose on bearskin rugs but they don't have the money to pay for photographers and postage. One other, more somber deterrent: many servicemen are likely to have their wives living with them.

LICENSED MISCONDUCT

One of the lousiest abuses in the country is the DPL or diplomatic license plate which gives its possessor immunity to traffic laws that apply to everybody else. The theory seems to be that a DPL car is always speeding to a session to prevent nuclear war or denounce the United States. Often as not it's toting an ambassador's socks to a coin laundry. "Lousy" was the well-chosen word used by New York City Patrolman Thomas Gernon when he found a double-parked DPL car blocking a bus stop, forcing people to walk half a block through slush to board a bus. Gernon gave a little lecture to the diplomat, Rafik Asha, Syria's Ambassador to the United Nations, whose feelings began to bleed. Rafik flew into a sulk and ratted to Adlai Stevenson, head U.S. delegate to the U. N., who passed the beef to the local constabulary. In the worst miscarriage of justice since they gave hemlock to Socrates, Gernon, instead of being made police commissioner on the spot, was transferred to Harlem for the phoniest of official reasons—"for instruction in getting along with people." The story made headlines, and Rafik, realizing that he had made a booboo, made another. He said he just wanted the patrolman to be urged to be polite. Well, it's damn hard to display "respectful demeanor" when conduct does not merit it. The woods are full of mediocre diplomates but there's a shortage of courageous cops. The DPL plate should be taken away from all diplomats, including our own. They could then begin to learn their trade, and be re-admitted into the human race, by hunting for a legitimate parking place like any ordinary Joe.

BATTERED EAR SYNDROME

Our Public Service Award of the month goes to Dr. Ivan L. Rudnytsky, a college history teacher who struck a mighty blow in defense of sore ears. He was seated in a Philadelphia bus near a woman whose transistor radio rattled the window panes. He asked her to tune it down. Instead, the decibel demon moved to a seat closer to him and turned her transistor up full blast. Rudnytsky reached over to turn the monster off, and in the melee the obstreperous female got a good thump on the noggin. The yammering sound-crazed dame yelled for a cop and Rudnytsky had to put up bail. But a grand jury refused to indict him, probably on grounds that he was a victim of assault with batteries. Revives a man's faith in the jury system.

BAD GUYS ON EVEREST

Why do men climb mountains? The old answer, "because they're there," is good enough for men of action. It isn't good enough for multimillion-dollar mountaineering expeditions that get cluttered with turgid scientific studies, as if leaders felt guilty about climbing without the okay of departments of sociology. The American expedition led by Norman Dyhrenfurth which climbed Mt. Everest in 1963 had sociology and psychology studies going, not to mention others. Resuts of the psychology study directed by James T. Lester, Jr., of the Berkeley Institute of Psychological Research, are now in, and you could have knocked us over with a bulldozer. Each member of the team was tested for "overall saliency," which we think means how well he hit it off with the gang. One test required each man to describe his teammates in terms of a list of 60 adjectives. The climbers mainly described each other in negative words —as "bad guys" rather than "good guys." What's more, when it came to choosing the man you'd like to go on another expedition with, the bad guys led all the rest. Wnen life is at stake you can evidently depend on a bad guy. The question now is, "Why do bad guys climb mountains?"

WET NIGHTMARE

A Charles Addamsish fellow we know is looking forward to disaster he says is going to hit the Houston National League baseball team sooner or later. The boys play baseball or a reasonable facsimile in Houston's sensational Astrodome Stadium, a vast hothouse with a transparent roof that enables outdoor games to be played indoors. Some day, our man predicts, a power failure or bug in the works or something will shut off the air-conditioning system. The Texas sun will boil up moisture inside the structure, and when the coolers come on again, condensation will cause rain to fall. Though it's cloudless outside, the game will be called on account of rain, or condensation. Naturally it won't have occurred to the management to print rain checks.

DIVORCE, MODEL 1787

The shame of New York State, to pull one good shame out of the hat, is its divorce law which has been on the books since March 30, 1787. The state is still in the 18th century with its incredible statute declaring adultery to be the only

(Continued on page 20)

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 18)
ground for divorce. We know of no other contract that cannot be dissolved by mutual consent, but in New York divorce is specifically forbidden if husband and wife agree to it. Thousands of New Yorkers, from governors on up, have taken their divorce business to states which treat the principals decently and don't create contempt for law by accepting manufactured hotel-room raids as "proof" of adultery. Ever since the Revolutionary War the State Legislature has contemptuously, ruthlessly and pusillanimously refused even to consider revision of a vicious, brutal and demeaning statute. At long last, a couple of gutsy legislators from Manhattan, Jerome L. Wilson and Percy E. Sutton, are working on a project to study and maybe revise the 1787 law. We hope they don't get discouraged by a few nasty letters from yippy nobodies who still wear perukes and gaiters and beat the bushes for witches.

HAIR THIS

Hundreds of fake "baldness cures" have come and gone, like hair itself. Now that a couple of respected dermatologists have grown a certain amount of hair on denuded scalps, they're so worried that their treatment will be mistaken for cure that they described their results "with trepidation" at a meeting of fellow skin specialists. We've noticed that baldness is as common among dermatologists as among any other group of distinguished men. The two investigators, Drs. Christopher M. Papa and Albert M. Kligman of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, used an experimental ointment containing one percent testosterone or male hormone. This was rubbed onto the scalp daily by a couple of dozen bald men. After five months, about three-fourths of the men had a 10 to 15 percent regrowth of hair —that is, one thick new hair where seven to 10 should ideally be. Scraggly, but their own. Longer treatment improved the results. One 78-year-old man treated for a year had 25 percent regrowth. Neither age nor duration of baldness seemed to affect the results. Dead hair follicles are out of business for good, but quite a few follicles stay feebly alive, producing hairs so fine that a microscope is needed to detect them. Testosterone ointment evidently stimulates these weak sisters to produce hair. Oddly, a man has to manufacture enough male hormones of his own to get common baldness. It's a shining mark of hormone adequacy. More testosterone should make him balder. But testosterone scalp ointment appears to have some local drug action that stimulates feeble follicles. The doctors emphasize that testosterone is potent stuff and they do not think they have achieved a useful treatment for common baldness. The real hope, they think, lies in some compound devoid of testosterone's side effects which might prevent or delay baldness if a man begins to use it when the hairs start falling. As of now, "we know only too well that bald people grasp at hairs . . . they are ready to be gulled, deceived, and deluded."

LAST SLALOM

Leon Vart, a self-professed ski bum who for 60 years skied on most of the major slopes of the world, is dead at 76. Wherever he skied, and it was everywhere, he dashed off paintings to barter for food and lodging, picked up a dollar here for babysitting, another dollar there for translation or ski instruction, a few bucks for reporting ski meets for foreign language papers. He was always poor but got in a whale of a lot of skiing and attended 18 Olympic Games. He never thought life was terrible. It could have been worse; he never married. "If you want to live like a dog and die like a man, get married," he said. "If you want to live like a man and die like a dog, be a ski bum like me." His last request was that his cherished skis be given to poor children who could not afford skis, in the hope that they might get the fun out of them that he did.

SOURDOUGH

Ask a man what a sourdough is and likely he'll say a prospector or Alaskan miner. Fair enough, but sourdough that gave adventurers their monicker was actually a kind of wilderness yeast. It was kept in a pot, refreshed occasionally with a little flour and water, and lasted for years. Mixed into batter, it produced tangy flapjacks and biscuits. The trick is to get a sourdough pot started. This has been solved by Sourdough Jack—otherwise Jack Mabee of San Francisco—who developed a powder which produces a nice potful after soaking in water for 48 hours. A number of gourmet shops around the country sell pot and starter for about two bucks. Next, somebody will start selling pemmican to take along on camping trips.

BASE DECEPTION

Readers of this space will recall that we have always viewed with some dismay—yea, indignation—the efforts of females to alter their true shapes with various disguises which can only come under the heading of stagecraft. Recently we have had some cause to believe that man's collective voice was being heard and heeded—that the tiresome game of true or falsie was coming to an end. The no-bra bra and other courageous innovations seemed to promise a new era—for both the exhibitors and the viewers. Alas, fashion designers have now devised, and actually offer for sale, a cunning chunk of padding that enables a posteriorly deprived woman to protrude more fetchingly at the stern. The pads, which are spiritually if not anatomically akin to the padded bra, are being called "fanny falsies." The female instinct to deceive has hit bottom. An unwary girl-watcher, observing the ladies bustling about their business, can no longer be sure that all that wiggles is woman. It's a sad day when the fair sex becomes the butt of new jokes, but men should know that the girls can now fool them coming and going. But it isn't just the deception that bothers us, mind you. It's the silly female notion that every face and every figure be made to conform to a measure of beauty that has been legislated into existence by the fashion industry—but never ratified by the rest of us.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A bowling ball that curves or hooks with no special wrist motion being test marketed.

A razor loaded with blades in ribbon form is in the works.

More than 35 greeting cards per person were sold in the country last year.

—THE EDITORS

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THIS FUNNY LIFE

I once did some work for a woman contractor who gave me the option of being paid a percentage of her fee or an hourly rate of my own. I chose the latter. There was no argument about the arrangement, but a few days later the two of us were having a few cold ones with a mutual friend who was kidding me about working for a woman.

My female employer got the impression that I had expressed to our friend some dissatisfaction about the financial arrangement and began to explain quite vehemently, "You got your pay, all right, didn't you? I gave you your choice and—"

"—and he," our friend interrupted quickly, "chose the *money*—the louse!"

Hamilton Brown
Helena, Mont.

This recently happened in Portland, Oregon. A woman brought an electric flatiron into a TV repair shop to have a new cord put on the iron. It took only a few minutes, so she waited. When the young man handed her the iron, he told her, "That will be ninety-seven cents, please."

The woman recoiled, "What? Why, I can have it done down the street for fifty cents."

Without batting an eye, the young man took back the iron, clipped off the cord, and handed it back to her. "Here, lady, go down the street and have it fixed."

Lee Dykas
Seattle, Wash.

The B-17 was returning from a raid over Germany during World War II when its rookie waist gunner on the port side cut loose with his .50-caliber machine guns. Looking out the window, the pilot saw a lone German fighter flying parallel to the plane but at a considerable distance. The tracer bullets from the twin .50-caliber guns were falling far short of their target.

The pilot called the gunner on the intercom: "Hey, fella, that plane is way out of range."

Firing another burst, the gunner replied, "Yessir, I know—and that's where I intend to keep him!"

Lucius Farish
Plumerville, Ark.

One day in basic training, a two-star general was inspecting the mess halls and went up to one of the basic airmen and asked, "Well, what's the food like here, son?"

"We fight over it all the time, sir," the airman answered.

The general looked pleased. "That good, huh?"

"Well, not quite, sir," he was told. "The loser has to eat it."

Sgt. John F. Hilliard, Jr.
New York, N. Y.

The juxtaposition of road signs can sometimes be quite amusing. While driving into the great state of Texas one day, all by myself, I had to laugh out loud. "You are now in Texas," read the first sign I passed. A few miles down the highway was another: "Beware of Bull."

E. McArthur
Big Spring, Tex.

My husband is the type of guy who likes to play little jokes on me. When he comes home from work he knocks on the door and when I open it he's either hiding or he jumps out at me.

For nearly 12 years of married life I tried to think how to get even. Finally, it came to me.

When I heard the knock on the door the other night, I called out, "Come in, sweetheart, my husband isn't home!"

Again the knocking, very hard this time.

"Come *in*, sweetheart, my husband *isn't* home," I repeated.

Imagine my horror and embarrassment when a strange man stuck his head in the door.

Mrs. Barbara Mazut
Jericho Center, Vt.

While I was stationed at the Army airfield in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1956, our commanding officer was a hard-nosed major who had the unnerving habit of checking the guards by sneaking up and attempting to disarm them.

This habit was stopped abruptly one dark night when the Officer of the Day, a captain, was shot at while approaching a guard post. The captain yelled out his identification to the horrified guard, who quickly apologized. "Oh, excuse me, sir. I thought you were the major!"

Bernard L. Castleberg
Ukiah, Calif.

One day as I paused at a park drinking fountain, I heard two elderly philosophers arguing hotly on a nearby bench.

"Capital punishment will never stop murder and other crimes of violence," one of them declared with conviction. "Hanging didn't keep men from stealing horses in the old days, did it?"

"No, it didn't," returned the other with equal vehemence. "But it sure made 'em think twice before doing it again!"

D. O. Flynn
Klamath Falls, Ore.

Two expectant fathers briskly paced the floor in the waiting room of the local hospital.

Deeply disturbed, one bemoaned: "This *had* to happen during my vacation!"

"You think you've got troubles," said the other. "I'm on my honeymoon!"

Leonel F. Guzman
Sandia Base, N. M.

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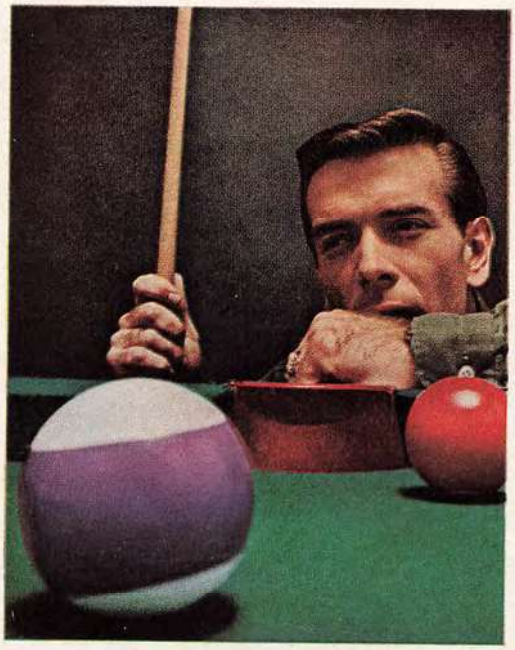

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[*Continued from page* 16]

and few have his dedication, tirelessness and near-photographic memory for figures. His rebuttal was a show. He rattled off statistics with such a rush only the most mentally determined could follow him. He trotted a succession of assistants out of the room to bring in more arithmetical fodder for his argumentative maw.

The defense was too much, as if a general had sent a division of troops supported by armor, heavy artillery and air cover to combat a sniper in a tree. Even with all his firepower Willis failed either to silence or to convince his opponent. He merely enraged him.

Frank Whiston, board president, has devised a method to make Willis shut up and listen. "We live in the same apartment house in Edgewater Beach," Whiston explains, "and frequently ride downtown together in his limousine. As soon as I get in the car I say, 'Ben, don't utter a word till we reach Fullerton Avenue—' or perhaps it'll be North Avenue. He doesn't interrupt, and I talk straight from the shoulder and don't color it. That way he listens. You see, there is nothing devious about Ben. He is most direct and blunt—and, of course, this gets him into trouble. But trouble doesn't worry him. He thinks he is impregnable. He'd spit in God's face if He asked him to surrender his principles."

Most others agree about Willis's lack of finesse in dealing with the public. "His public-relations sense is not good," says a leading Chicago businessman and long-time supporter and friend of Willis. "I even went so far as to recruit a committee of public-relations men to advise him—but he has largely ignored their advice."

Says John M. Fewkes, head of the 13,000-member teachers' union, and frequent sparring partner of Willis, "He does himself a disservice by not listening."

Why all the fuss about him then? Why pay $48,500 to such a heavy-handed bungler of public relations? Even his most implacable detractors answer: he has done a fantastic job for education in Chicago.

In the first 10 years of his administration the Chicago schools absorbed an increase of 170,423 pupils. That's adding a system roughly the size of Baltimore's. Not only did Willis house this influx of eager learners, but he eliminated all part-time classes for the first time in 100 years and cut the average class size from 39 to 32 students.

He did all this in two ways. First he carried out a building program unrivaled in its efficiency. During that decade he built 4,801 classrooms in 226 locations—housing 40 percent of the student body in new facilities. In the process, he trimmed the cost of construction per square foot from $21.16 to $15.13, a drop of 28.5 percent at a time when cost of other construction in Chicago went *up* 26 percent. And not only did he build schools cheaper, he put them up quicker, lopping two months off the construction time of the average building.

His second accomplishment was to add 6,600 teachers and to upgrade starting salaries from $3,000 to $4,910. Maximum salaries were hiked from $5,350 to $10,450.

The statistics go on forever, for one of Willis's more progressive innovations has been the use of data processing. As one assistant put it, "He knows what is going on. He has information readily available on any conceivable subject—and it is up-to-date. You can't fool him. Yet he operates his central office with a smaller staff per capita than any large city in the country."

Cut costs? Willis is an expert. The cost of interior painting, for instance, was trimmed 32.4 percent in 10 years. While the average wholesale-price index in Chicago climbed to 113.1 in the decade, the wholesale cost of items purchased by the schools declined to 95.3.

This is economy in action, and economy in public spending usually comes only if it must. Yet when Willis needed money, he was able to get it. School expenditures increased from $158 million to $312 million in those 10 years—and he got the money while keeping the schools out of politics, long a bugaboo of education in Chicago.

I talked to Prof. John Wozniak, dean of education at Loyola University in Chicago, who said Willis "is deservedly a national figure among educators because of what he has done."

What he has done, Wozniak made plain, is mix the visionary with the practical. Even as he is pinching pennies on purchasing, badgering politicians for more money and cutting corners on school-construction costs like a hard-headed businessman, he is acting in another facet as a way-out educational egghead.

There are dozens of research and experimental projects operating in the Chicago system. One of the most famed is the summer-school program, which had 12,000 students attending 20 schools last year. Most are the least-privileged youngsters, the slowest learners, but there are classes also for the high achievers and those who need to skip a grade. During summer the youngsters receive the best possible education, including good teachers with small classes. "Not only do these summer students retain what they learn, gaining at least five months in their class work," says Dr. Evelyn F. Carlson, associate superintendent for curriculum development, "but they undergo a change in attitude toward school, so that their ability to learn thereafter accelerates."

A famed Chicago innovation is the vocational-educational centers. These began as places where overage students—16-year-old sixth graders, for example—would be given an opportunity to learn a simple skill or trade so they could earn a living. The result has been something far above that concept. A significant number of these youngsters so respond to the attention lavished upon them that they become interested in learning and eventually go on to regular high schools.

Chicago is now a leader in the use

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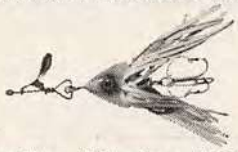

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of educational television as an aid to classroom teachers, with special films, demonstrations and lectures. One school has each room equipped to receive closed-circuit television, so that a large measure of the teaching is done via the electronic tube. Willis was one of a group of educators who helped develop the "aerial classroom," a plane loaded with television equipment circling over Montpelier, Indiana, and broadcasting educational TV to schools in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia.

There are 19 Chicago schools experimenting with modern methods of teaching math. Other city schools are probing into new ways of instruction in science and geography. Special programs offer shortcuts to gifted children, with thousands of high-school students studying for advanced placement in colleges as second-semester freshmen or as sophomores.

But more important than specific programs, says Dr. Carlson, is the attitude toward education. "Nothing is taught in our schools that hasn't been repeatedly examined to see if it is adequate, necessary and up-to-date. The National Education Association recommends a review of curriculum every five years. We do it every three. I know of no other place in the country making this effort."

Who deserves the credit? According to Dr. Carlson, "There is no question but that Dr. Willis has made Chicago a center of education innovation. Many of the ideas are his, including the summer school and vocational-educational center programs. He is a walking example of a man who lives theory. He constantly asks how curriculum can be improved, how we can sharpen teaching techniques. He has everyone continually involved in a search for better education. He leads; we follow."

It is this remarkable blending of the pragmatic and the theoretical, the administrative and the educational, which leads intelligent men to talk of Willis in the most extravagant terms. Dr. B. J. Chandler, for example, head of the College of Education at Northwestern University, told me: "There are no other big-city school superintendents in the United States who have Willis's talent, energy, drive and courage. He has the drive to innovate and keep up-to-date on modern techniques. I believe his insistence on the prerogatives, authority and responsibility of the superintendent has been among his finest achievements."

Dr. Chandler drew a breath and summed up his opinion: "Ben Willis is practically peerless as a big-city school superintendent."

Willis's progression to that accolade has been a more-or-less straight line from a one-room school on the eastern shore of Maryland. He attended the country one-roomer until the fourth grade, then switched to classes in nearby Easton. Of more motivational nature was the farm on which he grew up. Work was hard, so hard that Willis vowed—as have others—there must be an easier way to earn a living.

When he was 20, he was graduated from Georgetown University in Washington. He went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to sell cars, but decided he had a yen for teaching—for which he had received absolutely no preparation in college—when he heard there was a principalship open in Federalsburg, back on Maryland's eastern shore. Brash, if nothing else, he applied. He didn't get the job, but he was made principal at the two-teacher, 50-pupil high school in Henderson, a few miles off—salary: $1,350. He accepted. The year was 1922.

The following school term he did make principal at Federalsburg. Four years later he became principal in the town of Denton, and in another three years he was named to a similar post in Sparrows Point, a steelmaking town outside Baltimore. While there, he eyed and got the principalship of Catonsville High, largest in suburban Baltimore. Soon he quit to return to Caroline County on the eastern shore as county school superintendent. It was 1934.

From that point Willis went up regularly, if unspectacularly, in the size of the school system he ran: Hagerstown, Maryland in 1940, Yonkers, New York in 1947, Buffalo in 1950. Then in 1953 a committee of the Chicago board of education asked him to come there. Although he loved Buffalo, he accepted the job in the bigger city as a challenge.

Throughout his career there has been a pronounced strain of toughness. At Federalsburg, when he wasn't much bigger than the farm boys in his classes, he ran into what he calls, even today, a "terrific argument." The school soccer team had been state champs the year before. Now the players decided they didn't have to go to school. Willis thought otherwise and kicked them all off the team. "I made that school an educational institution," he says, "not just a custodial one."

A quality of Willis's career has been hard work. While teaching he went to school nights and summers, and finally received his doctorate from Columbia University. When he was superintendent in Buffalo in 1951, a national magazine described his whirlwind pace and said he worked "25 hours a day, eight days a week."

Asked why, he replied, "School systems were not invented to make jobs for school superintendents."

Willis goes around Chicago like a road runner on pep pills. He arises about 6:30 in his comfortable lake-front apartment, watches the morning news on TV and breakfasts with Mrs. Willis, an attractive former schoolteacher whom he courted at Federalsburg. Their breakfast affords her one of the few chances she'll have all day to get him to answer a question. Even then it's brief, for he's off for the office in his car, reading the papers and being cornered by board president Whiston.

From that point on there is no typical day in the life of Ben Willis, for being superintendent of schools is a demanding job of seemingly infinite variety. On one of the times I traveled with him he stopped at his office to confer with his secretary, Marie Harvey, then headed for a breakfast with parents at a southside

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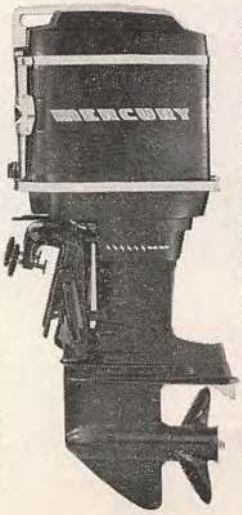

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high school. He hopped out as the car stopped, clipped off quick instructions to his chauffeur, and strode 20 paces into the school doorway, ramrod straight, hat at a jaunty angle, looking more like a four-star general than a general superintendent. Four young men in high-school ROTC uniforms opened the door for him. He spoke to them briefly about a parade to be held later in the week, and in his manner was the command and the masculinity boys had to respect. They obviously did.

Willis is good with boys and is outspoken about the need to unfeminize education. "More and more men are entering education, and that's a good thing," he says. "About half the high-school teachers in Chicago are men now, and the number of male elementary teachers is increasing. There is no doubt this is having a beneficial effect on boys."

Three strides into the building, and he was beset by a clutch of teachers, mostly women, each vying for the attention of the boss. Willis spoke to several by name. His manner was friendly, yet crisp. The school principal appeared, a smallish, scholarly looking man who was a bit fluttery of manner.

"Can I get you a cup of coffee, Dr. Willis?" he asked.

The general superintendent looked around at the confusion. "Are we ready to start?"

"In a few minutes, Doctor. How about a doughnut?"

"I'll take a little stroll, if you don't mind."

The stroll was an inspection tour. Willis took off down the hallway of the aging, rather gloomy building like a combination General Patton, LBJ and footballer Sam Huff. I fell in beside him and listened to his commentary. He started with the brick walls. "Something ought to be done with these, if only to put up maps and posters. There's no reason why education has to be dull. Children should learn while walking these halls."

He popped into an empty classroom where the walls were covered with pictures, drawings and educational material. "There's a good teacher here—this sort of thing doesn't have to be restricted to kindergarten, as it usually is. It can be done in high school." He paced on, missing little that fell within range of his vision. "Running a school is a lot of little things. Did you see that cracked step when we came in?" he asked. I hadn't. "That should have been fixed."

He turned around and headed back toward the group still milling outside the meeting room. As he neared, he said, "This is the principal's last year here. Perhaps that explains some of his laxness."

Then he was back with the others. "Are we ready to start?" he asked.

"It'll just be a few minutes." The principal looked distressed.

"I'll continue my walk then," Willis said, and headed in the opposite direction.

I asked about the principal. Was he fired?

"No, we have transferred him to another school." Willis hesitated, seeming to weigh his words. "He's a good man.

Came to us highly recommended. But there are problems in this school. It is in a racially changing neighborhood, for one." He was silent for a couple of steps. "We'll give him a second chance in a smaller school."

He stuck his head in the school cafeteria and exchanged hearty greetings with the workers there. Returning along the hallway, he fell in step with a veteran city policeman who happened to be passing through the building. For a dozen strides they chatted animatedly about scholastic sports.

The breakfast, when it finally got under way, was to honor parents and students enrolled in advanced-placement classes. Willis, introduced by the principal, started talking before he reached the podium. His remarks were simple. He congratulated the parents for bringing such fine students into the world, the students for working so hard and the teachers for making the program so profitable. He said this was teamwork, and good for Chicago, Illinois and America.

Speech delivered, he raced back to his office to meet with staff members and wrangle with a committee of the school board. After a brief tiff with reporters, he attended a luncheon for school guidance counselors, at which he spoke briefly. In the afternoon, he met with bankers on a bond issue, worked on a formal speech to be delivered over the weekend in Washington, held a staff conference, returned phone calls and dispatched correspondence. After a second shave at the office, he was off for a late round of meetings. One evening he somehow juggled attendance at three banquets. On another, before dinner, he met with several hundred steel executives, cementing friendships in the business community. He seemed more relaxed after this affair, perhaps because he had nowhere else to appear that night. He drank a couple of cocktails with me there, a substantial amount of red wine with the meal we had together, and, to flavor my continuing interview, a couple of liqueurs at my hotel. The following afternoon, however, when I suggested a highball was in order, he replied, "We partied last night. Tonight it's work."

Every bit of his day is devoted to education and Chicago schools. Even during the steel-men's dinner he had been proselyting, making friends, earning support for his programs. In the course of the day he may remark on the baseball scores, but clearly his heart isn't in it. He's just making small talk.

"Ben eats, sleeps and lives his job," says one of the few people in Chicago who has ever gone out socially with Willis, "but you can get him away from it if you know how. When he and I and our wives get together for an evening, I tell him he has a half hour to talk business, then he's done with it. He'll go along and be quite sociable."

Fishing, which he does once or twice a year, is the closest he comes to a hobby. He owns a set of golf clubs and has been known to play gin rummy with the boys on a long train ride. But obviously he's about as much a playboy as was Cotton Mather. What's fun? His family. He has

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AT THE STARDUST HOTEL*
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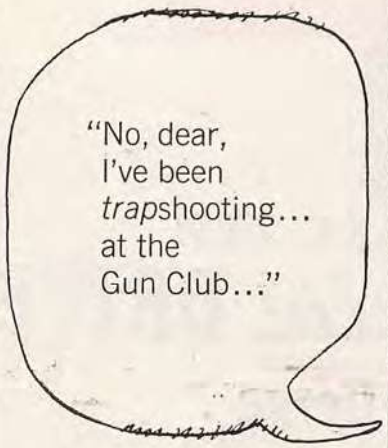

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a daughter married to an Evanston, Illinois high-school teacher, and three grandchildren on whom he dotes. "On Saturday mornings," says the friend who can get him to relax, "he piles his grandchildren into the car and gives them the grand tour—of school buildings. He knows the precise location of every brick, board, nail and splinter in every school building in the city. He knows them better than the people working there."

If hard work and total dedication to his job are keys to Willis's success, so is loyalty to his staff. "He takes full responsibility for anything that goes wrong," an associate told me. "He is the buffer between teachers, principals, staff and public. He takes all criticism on himself—and supports the teacher 100 percent. The result of this loyalty is a tremendous loyalty returned to him."

Said another man, "His staff is so loyal there is great danger they will simply 'yes' him in anything."

Dr. James H. Smith, deputy to Willis, put it this way: "He is without fear of what might happen to himself."

If Willis is both "fearless" and "peerless" as a school executive, how can he be "no damn good" and the "most thoroughly disliked man in America" to others?

Willis has come a cropper over the school-integration issue. Negro leaders such as Edwin C. Berry of the Urban League charge that Willis has deliberately strengthened racial segregation in Chicago by erecting schools in predominantly Negro or white areas, then insisting children attend the nearest school. This is the neighborhood-school policy, now anathema to civil-rightists.

Willis, in the opinion of integrationists, has too stubbornly resisted efforts both to erect schools in fringe areas, where the races would mingle in each on a neighborhood basis, and to develop "cluster" schools, in which some form of racial balance could be achieved in all the schools serving a given limited section.

Leaders such as Berry and board-member Bacon say Willis has discriminated against their race in hiring, promoting and transferring teachers by sticking to practices which keep white teachers in white schools and place Negro teachers, many of whom by force of circumstances are young and inexperienced, in Negro schools.

Willis's reply to their argument, as given to me, is blunt. "The children were there and needed schools to attend. So we built them. There wasn't time to argue about it. If someone now says the schools were erected in the wrong places, I'm not going to worry about it."

As for the contention that schools are an instrument of social change, whereby segregation can be eliminated, his view simply absorbs that opinion and moves on to another: "I believe the role of the schools is to educate, and if we educate well, that is an instrument of social change. Better leaders will rise. Men born under the evil of segregation will find better jobs available, improve their standard of living and then move out of ghettoized areas."

Problems of school integration are difficult to solve at best. With Willis's weakness in public relations, these problems in Chicago seemed to build up as water behind a dam while the integration movement was gathering power. When appeals were made to him to recognize the changing status of the Negro, he seemed arrogant. He knew what he wanted to do and when, including when he was going to tell others of his plans. His high-handed ways angered the integrationists. They belabored him for his secretiveness and inaction. But the more they lashed at him, the more he ignored them. Ultimately the attacks upon his policies became public attacks upon him. He was scored as a segregationist in speeches and in newspapers, notably in the Chicago *Daily Defender*, one of the largest Negro journals in the country. His Maryland origins were cited as "evidence" he was a white supremacist. The denunciations of him were frequently scurrilous.

The effect of this campaign was only to make Willis tougher and more unyielding. ("When Ben gets his dander up," friend and board-member Whiston says, "he just gets stubborn.")

The blowup came in September, 1963. Willis, after prolonged study, had come out during the summer with his "permissive transfer plan," a system by which students at the more jammed high schools would be able to transfer to those with more room. Mainly, it meant Negro students could transfer to white schools. Willis was not abandoning the traditional neighborhood policy—merely taking advantage of the overcrowded school situation to put a little bend in it.

Nobody liked Willis's idea. Negro leaders scoffed at it as too little. White parents disliked it as too much. There was much public wrangling, and some changes were made. The hottest immediate problem involved largely Negro Hirsch high school, where a group of predominantly white children wanted to transfer to white schools. Willis refused. The parents protested loudly, and on September 25, the school board, over the objections of Willis, ordered the transfer of the Hirsch students.

Willis told the board it was "granting special privilege to some while denying the same privilege to others." He called the action discriminatory and said, "I cannot be a party to it." He further argued that this was a matter of administration, not policy, and that the board had interfered with his prerogatives. He stood on principle and refused to carry out the board's order.

On Tuesday, October 2, the parents of four Hirsch students filed suit seeking to have the court order Willis to comply with the board's decision. On Wednesday, at 2 p.m., Judge Arthur A. Sullivan gave Willis 24 hours to carry out the transfers or face a court order. At 2 p.m. Thursday, Willis again refused. The court order was issued.

There began, then, events worthy of Laurel and Hardy. A deputy sheriff went to serve the order on Willis at his office, but missed him. Newspapers delightedly reported that Willis had slipped out a

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side door to escape the process server. (Later Willis denied this, explaining there is no side door to his second-floor office and insisting he habitually leaves by the stairway he used that afternoon.) No one found Willis that night. A deputy waited outside his apartment till 9, then went home. Newspapers rushed editorials into print denouncing Willis for "ducking" the court order.

Meanwhile, Willis's attorney appealed the court order. The hearing was set for 10 a.m., Friday, October 4. Willis lost. The order was upheld for transfer of the four students.

Across town, Willis opened his apartment door, accepted service of the order, smiled and said, "I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble."

He left immediately for his office and faced squads of reporters and phalanxes of klieg lights and television cameras. From his pocket he pulled a paper and read aloud: "The action of the Appellate Court this morning has placed me in the position of either carrying out this directive, which I believe to be discriminatory and preferential in nature, and which violates my basic principles and sense of professional integrity, or being in contempt of court as long as I remain as general superintendent. Therefore, at 11:30 a.m. today . . . I tendered my resignation. . . ."

As soon as he could get away, Willis went to a previously scheduled luncheon of Catholic schools. There he heard Msgr. William E. McManus, head of the largest parochial-school system in the nation, present him an award "for service to education beyond the call of duty." Willis, the "impregnable" man, was seen to weep.

Although the issue which led to Willis's resignation was his attempt to integrate schools in his own way, he was lambasted in the press that night by Negro leaders rejoicing at his leaving. "Unloading this man," said Berry, "will offer the board an opportunity to correct past evil, hire a superintendent, instruct him as to policy and supervise his work."

The *Defender* put it even more plainly: "Willis ruled with an iron hand, bringing tyranny, terror and utter confusion." Then it gave him an orchid for "having the good sense to resign and enjoy his reputation as the most controversial and thoroughly disliked man in the city—if not in America."

By the following Tuesday, when the school board met to consider Willis's resignation, Chicago would have been more placid had a 20-kiloton bomb gone off in the Loop. By letter, telegram, phone, petition and delegation, Chicagoans descended on the board in support of Willis. Deputy Superintendent Smith let it be known he would not accept the superintendency and would, in fact, resign, too. Several other Willis aides indicated that if he went, so would they. The North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools warned that city high schools might lose accreditation because of the circumstances leading to Willis's resignation. Teachers launched chain telephone calls to bring pressure. Business leaders set out to get as many pro-Willis telegrams sent to the board as possible.

Only minutes were needed for the board to vote not to accept the resignation. Three of Willis's closest friends on the board, including Whiston, were named to urge him to reconsider.

Civil-rights leaders were dismayed. Berry's comment was typical: "We planned a party over the weekend to celebrate Willis's ouster. Instead of a celebration, it was a wake. I'm very melancholy."

Asking Willis to come back was one thing. Getting him to agree was another. On October 14, at the retreat to which Willis had fled, a delegation from the Windy City called on him. First Mayor Daley appealed to him, then two of the three representatives of the school board tried to reach his pride and his sense of duty.

They got nowhere. Willis was being as stubborn as a petrified mule.

Whiston bided his time, waiting until the others had left. Then, alone with Willis, he gave him a Dutch-uncle talk. It was best Willis had quit—it proved what everyone had always said about him. Several school experts had applied for his job already, and contrary to what he thought, he didn't hold all the aces. People would forget. He wouldn't be a hero more than a couple of days. . . . Then what would Willis be—just another hardheaded old man?

After chewing on Willis with this approach, Whiston added, "I'll tell the papers you said the 550,000 Chicago kids didn't mean a thing to you."

Willis had to laugh. He capitulated. Rules were drawn up delimiting the board's role in policy and Willis's in administration. For instance, the board would approve a permissive-transfer plan, but Willis would work out its implementation. He rescinded his resignation and on October 16 returned to his job.

To some civil-rightists, certain members of the press and other opponents, his return was a disaster, for it left him more impregnable than ever. But they tested him. His bad press worsened. Negroes boycotted schools. Willis's office was picketed daily for months. The situation got so that if you hailed a cab and said you wanted to go to the board of education, the cabby asked, "You going to demonstrate?"

But Willis ignored it all—flicking off gnats.

Today, demonstrations are a good bit rarer in Chicago, which does not mean that the school-integration problem has been solved or that Willis is winning a popularity contest among Negro civil-rights leaders. What has happened is that Willis's toughness has forced an impasse which allows time to try, at least, to solve the "unsolvable" problem. Permissive transfers have taken place. Some experimentation with school clustering has gone on. Other ideas are under discussion.

"These are difficult times for education in Chicago," Whiston says. "I feel Ben can cope with the problems if anyone can. For one thing, he's becoming more maneuverable. He's less brusque with people. He has given his associates a look under that shell he keeps around him. But he has not surrendered his principles. Not one bit he hasn't."

This new maneuverability of Willis led him not long ago to decide to listen to his public-relations advisors. He mentioned his change of mind to a friend, saying he wanted to soften his image. "That's wonderful, Ben," the friend commented. "But do you mind if I don't hold my breath?" —**Robert A. Liston**

TRUE

"Please, Morton, haven't the Republicans suffered enough?"

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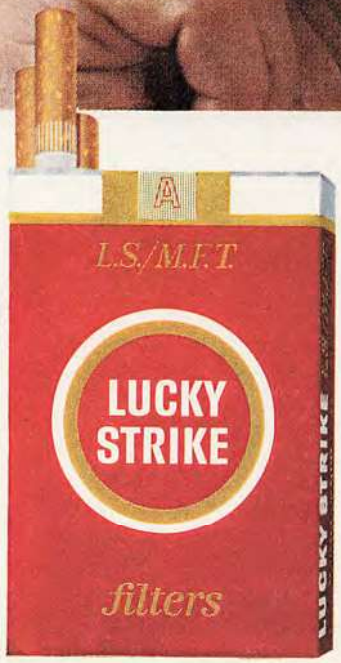

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TRUE
MAY

The Bloody Road To Usumbura

No one else could or would help me. With my right hand blown off and blood spurting through the tourniquet, there was only one chance. I had to drive 200 miles over winding, tortuous African roads to the nearest hospital village before the gate closed for the night

BY JEAN-PIERRE HALLET

LAKE TANGANYIKA, AFRICA

■ The small yellow flame licked at the one foot length of Bickford fuse cord attached to the two sticks of dynamite I held in my right hand. I waited for the spark and the little crackling noise that would come when the fuse caught, but nothing happened. Two or three seconds passed as I held the flame of my lighter to the end of the fuse. . . .

It was shortly before 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, October 24, 1955. I was standing in a dugout canoe about 300 feet off the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, at the southern border of Burundi. Three other canoes were positioned in a crude circle around me, about 100 feet away. Each of them held two Bagoma fishermen who were waiting, nets in hand, for me to drop the charge into the water. The dynamite would sink slowly and explode at a depth of 15 feet. Then a cloud of stunned silvery fish would float up to the surface, and my native helpers would scoop them into their nets.

Two or three seconds passed . . . Then, instead of a spark, there was a rapid, abnormal hiss-s-s-s-s. Something was wrong

The Bloody Road To Usumbura

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD TERPNING

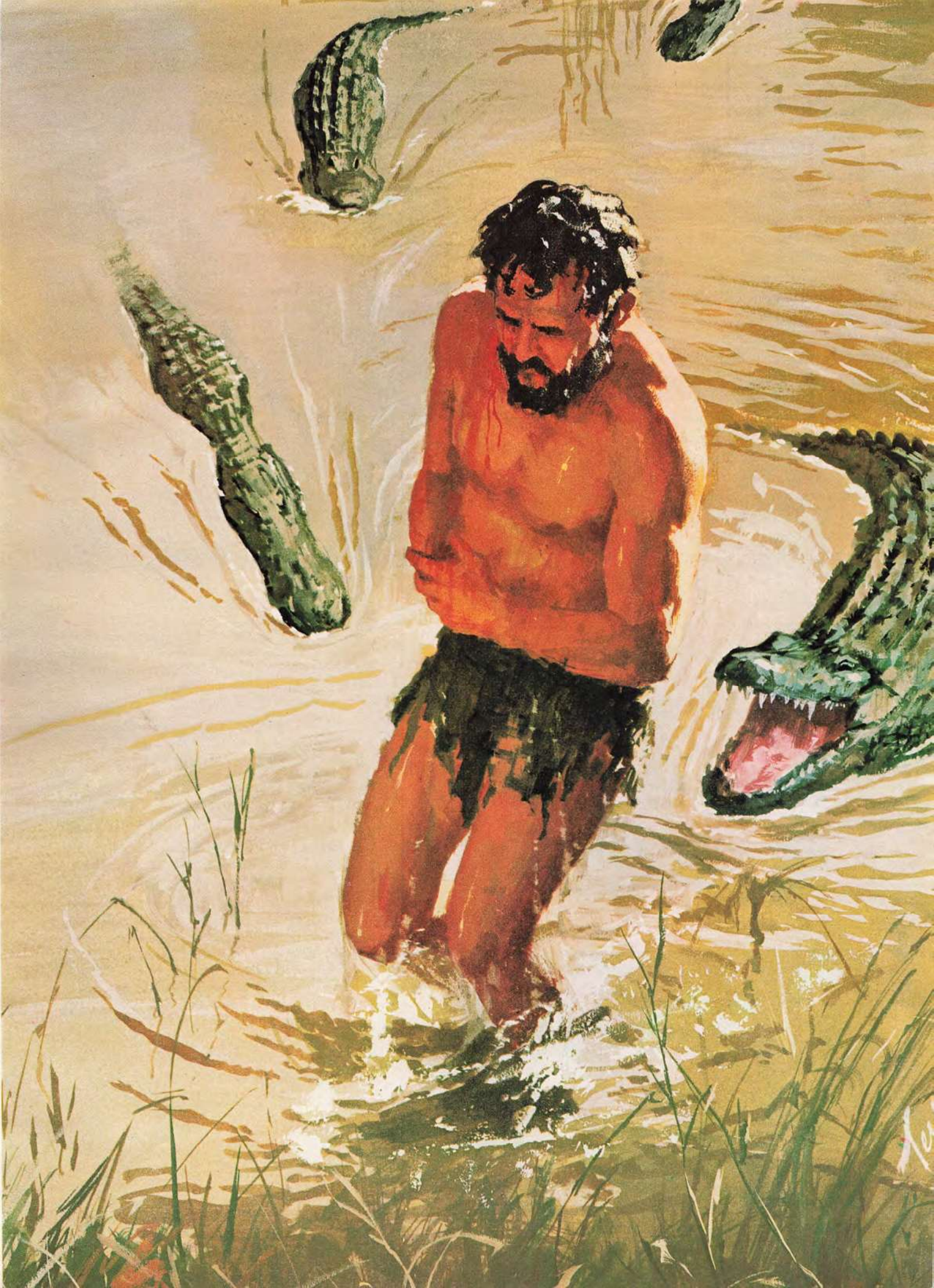
and I knew it. Immediately, I started to make the quick gesture that would toss the dynamite into the lake, but I was too late. The 200-gram charge of high explosives went off in my right hand.

Seconds later, when awareness returned, I found myself in the cold blue immensity of Africa's deepest lake, gasping for breath as I instinctively treaded water. I was half blind and almost completely deaf from the blast. My face, neck and chest were laid open, my left hand was terribly wounded, and my right hand—I no longer had a right hand, only an abbreviated stub of an arm that ended just above the wrist in two jagged bones and some tattered frills of skin.

My canoe was still floating about 20 feet away—upside-down. I looked for the other boats and saw, with a feeling of rage, that the native fishermen were paddling furiously toward the shore. Frightened by the prospect of being involved in a white man's death, my helpers were deserting me. Then I looked in the opposite direction and saw four greenish-gray snouts about a hundred feet in the distance. They moved toward me rapidly, with their ridged, scaly backs carving a wrinkled wake through the water. . . .

It began less than a week before, when I visited the Belgian Colonial Government's administrative center in Kitega. I had been working for the government for the past seven years as a sociologist and agronomist, both in the neighboring Congo and here in the mandated territory of Ruanda-Urundi (now two independent nations, the Republic of Rwanda and the Kingdom of Burundi). I had come to Kitega for a routine technical discussion, but the situation I found was very far from routine: it was tragic. There was famine in the [*Continued on page 78*]

Dazed from the blast that had blown off my hand, I stumbled toward shore. The crocodiles were close behind.



war and pieces

In a chess battle, Charlemagne is said to have lost the game and his kingdom. And folklore has it that a prince of old Bavaria was killed by a chess piece thrown by his frustrated opponent. Such legends show the warlike nature of chess—both on and off the board—that has persisted since the game's probable beginning in 7th-century India. In fact the pieces now called bishops, knights, castles and pawns are thought to stem from the Hindu names for ancient army divisions: elephants, horses, chariots and foot soldiers. In more than a thousand years of play, chess has produced experts of dumfounding ability and many collectors of rare and valuable sets. The pieces shown here are among the prizes in the outstanding collection of Robert Block of San Francisco.

CUSTER VS. GERONIMO

MEDIEVAL WEAPONS

MARINE LIFE

CUSTER VS. GERONIMO is colorful carved wood set from Italy, with added appeal because of some Latin twists of U.S. history. Stockade and totem pole are the rival castles and one bishop's standard carries the pennant of Custer's 101st cavalry regiment.

MEDIEVAL WEAPONS are from modern American porcelain set. King is King Arthur's sword "Excalibur" and the queen is a lady's hand mirror—to indicate the power of guile and charm. The bishop is represented by a cross and the knight by the double-headed axe of cavalry. Castle is a turret and the pawn a halberd that was carried by foot soldiers.

MARINE LIFE is German porcelain set made about 1930. The king and queen are coral pillars, the bishops are lobsters. The knights are sea horses, castles cuttlefish and pawns starfish in this aquatic army.

METAL KNIGHTS (right) were made 100 years apart. Knight at left is an ass dressed in evening clothes. It was made in Denmark about 1850. Next to it is another metal knight made in the U.S. in 1956. This one, from a traveling chess set, breaks down into two pieces.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DON W. JONES

RICH AND POOR pawns are from the only set of its kind. It was carved in wood for the collector by the sculptor Emil Janel. Each piece that Janel made differs from every other in expression and attitude.

CAPITALISTS VS. COMMUNISTS is a Russian propaganda set made in 1925 in Leningrad. Only about 20 of these porcelain sets were made and they are much sought after. The capitalist king has a death's head and carries a human leg bone, while his bare-bosomed queen spills gold from a cornucopia. The communist royal pair are represented as sturdy workers. Sailboats are a traditional Russian representation of the castles. The capitalist bishop looks like a decadent type while an armed commissar represents the communist side. The communist pawn is a strong, healthy worker with a sheaf of wheat but the capitalist pawn is a gaunt worker bound in chains.

FROGS IN PORCELAIN are from an unusually lighthearted chess set made recently in Germany. All of the pieces are humorous in pose and attitude—providing chuckles to go along with serious strategy.

RICH AND POOR

CAPITALISTS VS. COMMUNISTS

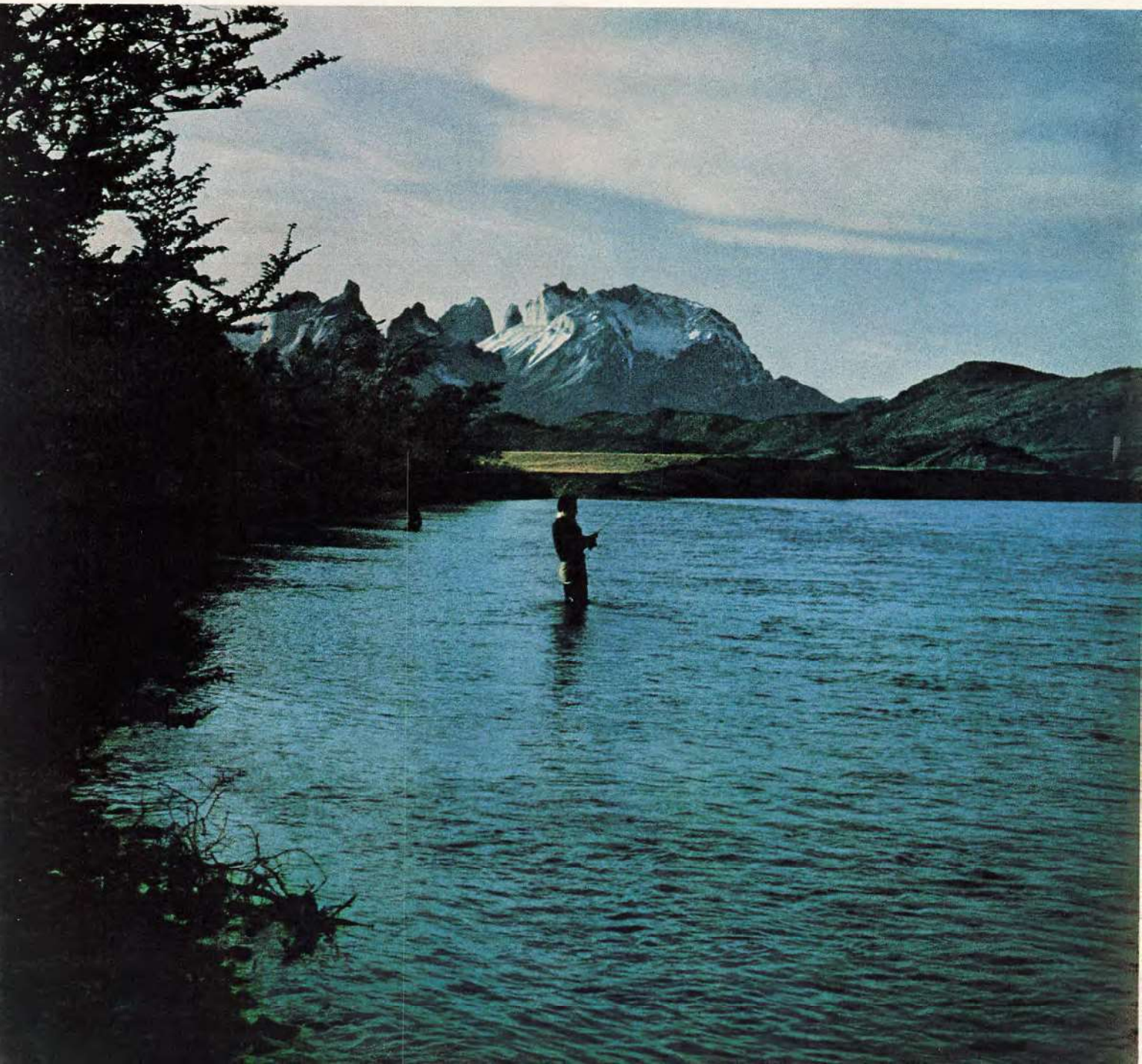
METAL KNIGHTS

FROGS IN PORCELAIN

FOUND: A NEW WORLD OF TROUT FISHING

The rivers of the southern coast of Chile teem for 800 miles with brown trout that have migrated to the Pacific and returned as big, vigorous "sea trout." But their presence was unknown until our man made an epic journey of discovery

Berni Schoenfield



PUNTA ARENAS, CHILE

BY DAN HOLLAND

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ It's the intense black of a moonless night. I am in a remote and bleak part of Chile in company with a man I'd met only minutes before. Guillermo Rohers. He speaks one tongue, I another. The few trees seen this evening are stunted and twisted, evidence of powerful and persistent winds, but now there isn't a breath of air stirring. The earth is silent. There is no sound except the swish of my companion's rod and of my own.

Could this sluggish channel, no more than the tidal estuary of a small stream, be a trout river? The water beneath each sheer bank is dense with weed growth and the stream so narrow that time and again in the darkness I drop my fly in the grass on the far bank. In the unaccustomed atmosphere, and trying to fish an even stranger, unseen stream, a creeping fear begins to overwhelm me—am I on another wild goose chase, this time 7,000 miles by plane from home, the biggest bust of all?

I search out the channel by ear, let the fly sink and retrieve ever so slowly. Eventually I fetch up in the weeds, clean the fly by feel and try again. I move along and whip out another spot, and the night wears on, but never once did my partner suggest giving up. Then, as explosive as an unexpected thump on the back, it happens! Out of the darkness I have a powerful, give-me-that-thing strike. Suddenly a great fish bursts out of the still water and falls back in like a wet dog.

"*Un grande*!" I shout.

"A big one!" answers Guillermo as he comes running. "Is four kilos—more!"

With my friend speaking English I didn't know he had and I using Spanish as never before—and with the big fish jumping time and again—the silence is no more, the tension is gone. Even though we can't see the leaping fish 20 feet away, I know that I've hit it this time and have confirmed the existence of sea trout (the salmonlike members of the brown trout tribe) throughout a tremendous area. I have discovered perhaps the world's greatest untapped trout-fishing resource, for sea trout are supercharged, voracious and often damned big. . . .

It is the duty of men in my position who report for TRUE to search out unusual sporting places. We are of little service if we merely parrot published facts by reviewing a sure thing; we *must* chase wild geese. Having done this for many years, from east to west and from Point Barrow, Alaska, now to the Strait of Magellan, I know that it may not be the way to become a millionaire. But there are rewards more important to me than another dollar in the bank: a tight line, an exotic game bird over the sights, back-country adventure. It's the lure that compels the prospector. This time I had made the biggest strike of my life and found a huge fishing paradise unknown to the outside world. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

The seeds of this venture were planted way back on the evening of March 10, 1952, when Corey Ford and I were in South America to report for TRUE on the now-famous trout fishing in the lakes region of Chile. That evening on the southernmost river in the lakes region, the Petrohue, I took a strange 6½-pound trout—or salmon. It was as bright as a newly minted dime, and it had all the speed, endurance and aerial tactics of a fresh-run immature salmon. Yet I knew it was no salmon. It could be nothing other than a brown trout on its spawning run.

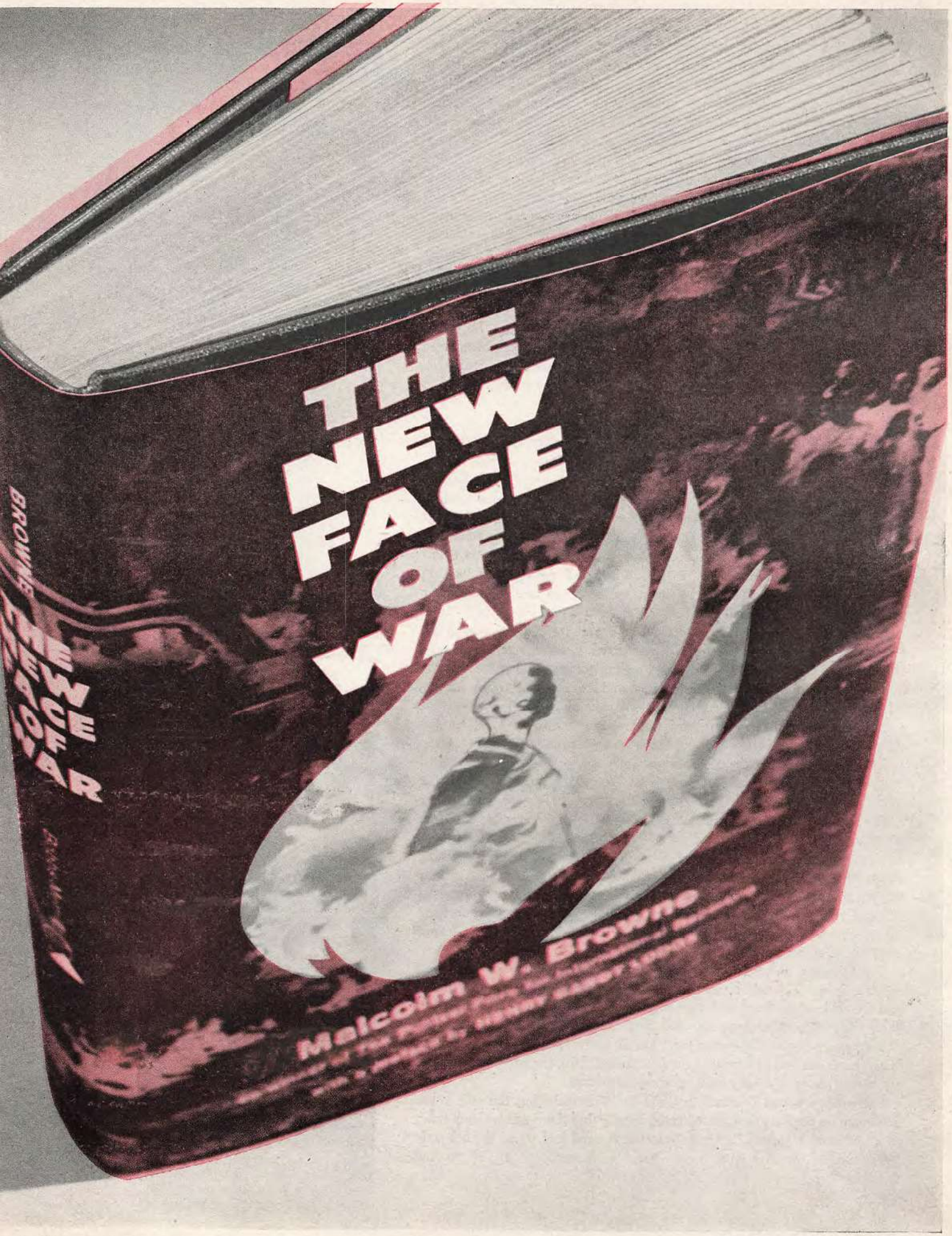
The haunting question: *Was it a sea trout?* If so, I had my hands on something big. The counterpart of our famous steelhead of the Northwest and the pride of northern Europe, sea trout not only have an extra charge of energy but often attain huge size and run in the quantities of salmon.

We heard reports of 30-pound trout having been taken from the Petrohue. Now, this is one hell of a trout to catch in a river. Still, the odds were against my having chanced on any such exciting discovery.

Everyone to whom I talked in Chile in 1952, including the only other fisherman on the Petrohue, stated emphatically that there was no such thing as a sea trout *anywhere* in South America. Since I had taken the fish only half a mile downriver from a very large lake, perhaps this brown had dropped down from the lake, its bright silver sheen [*Continued on page* 116]

Author and 1952 mystery. He flew 7,000 miles to prove it a sea trout.

Fish and water to thrill any angler—above, a sea trout from Patagonia of 24½ pounds; below, fishing the lovely Serrano River.


THE NEW FACE OF WAR
Malcolm W. Browne
BROWNE: THE NEW FACE OF WAR

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The U.S. has never known a battleground like Viet Nam. From behind the baffling headlines comes the real story of what's been going on as only a great reporter could know it—and tell it

PREFACE

As the Associated Press representative in Viet Nam, Malcolm W. Browne, has recorded history in the making and, in so doing, he has, on occasion, actually made history himself. One example of this was his coverage of the self-immolation of the Buddhist monk, Quang Duc, in 1963 who burned himself alive in one of the great public squares of Saigon.

Mr. Browne's description of this event and the photograph which he took of it attracted world-wide attention. They also started a wave of thoughts and feelings which unquestionably strengthened the forces which had already put the then government of Viet Nam into its terminal phase.

What is particularly valuable about this book is the way in which it conveys what people in Viet Nam truly think and feel. The crisis in Viet Nam would be rapidly ended if people thought in a certain way. The feelings of the people and the circumstances of their daily lives are therefore of prime importance and on them hinge military success.

One need not agree with all of Mr. Browne's opinions to recognize that in his book is the flavor of the struggle in Viet Nam. Where one man will say: "This glass of water is half full," another will say: "This glass of water is half empty." Thus it is that Mr. Browne says: "There is a distinct possibility that this war may be lost." Whereas I would probably say: "There is a distinct possibility that this war may be won." . . .

Understanding by America is vital, for if we in America persist, the outlook is good. But if we in America are impatient and easily discouraged, the outlook is bad. The answer to this new kind of war lies partly in Viet Nam, but it also lies greatly in the United States. In the work which he has done to inform American opinion, Mr. Browne has made a contribution of value to his own country, to Viet Nam and to the free world. He does so once again in this book.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Malcolm W. Browne has covered Viet Nam since 1961. For his efforts, he won the Pulitzer Prize and other acclaimed reporting awards. But fame didn't come easily for the 34-year-old correspondent. He met headwinds of censorship from the State Department, earned a beating from the Diem government's secret police and narrowly escaped death at Viet Cong hands at least six times—once by having a helicopter shot out from under him in midair.

■ It was nearly 9 when our little flotilla abruptly turned at right angles to the left, each vessel gunning its engines. We had reached the objective and were charging in for the beach. As we neared the shore we could see that the beach actually was a mud flat leading back about 50 yards to the palm trees, and it would be arduous hiking getting ashore.

The other two landing craft were going ashore about one mile farther up the river. The idea of this exercise, it was explained to me, was to seize two sets of hamlets running back from the river front, trapping the reported Viet Cong battalion in the wide expanse of rice fields in between.

We slammed into the mud, and the prow of our clumsy ship clanked down to form a ramp. We leapt into waist-deep water and mud and began the charge toward higher ground.

If the Viet Cong had even one machine gun somewhere in the tree line, they certainly could have killed most of us with no danger of encountering serious fire from us. Each step in that smelly ooze was agonizingly slow, and at times both feet would get mired. Little soldiers carrying heavy mortars and machine guns sank nearly to their necks. It happened fortunately that no one was shooting at any of us that day.

[*Continued on page* 121]

YOUNG MAN!

Many a young man is the victim of a giant swindle. His panting girl and her pushing family are selling him a marriage plot in a phony Garden of Eden. The old adage still applies: "Marry in haste, repent in leisure..."

ILLUSTRATED BY Osborn

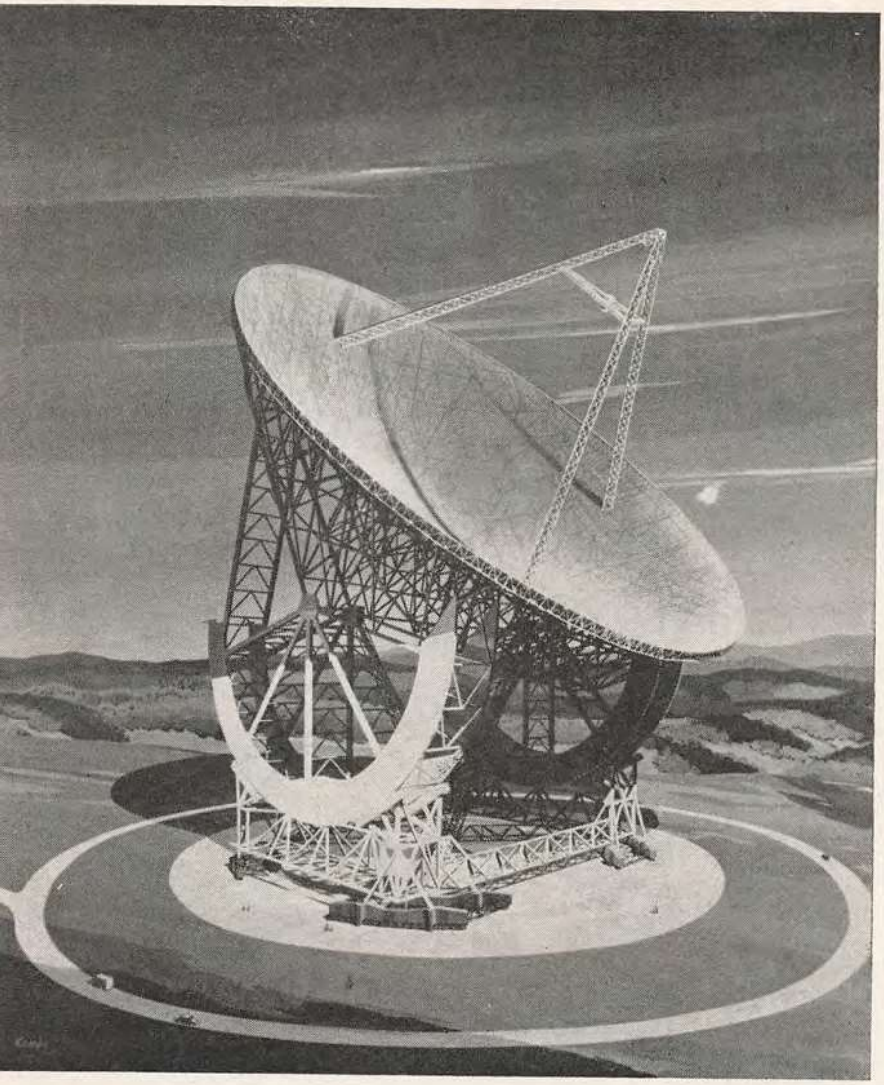
BY JAMES L. COLLIER

YOU DON'T HAVE TO MARRY THE GIRL

■ Not long ago there appeared in a multi-million circulation women's magazine a charming tale of young marriage. The young couple had three children. The husband and father, aged 21, was not only supporting his wife and children while he worked his way through dental college, but playing the good family man as well.

Burbled the magazine gleefully, "The young husband has had dozens of part-time jobs, from working in a creamery to digging graves. At present, he enthusiastically peddles pots and pans in his spare time, and works in a parking lot on Sundays. When the family wishes to take a motor trip or engage in some other special expenditure he simply puts on steam and peddles more pots and pans."

The picture is certainly one of admirable hard work and thrift, 100 percent okay by the lady writer. As it happens, however, people who know more about this sort of thing aren't nearly so ready to clap their hands gleefully over the young fellow's situation. The picture of a young man struggling into maturity with the weight of wife, three kids, studies and a job on his back makes marriage authorities want to whistle up the police. Bogged down in excruciatingly dull work, desperately scratching at his studies in odd moments between bottle feedings and grave digging, his only reward those jolly "motor trips," this one young man—and hundreds of thousands like him—is experiencing one of those refined versions of hell which only our century could have produced. According to guidance people, authorities on marriage and psychologists with whom I have been talking over the past several months, these young husbands are the biggest fur-lined, gold-plated suckers in the country today. Those who know are almost unanimous: young American males are marrying far too soon, regretting it far too often and doing it only because they have been sold a bill of [*Continuel on page* 102]



Thanks to our armchair generals and fogbound admirals, we're way ahead of the Russians in one area: throwing money away on bizarre defense projects. Ever hear of the Big Dish? Missile X? The Atomic Airplane? This fancy financial fumbling is almost comic—but it's your money, buddy, so it's no joke

The Navy squandered $64 million trying to build something that would look like the artist's conception at left. Site was cleared and construction begun (above) before Pentagon decided radio telescope couldn't be built. It wasn't needed, anyway.

OUR BILLION-DOLLAR

WASHINGTON, D. C.

■ From the air, it's a gigantic bull's-eye. From the ground, it's a mystery. A massive concrete block rests in the center of a concrete ring, hundreds of feet in diameter, seemingly in the middle of nowhere.

The crazy structure, nestling in a peaceful valley in the foothills of West Virginia's Shenandoah Mountains, was built to support the world's largest radio telescope. But now, abandoned, it's a monument to one of the most bizarre, inexcusable boondoggles in history. And aside from a warehouse full of useless plans, it's all the Navy has to show for the $64 million—of your money—it squandered on this ill-conceived project, finally cancelled in 1962 after years of secrecy-shrouded fumbling and arrogant mismanagement.

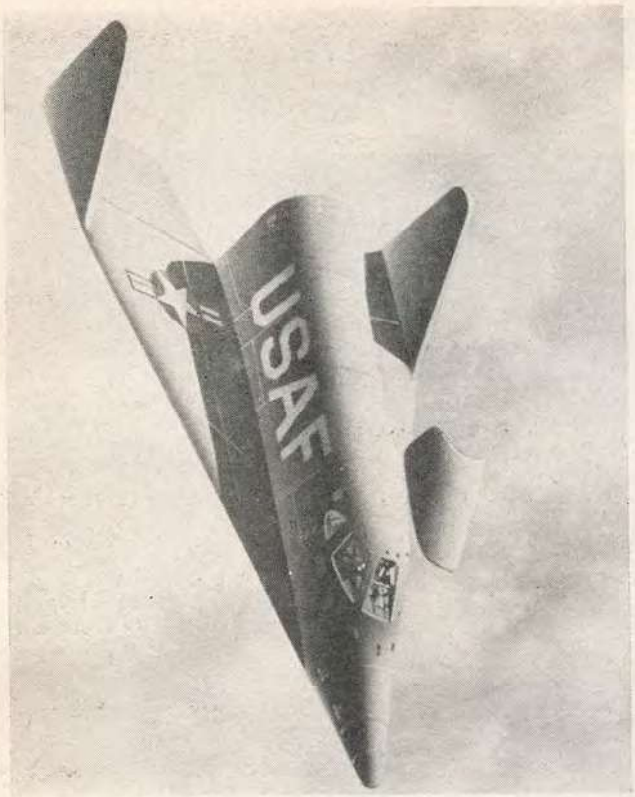
Perhaps the most incredible aspect of the whole miserable affair is that it is far from unique. Similar unnecessary Defense Department muddles, adding up to billions of dollars, are easy to find.

Some manage to waste even more money than the Navy's astonishing telescope. Among them:

—PLUTO. This atom-powered missile was designed to sneak in at low altitudes under enemy radar. But after six years and $200 million, defense planners—to use the term loosely—decided early in 1964 to drop the whole thing.

—DYNA-SOAR. Shot into space on the tip of a Titan booster, this manned high-altitude hot rod would fly back to earth like a plane. It would be a useful military weapon, said the brass. Five years and almost $400 million later, though, nobody could think of any job it could do, and in 1963 the project was scrapped.

—THE F7U FIGHTER. The Navy contracted for the plane, approved the design, and rushed into construction. The plane, however, was a mess. There were frequent failures and crashes. Nobody thought to do anything about it, though, until 304—$412.2 million worth—of the clumsy birds had been built. Finally even the Navy got discouraged and killed the program.



The Dyna-Soar would be shot far into space and fly back to earth like a plane, the Air Force said. It never did.

BY C. P. GILMORE

The Navy had 304 of these F7U fighters built, at a cost of $412 million, before it realized the plane was useless.

DEFENSE BOONDOGGLES

—SKYBOLT. This air-launched missile was conceived as a last-ditch attempt to keep manned aircraft alive in the missile age. It was designed to be launched from a B-52, then fly the last 1,000 miles to the target on its own. After five straight failures, the project was scrapped. Total spent: $500 million.

—MISSILE X. This bird was to be used by Army field commanders. The contractor told Army brass the guidance system wouldn't work as designed, but military planners ordered the useless weapon into production anyway. $300 million went down the drain before the program was scuttled.

—THE ATOMIC AIRPLANE. Perhaps the champion money waster of all time. During more than a decade of indecision, bad planning, and vacillation, the Air Force and Atomic Energy Commission poured $1 billion plus into this project. Not a single plane ever got off the ground.

—THE P6M SEAMASTER. The first two prototypes of this mine-laying seaplane crashed, tests showed structural deficiencies, and the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics said only a major redesign could save it. Impatiently brushing aside such trivial details, the Navy launched into production. Total eventual loss: more than $400 million.

Such monumental blunders—and there are many more—happen because fog-bound admirals and status-seeking generals, each building his own little empire, frequently jam through programs costing millions before they get around to asking two elementary questions: 1. If built, will it work? 2. If it works, what'll we use it for?

When things go wrong, a tight lid of security is clamped over the whole thing. After all, if nobody knows what's going on, who can criticize? Unnecessary, money-wasting programs, consequently, sometimes manage to muddle along for years.

Of course, not all—or even a major part—of the annual $50 billion defense budget is wasted. Much of it buys the weapons and supplies needed to maintain our military forces in a state of

OUR BILLION-DOLLAR DEFENSE BOONDOGGLES

The first P6M Seamaster, built by the Navy, crashed killing four men. The second crashed also, but we kept ordering more. Total cost: $445 million.

readiness. And Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, with his widely publicized cost-cutting program, has made some progress in stopping needless waste.

But the job is far from over. The General Accounting Office, a watchdog agency set up by Congress to check on the way taxpayers' money is spent, has issued a stack of blistering reports on monumental Defense Department goofs. The reports document in detail scores of bungled, mismanaged projects on which military spenders have squandered billions. Four outstanding cases show how big-time money wasters have raised boondoggling to a fine art.

First, the Navy's big dish—its $64-million radio telescope—that never gathered any information about the heavens, but cast considerable light on affairs right here on earth.

This "science-fiction" affair first came to public attention in 1956 when a group of scientists from the Naval Research Laboratory proposed the building of the world's largest radio telescope. Its huge dish-shape antenna, they said, would be able to gaze 38 billion light years into space—19 times as far as Mount Palomar's 200-inch telescope—and help answer some of science's biggest questions: How old is the universe? How did it begin? How big is it? Is it getting bigger, shrinking, or staying the same size?

The dish would also be a dandy antenna for communicating with satellites and probes in space, and could help scientists measure the distances to the planets more accurately than other methods.

Although nothing was said publicly about it, the big dish was also designed to play a sneaky trick on the Russians. With its extremely sensitive receivers, it would be used to pick up the faint reflections of secret Russian radio messages bounced off the moon.

To do these jobs, the scientists proposed a fantastic monster machine. Its dish antenna would be 600 feet in diameter, have some seven acres of surface, and weigh 20,000 tons—as much as some aircraft carriers. Mounted on a huge movable structure, it would tower 70 stories into the West Virginia sky and would swing in any direction. "It's like putting Yankee Stadium on hinges," quipped one engineer.

Congress accepted the $20-million cost estimate and appropriated $1.3 million for a start in the spring of 1956. The Navy transferred the project to its construction branch, the Bureau of Yards and Docks (BuDocks).

BuDocks hired a combine of New York architectural and engineering firms known as GUS (for Grad, Urbhan and Seelye, the companies involved) to make a feasibility study, and by mid-1958 had received the happy word that the telescope, indeed, could be built. There was one slight catch, however. The cost would be not $20 million, but $79 million. It was only money, though, hardly anything to get excited about. Congress grumbled a bit, but finally agreed to go along. The engineers began design work in earnest, and the Navy started moving earth to make way for construction near the little town of Sugar Grove, West Virginia (pop. 21).

The engineers had hardly limbered up their slide rules when they began running into trouble. Early calculations showed that heat expansion and cold contraction, wind, gravity, and other forces would twist the big dish like a pretzel. The thing was so huge that even a cloud passing over, shading one side but leaving the other in the sun, would make it squirm out of shape. But if the dish were to scoop in faint signals from space, it would have to maintain its exact configuration to within a fraction of an inch. Engineers came up with an ingenious solution. The dish, they decided, would have to be made of more than a hun-

Sen. John McClellan, Arkansas: "Our detailed study of several missile systems... shows that the government faces an ever-present danger of profit pyramiding in the acquisition of major weapons systems."

Sen. George McGovern, South Dakota: "We have allowed waste involving hundreds of millions of dollars to occur without determined action to prevent repetition."

Rep. Melvin Price, Illinois: "The records are filled with the story of divided authority, vacillating budgets, changed objectives, transferred personnel...."

Sen. John J. Williams, Delaware: "The procurement division squanders the taxpayers' money in the name of national defense. The P6M was a typical example."

dred precisely formed, movable aluminum plates. Each one would be individually controlled by a nightmarishly complex electronic-hydraulic system to keep it in perfect alignment.

The added complexity, of course, spawned still more problems. Recalls one engineer: "We had to keep making it heavier to meet the requirements for stability, but every time we increased the weight in one place, we had to increase it in some others, so that the whole thing started to balloon. Every time we made a move we found we needed another thousand tons of steel."

All that extra steel and those complex controls didn't come free. In 1959, the Navy went back to Congress to explain that the dish would cost $84 million rather than the $79 million estimated earlier. By 1960, the total had climbed to $98 million, and in 1961, to $134 million, almost seven times the original estimate. But the project, the Navy now assured an increasingly skeptical Congress, was well in hand. The rising costs, it explained, were simply due to the need for speed. The Navy, in fact, had come up with an ingenious plan for speeding construction along. "This facility is so important," said Adm. Frank L. Johnson, director of shore activities, "that the Navy decided that, instead of designing and testing the various components of design before actual construction, we would design and construct it simultaneously in order to save about roughly three or four years."

By 1959, with this build-first, design-later approach, the project had gotten completely out of hand. BuDocks, to see where to go from here, decided to launch a complex computer analysis of the entire structure. The analysis took a year, from April 1959 to April 1960. In the meantime, of course, the Navy went gaily on, building the foundation and buying steel for the superstructure. Soon, the computer study reached a fascinating conclusion: the foundation, already well along in construction, would not support the dish that ultimately would be needed.

In November, 1960 the Navy decided that GUS couldn't do the job, fired that outfit, and hired a new firm of engineers, Ammann & Whitney. Within two months, A&W concluded that the $6 million worth of design work to date was next to worthless and all construction so far, a bust. The company decided to begin again from scratch. Navy officials, backed into a corner now, admitted publicly that the original target date of 1962 had slipped a little; the goal for completion was now 1964. But they stoutly denied rumors that the project was in trouble.

Congress wasn't convinced, though. In September 1961, to stall off another round of cost rises it felt coming, it clamped a ceiling of $135 million on the project and demanded that the Defense Department "bring order out of a situation which is rapidly becoming chaotic."

BuDocks brass now decided to put into operation that useful military principle: If you can't make your troubles go away, cover them up so nobody can see. It draped a tight cloak of secrecy over the whole project. If anybody could help BuDocks out of the mess it had got itself into, it was the scientists in the Naval Research Laboratory who had originated the idea in the first place. BuDocks used its security lid, however, to freeze them out.

Even Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy couldn't penetrate BuDocks defenses. Late in 1959, he appointed an advisory group of top scientists to look into the matter. The group, after trying to find out what was going on, gave up in disgust. "The project," it reported, "is cloaked in a mantle of security which precludes participation by the scientific community."

As a result of BuDocks high-handed secrecy and bureaucratic bungling, costs continued to soar. By early 1962 when newly installed Defense Secretary McNamara had the entire project reviewed, best estimates were that it [*Continued on page* 68]

MY FINE-FEATHERED FIEND

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

"At last, a raven of my own," quoth the author. But that was before he began playing the straight man to a monster with an unprintable vocabulary, an insatiable appetite and a murderous sense of humor. With apologies to Poe, Dan now says: "Nevermore!"

■ Some time ago I saw Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's horror movie entitled *The Birds*. It was a good show. But if Alfred really wants to portray a bird that's a menace to the human race, all he needs to do is turn his camera on my back yard. Right here I've got a little number who could clean up on Mr. Hitchcock's human cast single-handed—and wouldn't need a lot of sea gulls and starlings to help him. I refer to that feathered Frankenstein described by Richard Jefferies as "the impersonation of murder," by the Bible as "unclean" and by Edgar Allan Poe as a "thing of evil"—a raven.

I got myself into this mess innocently enough. I received a very nice letter from the M.P. Super Service Station in Pasco, Washington, saying they enjoyed my stories in TRUE. The proprietor added that he also liked animals. In fact he kept a number of ravens around the station to talk to the patrons. "We find these birds hold a customer till we can get to him—that is, when we have a rush," he explained. I thought this was a charming idea and wrote asking for any surplus raven he might have. Somewhat to my surprise, a few days later I received a call from the airport saying a crate containing an overgrown crow had arrived for me. A hysterical voice asked if I would pick it up. "And please hurry!"

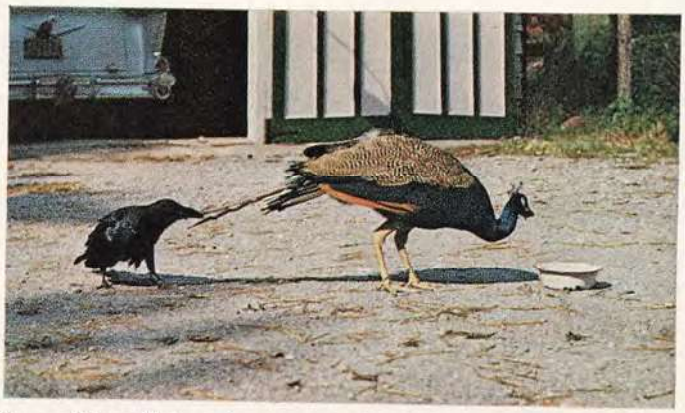
I drove to the airport and had no trouble identifying the proper crate. Coming from it was a flow of language that would have shocked Henry Miller. I had more trouble locating the baggage attendant because he was in the bathroom bandaging his finger. He had stuck it through the wire to scratch the captive's head and had come close to drawing back a stump. "That's no crow," he assured me. "It's some kind of a black eagle packing a switchblade."

I looked through the chicken-wire that covered the crate. Inside was an ebony bird twice the size of a crow regarding me out of a bright black eye and along a three-inch curved beak. The beak opened wide enough for him to make an opprobrious remark about my ancestry and then closed with a snap. As has happened several times before in my long and varied animal career, I now began to have an uneasy feeling that this finally was

The author offers Grip a morsel. Not a finicky feeder, the bird takes fingers as eagerly as any other food.

MY FINE-FEATHERED FIEND

A raven is all pranks. Here ours plagues one of family dogs.



Peacock's tail is prime target for Grip's merciless teasing.

Grip learned early it was smart to approach skunks head on.

the time when I'd bitten off more than I could chew.

My interest in ravens dates back to my childhood when I read Charles Dickens' touching tribute to his pet raven, which he got from a local public house. Although the raven had quite a vocabulary, Dickens was assured by the proprietor that to bring out the best in the bird, you had to wait until a drunk took a swing at him. Dickens never made the experiment, but he kept the bird for many years. After reading Dickens, I was determined to have a raven. At the age of 10 I'd already picked out his name, "Grip" from the raven in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*.

Now, at last, I had a raven of my own. It was clear that Grip was a tough customer, but I had trained two eagles and any number of hawks so I thought I knew the process. When I got home, I put on a pair of heavy leather gloves and fastened leather straps (called jesses by falconers) to Grip's legs, slipped a brass swivel through the jesses and a leash through the swivel. This business wasn't as difficult as it sounds—it only took me a couple of hours. I then started carrying Grip around on my gloved fist to "man" him as we falconers say.

Grip simply refused to man. He screamed, fought and went into hysterical fits. When I tied the leash to a perch in the garden, Grip hurled himself on the grass and lay there tearing at his jesses. A hawk will pull at his jesses for a time but Grip didn't stop. Also, not even tough leather could hold out for long against that raven's beak which is a combination drill punch and double-bladed knife. Finally I had to turn him loose in our smokehouse.

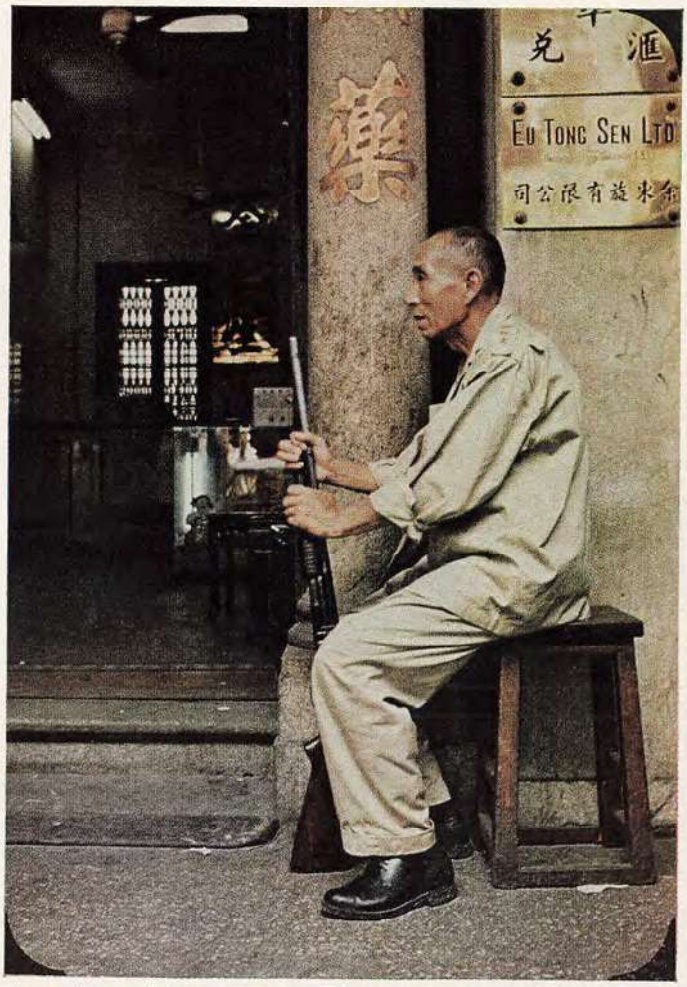
I'd made the common but still inexcusable mistake of thinking that because one bird responds in a certain way, all birds must do the same—which is as sensible as saying that you can train a house cat the same way as you can a cougar. Unfortunately, ravens have long memories and from that day to this (three years) Grip has never forgiven me. Although he's now quite tame with other members of my family and even strangers, he still won't let me pick him up.

For a while we were afraid Grip would starve himself to death. He refused all food except hunks of flesh from the people trying to feed him. When he did accept food, he hid everything he didn't want to eat in nooks and crannies of the smokehouse against a sudden famine. Birds have such a high metabolism and such a low body weight that you have to be sure they're fed every day because they can starve to death almost overnight. But we never had to worry about Grip. Soon he had enough supplies salted around that smokehouse to stand a six-week siege. All he required was water.

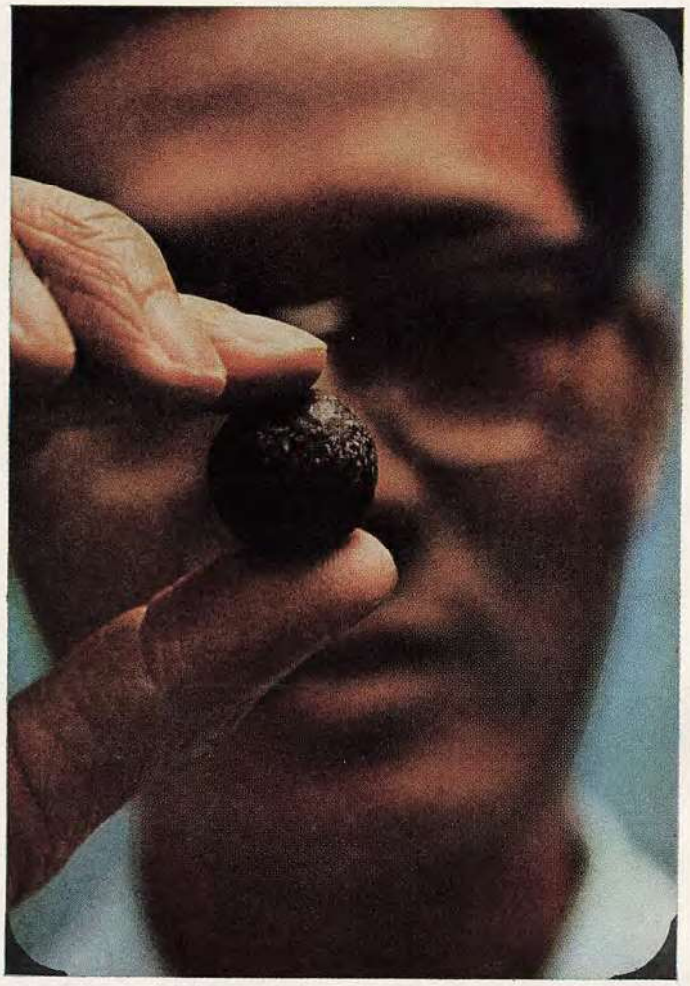
In his own way, Grip was a rather handsome fellow. As far as I know, the raven is the only bird which is completely black—even the inside of Grip's mouth is black. His feathers had a beautiful purple sheen and by constant grooming with his long beak he kept himself as immaculate as a headwaiter. Unlike a crow, he had long streamer feathers on his neck and when playing with my wife or one of the children, he would [*Continued on page* 92]

A cunning hunter, Grip turns killer when he stalks after rats in the Mannix barn.

pills and powders for power and potency



Armed guard keeps watch at fabled pharmacy of the Orient.



Hedgehog's gallstone purportedly cures much, costs plenty.

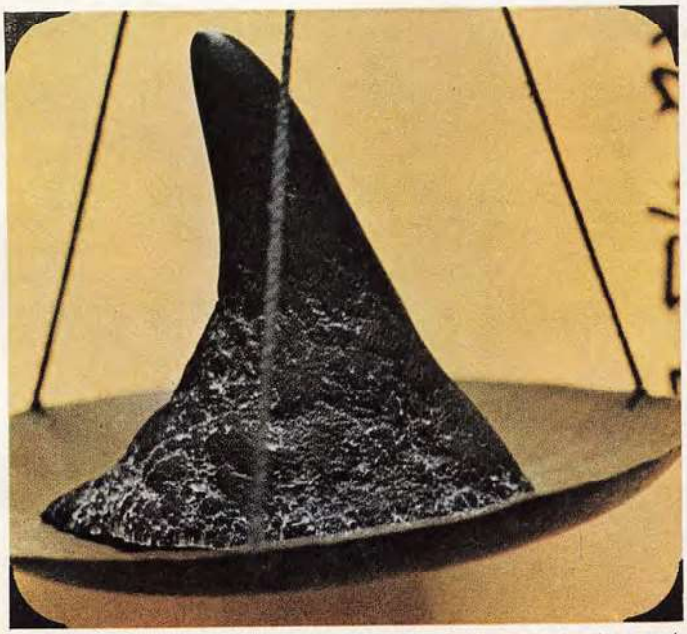
HONG KONG

Pearls, boiled and drunk with water, will make lion hearts out of the rabbit-livered. They'll also improve eyesight. If your friendly neighborhood druggist can't supply you, Eu Yan Sang, of Hong Kong, the most famous drugstore in the Far East, has the world's largest stock of exotic panaceas. It will sell you whatever nature forgot to include, as well as heal all human ills. The Chinese have been using some of these legendary drugs for 4,000 years. True, some of the remedies run into money. That's why a guard with a 12-gauge shotgun sits outside the shop door. One treasure of the Eu Yan Sang pharmacopoeia is the gallstone of a hedgehog. If you run a mysterious temperature, a taste of this ancient medicine is guaranteed to cure. Some Chinese doctors also prescribe it for cancer. But it costs $10,526.40 for 1⅓ ounces. Most of the thousands of remedies in Eu Yan Sang's drugstore

Clerk uses simple hand balance to make up prescription.

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SID LATHAM

Muscle-builders, brain-stimulators and aphrodisiacs, gathered from all over the East, are on hand for customers' wildest needs.



Rhino horn, most famous aphrodisiac, is in steady demand.

come from sea life, plants or animals. Parts of deer from north China, antelope from Russia, swallow nests from Burma and monkey eggs from Sarawak (we don't understand those, either) are usually ground up into a powder and made into broths. Ingredients are measured out in hand balances. A clerk with an abacus does the calculating for your prescription and your bill, too. The customer above is waiting for his prescription to ward off the chills of duck hunting: sea horse soup. The most famous of ancient remedies is rhinoceros horn for less-than-ardent lovers. If even that doesn't work, a still more potent cure is a rare deer tail. Deer horn is good, too, but not so mighty as the tail. The theory is that when a buck is killed, all his blood and power rush fore and mostly aft. Luckily, a small amount of the cure is all it usually takes—the current price is $175 per deer tail. No guarantee is included.

If the people in the bank didn't exactly laugh at the robber, it was only because he was waving a pistol. Any other time they'd have gone into stitches at the sight of a character with heavy make-up, green eyelids, enormous eyebrows, and a phony hank of hair
LADIES

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY GUY DEEL

■ The job kicked off when Charles S. Wade, the middle-aged manager of Connecticut National Bank's Monroe branch, answered the front door of his home shortly after 8 o'clock the morning of April 22, 1963. He found himself face-to-face with a character straight out of a Charles Addams cartoon. The visitor's mug was coated with deep tan theatrical make-up, his droopy eyelids were green with drugstore shadow, his eyebrows twice normal size, and what hair was visible beneath a yanked-down slouch hat was too black to be real. He held a gun in one hand, and in the other an infernal device. And he had drunk his breakfast.

For openers in a bank robbery, these were high face cards—although it wasn't possible yet to see how the hand would be played. Most jug stick-ups tend to be conventional, and some are downright dull—for anyone out of bullet range. But the doctrine established at Monroe was that bank robbery can be very, very different. The Monroe heist, in fact, presented the novel picture of cops handcuffed by the law while they watched the crook joyfully forking out the loot.

Now, at the Wade home, the game started. Waving his gun both lethally and uncertainly, the ambulating nightmare herded the bank manager back through the house into the kitchen. There, plugging a gadget that looked like a Rube Goldberg invention into an electric socket, the Thing explained to Wade that his contraption was set to reduce the house to ashes promptly at 9:15. "But don't worry," he said cheerfully. "Do as I tell you and you'll be back in time to pull out the plug." His ratty eyes becoming positively friendly, Weirdo added, "I don't really want to harm a living soul. I just happen to be short of ready cash."

The banker, playing along with the plot in deference to his sleeping spouse, quietly waited while the masquerader snipped the phone wires, then drove him through the quiet village streets to a charming piece of colonial architecture where the loot lay. "Just leave the key in the ignition," Weirdo said, thereupon escorting the banker through a private rear door into the yet-unopened jug. In language short and sour, the intruder cautioned the five tellers waiting for the gong—one gent and four dolls—that if they wished to live to a ripe old age they had damned well better offer no resistance. They stood around, then, listening to their own teeth while Weirdo stashed 65 grand into four canvas sacks. After indelicately herding both guys and dolls into the ladies' room, he hopped into Wade's car and purred off.

Although Wade beat the 9:15 arson deadline by means of police transportation, the poor man's travail had but begun. Since the days of the deadly Dillinger, every national bank has kept a record of the long serial number and the single series letter of each of several bills currently in the jug, so that if the inventory is illegally removed there will be clues to circulate to all varieties of green keepers. A hell of a lot of attention the robbers pay to this precaution, but the banks do it just the same. It would have paid off in this case beyond doubt—except for one little detail. The day before, a jug employee, in recording the clues of the funny money, as the insiders call liberated dough, had mislaid her thinking cap. She had carefully recorded the lengthy serial numbers of about a score of bills but had neglected to write down a single series letter. It was this slip that was to prompt more than one of a score of dicks to utter some unfunny language.

The infernal device left at the house—a skillfully-wrought handful of assorted, untraceable hardware—offered two clues to the man who had assembled it. First, he was a pro in the repair line—an electrician, a plumber, a general handyman. Second, there was a streak of gold in this guy's black heart, because while the gizmo would have frightened the pants off man or woman, it was utterly devoid of explosive, incendiary chemical or other property that would have so much as harmed a flea.

By day's end, some of the best cops in the country were as hungry for clues in the case as a famished trout is for a fly. Lt. Walter Foley, of the Connecticut state police, organized his men for the chase—once they had an inkling of which direction to run. Down in Washington, J. Edgar Hoover pushed a button, and the G-men of New England zeroed in on Monroe and Foley's office. When the word came through from scouting cops that a strange blue light van had been seen early that morning near where the banker's abandoned car was found, Foley and the Hoover men leaped for details. Workmen on a housing project had noticed the van poaching on their own parking area when they checked in at 8 a.m., and it didn't disappear until some time between 9 and 9:15, when they had their backs turned during a coffee break. The van, they remembered, bore a slight dent in the right front and carried Connecticut license tags which had an "A" and a "3" mixed in. It was to be a hard week for blue vans in Nutmegland.

Five mornings later, on Saturday, Detective Joe Ciecierski of the state police, working with a G-man, had got down the list of van owners to a guy named O'Shea—Patrick J. O'Shea—who dwelt with a mate and a batch of kids in a cute pink Cape Codder in the town of Fairfield, less than half an hour's drive from where the van had been parked, and who made his living repairing electrical appliances.

A slim six-footer with reddish hair and a chalk-white face, the repairman let go with a hearty chuckle when the two cops told him why they wanted to examine his blue van. "I've been accused of a lot of things in my time," said Pat, who had already come to terms with the morning dew of Scotland, "but never of robbing a bank."

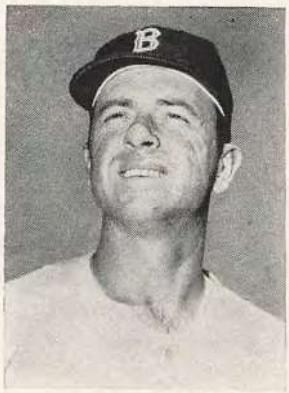
The visitors had a sinking feeling when they saw no dent in Pat's blue van. Things picked up, though, when Ciecierski found in the tool chest a thick batch of fives, [*Continued on page* 135]

THE SPOOKY BANK ROBBER WHO HELPED CATCH HIMSELF

Pat O'Shea was the nicest guy in the world, with two wives and a kindly word for everyone—including the G-men who were trying to nail him for bank robbery

Mad Man Mauch

BO BELINSKY



DICK STUART

BY RON SMITH

A free-wheeling trader who collected two of baseball's incorrigibles, Bo Belinsky and Dick Stuart, in winter trades, Phillies' Manager Gene Mauch is a thinking-man's throwback to Leo Durocher's snarled thesis that "nice guys finish last." Now he's out to prove that mad guys finish first

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

■ John J. McGraw was a manager who was so tough all the umpires and his own players used to walk the long way around the dugout, because if they came too close he would blister them with language that would curl the hair in a gorilla's nostril. And Leo Durocher spent two decades in the big leagues acting like a guy trying to get arrested. People say you don't find managers like that any more, but people are wrong. Today the most fearless man in a baseball suit is Gene Mauch (rhymes with hawk) of the Philadelphia Phillies. Everybody who knows him turns purple trying to give you all the reasons why.

Early last December Mauch was sitting in a hotel suite in Houston, Texas, at the annual winter baseball meetings. He was talking with Phillies General Manager John Quinn about some trades he wanted to make. Quinn was mentioning a lot of names but Mauch kept telling him there were two players he really wanted—Dick Stuart of the Boston Red Sox and Bo Belinsky of the Los Angeles Angels.

At this point another general manager might have hollered for the cops. But Quinn has worked with Mauch for five years now and things do not surprise him any more.

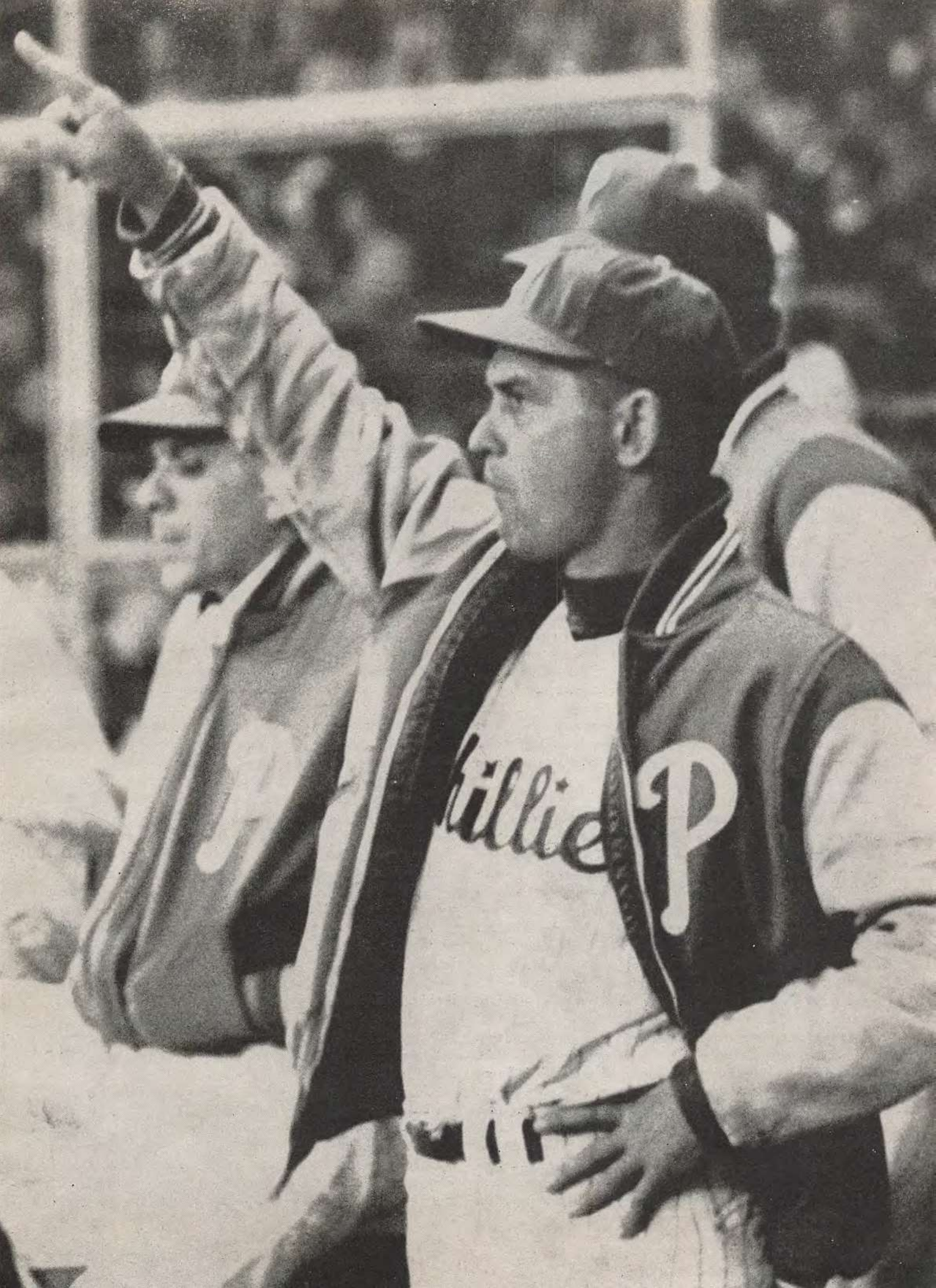
"It is my understanding," Quinn said, "that both men are available." This was Quinn's little way of saying the Red Sox and Angels were so eager to unload these unpredictable pieces of merchandise they probably would send them gift-wrapped and special delivery.

Stuart is an insufferable braggart. He can hit a baseball out of sight, but the men who have managed Stuart say they wish he would go out of their sight. Belinsky punched a 64-year-old sports writer last summer. He pitched a no-hitter once and since then baseball seems to be something that interferes with his social life. Still, Mauch kept saying he wanted both of them.

When the trades were announced all the writers went up to the hotel suite and Mauch met them at the door, a short, compact man with wide shoulders, a thick neck, and burly arms and legs. He was somber as a sexton. He is handsome with dark, graying hair, but he is cold and aloof. He does not smile very much. When he does he exposes a beautiful set of straight, even teeth. They are his own teeth. This is remarkable because a great part of Mauch's life has been spent in fist fights on playing fields and under the grandstands of ballparks across the country.

At 39 he is the youngest of the big league managers. He also may be the best. The Phillies win a pennant once every 35 years. They aren't due again until 1985. But last summer Mauch had

Pointing way to pennant? No, Mauch is just expressing disgust with careless base runner who let himself get picked off.


illie P

mad man mauch

The good old days? Mauch arrives at Philadelphia airport in 1961 after Phillies ended 23-game losing streak.

them running 20 years ahead of schedule up until the final two weeks of the season. Then everything blew up around him and the Phillies fell from the penthouse to the outhouse. With only 12 games to play they had a nice, safe 6½ game lead. Then they lost 10 games in a row and their nice, safe lead melted away like the high-priced spread. They won their last two games but staggered home in second place while the St. Louis Cardinals went to the World Series. It was the worst such collapse in baseball history.

Here in the hotel suite the first thing one of the writers said to Mauch was, "Now that you've got the Happiness Boys under the same tent, what are you going to do with them? Room them together?"

Mauch gave the guy a look of murder and snarled an unprintable reply. Most of the time when you are around a big-league manager you get a lot of phony smiles and patter because a manager knows the value of a good public image. He is among the better paid men in the world and he doesn't want to jeopardize his job by getting bad press clippings. Mauch makes $45,000 a year and couldn't care less about his image.

A writer once asked him a question he didn't like and Mauch got up from his chair and said, "What are you looking for? A mouthful of knuckles?"

That's the way Mauch is about baseball. His speech, his mannerisms, his attitudes derive from a self-confessed desire to be, "Not just a good manager but the greatest who ever lived." He is a brutally honest man in a business that not only doesn't believe that honesty is the best policy, it doesn't even put it in the top ten. He has brought to his job a set of values as different in baseball as they would be different anywhere in the world. His efforts to maintain them have made his life in the dugout a fierce and wondrous thing to behold.

He has scattered a buffet supper about the clubhouse when his team got beat by a rookie. He has ripped locker room telephones from the wall, thrown chairs through doors, and smashed furniture with a fungo bat. He has banished uncounted reporters from his office because their questions are offensive to him.

In baseball, if they held a meeting of the To-Hell-With-Gene-Mauch Society, they would have to rent the convention hall in Atlantic City. Rival players say they are waiting for a brawl to break out on the field because Mauch is the first guy they're going after. Sportswriters say, "Mauch is a great manager but a bad guy." Yet somehow, through it all, Mauch twice has been named Manager of the Year and most of his own players like him.

Now he was sitting in the hotel suite and looking up at the writers, many of whom do not like him, because he does not make an extra effort to be friendly with them.

"Stuart hit .279 last season," Mauch told them, "and he hit 33 home runs and batted in 114 runs. He bats righthanded. That will keep the other teams from pitching lefthanders against us all the time. Belinsky won nine games for the Angels. His earned run average was 2.87. I'd say that's a good indication that this guy can pitch."

He said this with a kind of disinterest, the way a teacher quotes from a book. It was a perfect explanation for the trades if you are writing for the World Almanac. But everybody here was a newspaperman and they kept asking about things like Mamie Van Doren (Belinsky's ex-fiancée), broken curfews, fines, lackadaisical attitudes, and all the other things that Stuart and Belinsky bring to mind.

"What kind of problems do you expect?" someone said.

Mauch looked up with those dark, hard eyes. "There are no problems in baseball," he said, "except pitchers who can't pitch and hitters who can't hit."

Mauch took a long drag on his cigarette. "Now, I know all of you are just dying for me to talk about these players' backgrounds. But the only backgrounds I care about are baseball backgrounds. As far as I'm concerned you can spend the summer following these so-called characters around. Then I wouldn't have to answer your questions and I'd have more time to manage."

The interview was over. Mauch wasn't going to say any more about it. But that's all right. Mauch didn't have to say anything more. Anybody who's been around him very much knows exactly what Mauch expects to get from Stuart and Belinsky. He expects to get 100 percent effort at all times. And he will get it. If he doesn't, the feathers will hit the fan.

Only a few weeks ago, at spring training in Clearwater, Fla., Mauch was standing on the field at Jack Russell Stadium, watching his team work out and talking to a reporter.

"All winter, all I've heard is Stuart and Belinsky, and how can we win a pennant with them?" he said. "Well, I've got news for you. The Phillies are the team to beat. We're stronger now than we were last year. The other teams will have to prove they are better than us.

"Stuart will hit 40 home runs," Mauch said. "He'll hit 20 at home and 20 on the road. And Belinsky will win at least 12 games. Probably more."

"What if Belinsky ignores training rules?" the reporter asked.

"If Belinsky can afford to ignore the rules, good luck to him," Mauch said.

"You mean," the reporter said, "if Belinsky delivers the goods you don't care if he ignores the rules?"

"I didn't say that," Mauch snapped. "I said if he can *afford* it."

Once, another pitcher learned how to afford luxuries with Mauch. In a game, Mauch went out to replace him because he was getting belted good. He reached out to take the ball but the guy let it drop to the ground. Mauch grabbed the guy by the

shirt. "Pick up that goddam thing and hand it to me," he thundered, "or you'll be laying there with it." The pitcher picked it up. He also picked up a $100 fine.

Stuart and Belinsky will find out about this for themselves. They also will find out something else about Mauch. Dennis Bennett discovered it the first week he was with the team.

Bennett is a cocky, big-talking pitcher with a world of stuff, but one day he was getting cleaned and pressed by the St. Louis Cardinals. He tried to get cute with a couple of pitches and the Cards jumped on him like it was batting practice. Mauch came out of the dugout and headed for the mound. Bennett started thinking of things he was going to tell Mauch. "Don't worry, Gene," he was going to say, "I'll give this next guy a big hook. He'll go for it and we'll be out of the inning." But Bennett never got in a word.

Halfway to the mound Mauch erupted. "I'm tired of watching you throw, Bennett," he crackled. "You don't want to pitch and I don't want you to pitch. You're out of here."

A few minutes later Bennett was standing under a shower telling one of the clubhouse attendants, "I learned something today. This guy Mauch doesn't have a sense of humor." Bennett will do his pitching for the Red Sox this season.

Bennett was only 90 percent right about Mauch's humor. Mauch will laugh at a traveling salesman story when you are sitting in a restaurant. And on the golf course he's the first guy to make with the wisecracks. But if it's got anything to do with baseball, you'd better act like it was a United Nations meeting.

"See the name on this shirt," he will say coldly, pointing to the lettering across his uniform. "It says Phillies. People respect that name today. In my second year as manager we lost 23 games in a row and everybody thought it was funny as hell. Well, nobody's laughing any more."

This is important to Mauch. For a long time Philadelphia has been the butt of jokes about its bad baseball teams. Maybe you remember some of the old gags. How about the one where a guy wins second prize in a contest and they give him the Phillies? First prize was fifty cents. If ever you're in Philadelphia, they say, don't drink the water or watch the Phillies. The Phillies have a lot of players named Smith. It isn't really their name, they just don't want their families to know what they do for a living.

Maybe the Phillies don't in fact have a lot of players named Smith, but they come awfully close.

There is Richie Allen, the third baseman who was rookie of the year last season, and who some day may be a great hitter. There is Jim Bunning, who pitched the perfect game no-hitter. And there is Johnny Callison, who is one of the better outfielders in the game because he can run and throw as well as hit. But mostly there are only people named John Herrnstein, Clay Dalrymple, Bobby Wine, and Ruben Amaro. They are so unimpressive that last summer a visiting writer stood in the press box and looked down at them and said, "Well I'll be damned. It's Gene Mauch and his Philadelphia Department of Recreation team."

So here you see the kind of thing Mauch has had to overcome as manager of the Phillies. Years of indifference had turned the team into a chronic loser. The players arrived at the ball park like automatons, played like automatons, and left for home like automatons. They were going to get beat and they did.

The first thing Mauch did when he took over in 1960 was to stand the team on its feet and boot it in the behind to get it going again. He kept on booting and to this day he hasn't stopped.

Mauch's leadership is straight out of Machiavelli—make preparation for battle so horrible that the battle will be fun; make losing so traumatic that winning comes easily. He pushes, wheedles, and browbeats his players. He yells at them constantly. On losing nights the team goes to bed with an earache. It has been said if they'd let Mauch put a whipping post in the clubhouse the Phillies would never lose.

His most celebrated outburst came late in the season two years ago after a night game in Houston. The Phils had lost in the bottom of the ninth, 2-1, when a Houston rookie named Joe Morgan singled in the winning run. It was Morgan's first big league hit.

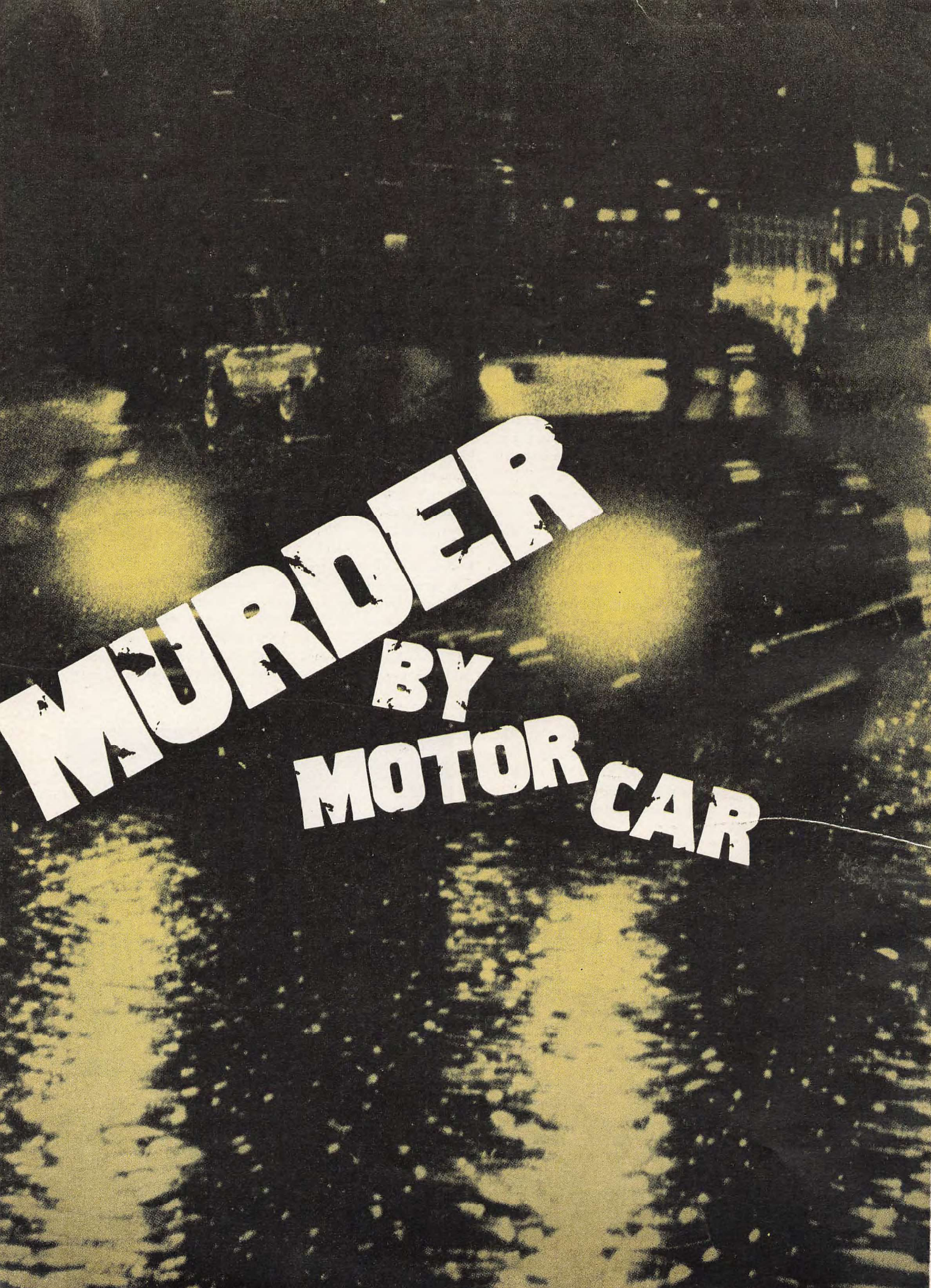
The loss dropped the Phils into fifth place, three games out of third and only three ahead of seventh place. None of the players hurried into the locker room because there was nothing to look forward to except a tedious all-night flight to San Francisco. But Mauch hurried. And he closed the door behind him.

There is always a buffet supper in the visiting team's clubhouse at Houston, set out on a long table with a white tablecloth. Some of the Phils were standing around it, eating.

Mauch exploded. "You got beat by a guy who looks like a Little Leaguer," he boomed and flipped the table upside down, spraying the room with spareribs and barbecue sauce. Some of it spattered into two lockers and ruined the street clothes of outfielders Wes Covington and Tony Gonzalez. Mauch spent the next several minutes bellowing at his team and wading back and forth amid the fallen cantaloupe and potato salad.

The story leaked out the next day. Covington admitted Mauch had given him and Gonzalez $200 each to buy new suits. That's all he would admit. When Mauch picked up his telephone in San Francisco he answered all the [*Continued on page* 98]

After typical, vitriolic argument with ump, manager Mauch became a spectator with a fine and a two-day suspension.


MURDER
BY
MOTOR CAR

HENRY HABERMAN

The evidence is mounting that more than 10 percent of all fatal auto accidents are not "accidents" at all. They are deliberate murders by drivers and car-tamperers who set out to kill

BY ARTHUR WHITMAN

■ At 10 o'clock on a June evening not long ago, a woman we'll call Ella Thorpe was being killed on a New Hampshire highway. She was driving to her death in her own car—not by accident, but by murderous plan. There is evidence that nearly 5,000 people were murdered in similar fashion last year. This year it can be assumed the figure will be higher. All these murders are written off as accidents and buried in traffic-death statistics. Ironically, if the victims had moments of awareness at the end, they must have thought that what was happening was accidental, too.

Ella could hardly have thought otherwise. She was driving alone in a nearly new convertible, going home from a party. The end came as she entered a long, gentle curve. Though she knew the road well and was moving at a safe 40 mph, the car—as far as she could have known—failed and refused to hold the road. It slued off the pavement, jolted along the shoulder and rammed a tree. Impact hurled Ella out of the car. She landed headfirst on the pavement, dead instantly of a broken neck.

The next driver along called the police. Ella, well known in the area, was identified at once. An attractive, 28-year-old brunette, she was the wife of Dr. Jerome Thorpe, a prosperous dentist 20 years older. There was no trouble determining the car's course. Tire marks on the shoulder made it perfectly clear. Some questions arose about what had caused the convertible to leave the road, but even that resolved itself next day when the medical examiner's report came through. Ella had been drinking, and with ample precedent the collision was attributed to one of the reckless-driving catchalls: "Improper driving, alcohol involved." The case was closed.

Consigned to the oblivion of the traffic reports, Ella's death would have been promptly forgotten—but for the efforts of a new set of investigators who appeared on the scene at about the time the police wrapped up the case. Based at Harvard Medical School and financed by $600,000 of U.S. Public Health Service grants, the new people were conducting a four-year study called Research on Fatal Highway Collisions—RFHC. Under the direction of Alfred L. Moseley, a psychologist whose special field is the relationship between men and the machines they operate, the project was set up to develop a workable method for studying the causes of traffic fatalities.

Notified of "fatals" by cooperating police in and around the city of Boston, in rural Massachusetts,

MURDER BY MOTORCAR

Maine and New Hampshire, Moseley's team attempted to reconstruct each event in its entirety.

Where possible, a highway engineer, an automotive engineer, a mechanic and Moseley himself visited the collision scenes. They examined highways and surrounding areas for marks and collision debris that could be analyzed in a lab. They took road dirt samples, made photos on the ground and, where necessary, from the air constructed careful accident diagrams. They took wrecked cars apart bolt by bolt to determine their mechanical condition before impact, and set up similar conditions in cars for test driving. Doctors autopsied bodies. A sociologist, James C. Tunny, Jr., worked behind the lines to learn everything he could about all the people involved—the dead, their survivors, their friends and next of kin.

When the RFHC needed them, it called on medical pathologists, chemists, opthalmologists, psychiatrists, lawyers, clergymen. The work was revolutionary. Though all the techniques are known to aircraft-crash investigators, the RFHC people were the first to apply them to automobile collisions. A similar study is now being undertaken in Sweden. The effects of their work will be felt for years. It produced evidence of a sort that was never even suspected before, let alone documented.

Here's what they learned about Ella Thorpe's death.

Ella and Jerry Thorpe had been married for four years, but things had been bleak between them for at least the last year of that time—ever since rumors began reaching Dr. Jerry that Ella was leading rather a full life while he was at the office.

For a while he seemed to pay no attention to the talk. Then one morning about six months before Ella's death he packed a two-suiter and said he was off to a three-day dental seminar in Philadelphia. He got back the same afternoon—and found Ella in bed with the country-club bachelor. He had them both arrested for adultery under a 300-year-old law that was archaic when written. In court, Ella's gentleman friend testified against her, and his case was never tried. Ella got her name in the local papers and a year in the workhouse, suspended. She was placed on probation—in her husband's custody.

Only Jerry knows how he expected Ella to react to his little stunt, but friends said he was upset by her attitude toward him after the trial. "She won't even *talk* to me," he used to complain. Things got only worse when he bought Ella the convertible two months before the accident, in what seemed an effort to make things up. All the gift accomplished was to help her avoid him more determinedly. Now when they were asked to the same parties, as they often were by members of the local live-it-up set, they would come and go alone, in their respective cars.

Two weeks before the accident, Dr. Jerry began mentioning here and there that cars just weren't made the way they used to be. "Take Ella's car," he'd say. "Brand new, and there's trouble with the steering already."

But Ella didn't seem to know about the trouble. She never mentioned it, never took the car to the shop, even though it had only 800 miles on it and was still covered by the purchase warranty. On the evening of her death, she and Jerry had been to the same party, separately as usual. Ella left early. The tree she hit stood beside the first curve on the way home.

These were the facts that sociologist Jim Tunny dug up. They were engrossing, but not necessarily meaningful. "Before you can be reasonably sure a suspicious event is a crime," he says, "you need to be sure of at least three elements—a suspect, a motive, a method." So far, Tunny had unearthed an ugly marriage. It did seem to provide a possible suspect and a motive, but no more.

While Tunny was working on the personal history, Murray Burnstine, RFHC's automotive engineer, who used to design cars in Detroit, had tackled the wreck, with particular attention to the steering gear. "When the vehicle was analyzed," he wrote in his report, "it was discovered that a cotter pin holding the lock bushing in the end of the intermediate rod had been removed at some previous time. The bushing had been rotating under the condition of road shock, and the ball joint connecting the right front wheel had fallen a quarter of an inch below the margin of the intermediate rod."

What this amounted to was that the steering had gradually deteriorated until at the time Ella was approaching that curve the car was no longer maneuverable. There were three possible reasons why the pin was missing. First, it had worn or broken and fallen out. Burnstine considered this explanation "hardly conceivable," and declared flatly instead that the pin "had been removed." Second, the pin had been taken out by a mechanic who had forgotten to replace it. But the car had never been near a repair shop. Third, the pin had been pulled out deliberately, with murderous intent—and here was the element missing from sociologist Tunny's report, an identified method. As Burnstine put it, "Some person or persons unknown removed the pin to allow the vehicle to go to failure over a long period of time."

People have been hanged on less evidence than there now seemed to be against Dr. Jerry. What happened to him? "Nothing," says Moseley. "Files on cases like this went routinely to the local authorities, and we sent this one to the medical examiner in Thorpe's area, who was the responsible official. He poked around a little, corroborated Tunny's evidence, and turned our report over to the prosecutor. But you can't get convictions without going to court, and the prosecutor refused to believe that, even if Ella's car *had* been turned into a weapon to kill her with, he could prove it." The question of whether Dr. Jerry solved his domestic problems with a slight case of auto murder was never brought to trial. Nor was he detained when Ella's gentleman friend, the talkative bachelor, drowned in mysterious circumstances in Dr. Jerry's swimming pool, seven weeks after Ella's funeral.

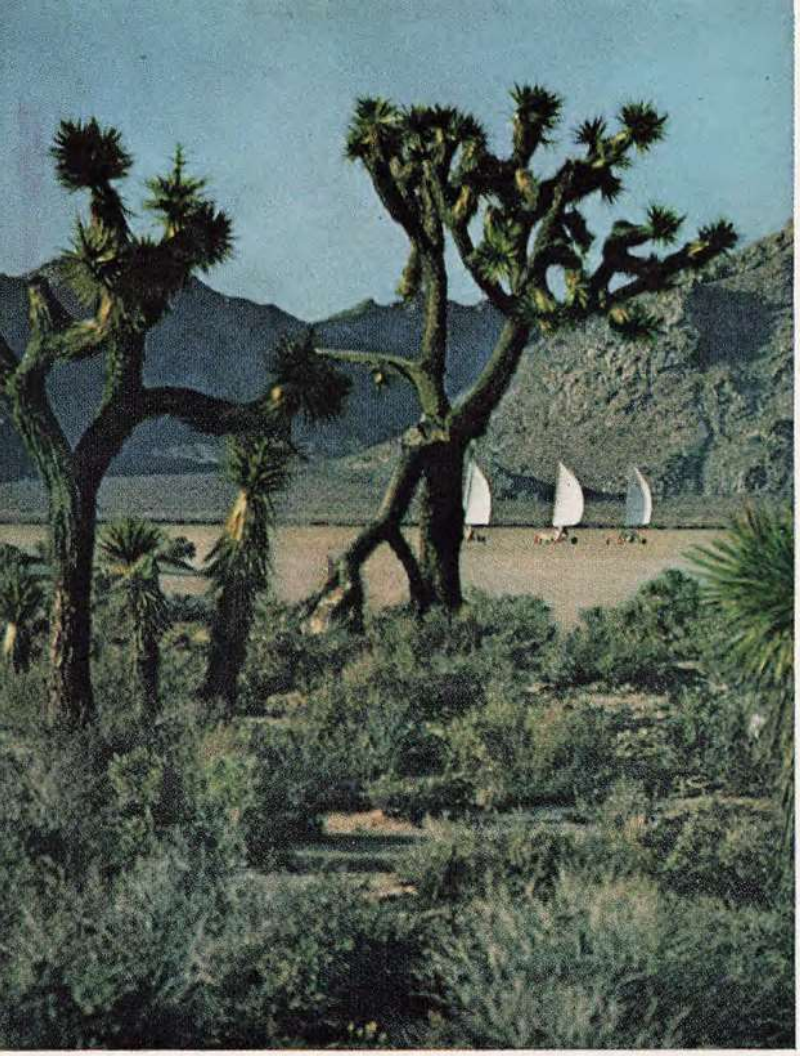
The New Hampshire prosecutor was not the only man Moseley was to find who doubted that the car is used as a weapon. In its study in depth of 125 cases, the RFHC discovered and turned over to police evidence that 23 fatal "accidents" were not accidents at all. Four were unpremeditated deliberate acts. Nine, including some pedestrian deaths, were suicides. Ten were like the Thorpe case, where vehicles were tampered with so that they would fail while being driven. Only in the unpremediated cases, as we'll see, was any police action ever taken.

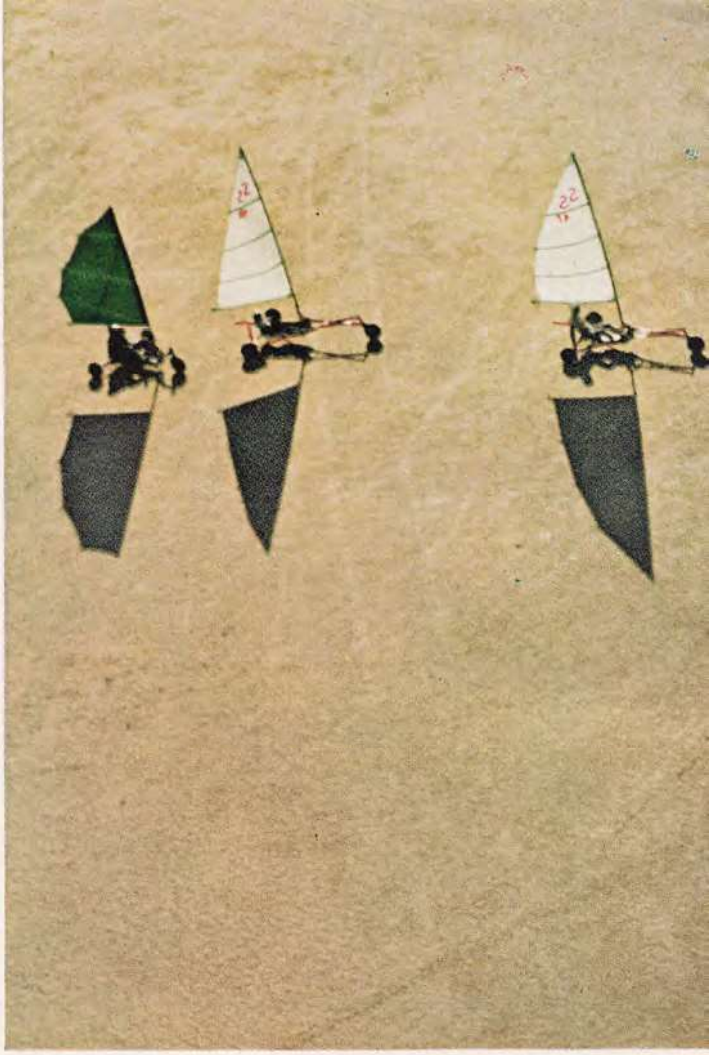
This total of 23 deliberate fatals comes to 18 percent of the RFHC's sample. If you leave [*Continued on page* 107]

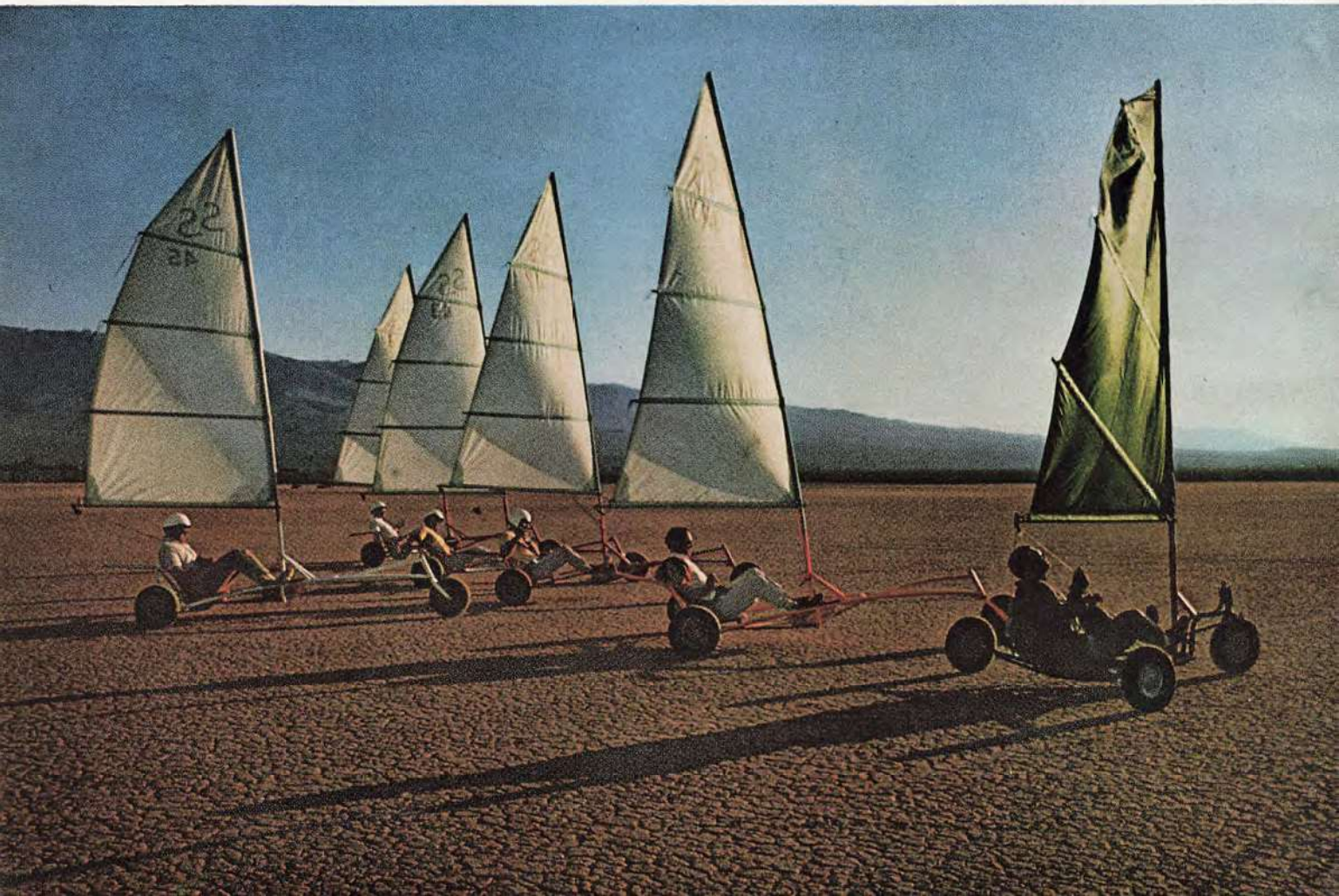
SAND HO!

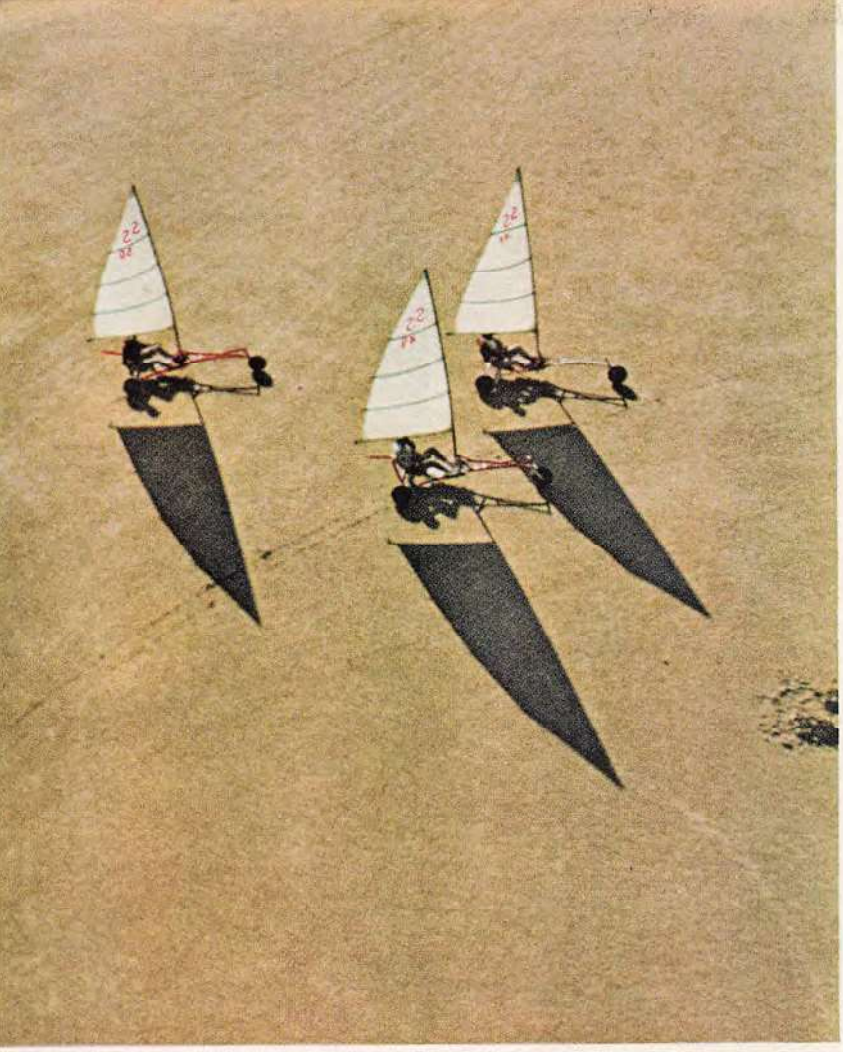
Rocketing along at 80 miles per hour with a stiff breeze billowing your sails, it's hard to believe that you're on Jackrabbit Dry Lake and that the nearest water is hundreds of miles away

TURN PAGE









PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY BOB GRANT AND JOHN E. BOYKIN

■ Two of the furred denizens who gave their name to Jackrabbit Dry Lake in California's Antelope Valley were taking the sun near their home not long ago when several objects streaked across the sun-baked sand at a fast clip.

"What in hell was that?" gasped one of the rabbits.

"Well," gulped the other, "it sure looked like a fleet o' sailboats to me."

"Sailboats! Have you been chewing that loco weed again, Arnold? There hasn't been any water in this lake since John Wayne was a pup," his companion said. . . .

Don't look now, jackrabbits, but those *were* sailboats you saw go shooting by. And, as you can tell from the pictures on these pages, water is not one of the ingredients needed to enjoy the booming new American sport of sand-sailing.

Designer John Schindler started things rolling by developing a light (130 pounds minus pilot), small (10 feet long, six feet wide at rear wheels) sand yacht. "Do-it-yourselfers" can build their own boats for under $200, and converted ice boats can also be used. There is even a Sand Sailing Association—located in Eagle Rock, California—to regulate the sport.

Sailing sites—dry lakes or long stretches of beach—can be found in most states and speeds up to 80 mph are attainable in a stiff breeze. Whether racing in competition or just taking a solo spin, the new sport combines the skill of ocean yachting with the speed of land karting and as you can see below also has hazards. It's also ideal for would-be salts who get green just stepping into a bathtub. ■

OUR BILLION-DOLLAR DEFENSE BOONDOGGLES

[*Continued from page* 49]

would cost at least $200 million, perhaps $300 million. He scrapped the entire plan, despite howls of rage from the Navy.

McNamara cancelled the project primarily on the grounds of cost. But he also pointed out one other little detail the Navy, in its boyish enthusiasm for the project, had overlooked: the monster dish was no longer needed; hadn't been for years. Radio telescope design had improved so much in the eight years since the project was launched that smaller dishes could now do virtually everything the mammoth telescope had been designed for. And as for eavesdropping on the Russians, that was far easier with satellites than with a complicated moon-bounce system.

Of course, not every research or development program that flops is a waste of money. Sometimes scientists have to try something to know if it will work or not. And if it doesn't, the money it costs has at least bought information.

The indefensible boondoggling comes when an unsuccessful program is not killed promptly, but is allowed to drag on for years. Take, as case two, an Army missile development program, so secret that not even its name has been released. Despite security, however, some information has slipped out, including the fact that the Army squandered a staggering $300 million on a useless missile, most of it long after it was clear that the device didn't work and showed little promise of ever working.

As far back as 1953, the contractor responsible for the guidance system in Missile X told the Army that the system under development was no good. It could be jammed so easily, said the contractor, that it would be useless on the battlefield. The Army, however, unwilling to be swayed by such nit-picking, ordered development to continue.

By 1955 it was clear that the missile had still other basic defects. Even if it were not jammed—an unlikely possibility—it wasn't accurate enough to hit the target anyway. The Army, undisturbed, ordered the missile into production.

After the first $8 million worth had been bought in 1956, Army brass decided that maybe the 1953 recommendation to design a jam-proof system would be a good idea after all. Just one small hitch: a different guidance system would require a different airframe. In other words, the development program would be starting from scratch on a brand new missile. No need to admit the first one was a bust, though, reasoned the military. Just call the second system a modification of the first, even though it was, in fact, a completely new bird. Meanwhile, just to show it hadn't lost faith in the first version, the Army bought another $24 million worth.

In 1958, despite reports from field commanders that the missile was unusable, Pentagon planners ordered another $19 million worth. After all, if the program were cancelled, somebody higher up might notice what a mess the project was in and start asking embarrassing questions. In 1959, the decision was made to throw another $84 million in good money down the same rat hole where $200 million had already disappeared.

Could those who squandered a staggering $300 million of the taxpayers' money have been unaware that they were buying junk? Not likely. Said the General Accounting Office after looking into the matter: "The unsatisfactory characteristics of the weapon were known . . . when the Army ordered successively increasing quantities of equipment and missiles."

Despite their obvious ability in the field, the Army and Navy have no monopoly on wild, irresponsible spending. The Air Force, in fact, holds the distinction of backing what may be the biggest boondoggle in history. It managed to spend more than *one billion dollars*—almost a half million dollars every working day for nine years—*without receiving one single working machine for the money.*

This bottomless hole was known to insiders as ANP—the Aircraft Nuclear Propulsion Program—and to the rest of the world as the atomic airplane. "Here is a case where a major development program was undertaken before a suitable technological base had been created," said Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in 1963. "Throughout its history the program was characterized by attempts to find shortcuts to early flight." Most of the money, said McNamara, was spent in trying to design a series of airplanes that would work with a basically inadequate atomic reactor. If the money instead had been poured into building a small, light, powerful reactor—the kind yet to be developed—far less money would have been spent and today we might have an atomic airplane. Air Force brass, in other words, went off half-cocked. And for nine years, nobody noticed.

There was another reason for failure, too. "The importance attached to the ANP program varied greatly throughout its history," said GAO in 1963 after a massive probe into the project's tangled course. Translation: The off-again-on-again, controversy-ridden, confused, confusing effort never went in one direction long enough for engineers to know what they were doing. In less than 10 years, ANP went through seven basic reorganizations. So many study committees looked into the program that they created a traffic jam at the revolving door.

The country's most expensive research fiasco started back in 1946 when the Air Force launched a study project to decide if a nuclear-powered airplane could be built. The following year the Atomic Energy Commission also set up a group to explore the possibilities. By 1950, both groups had looked into the matter and come to the same conclusion: It would be expensive and take a long time, but it probably could be done.

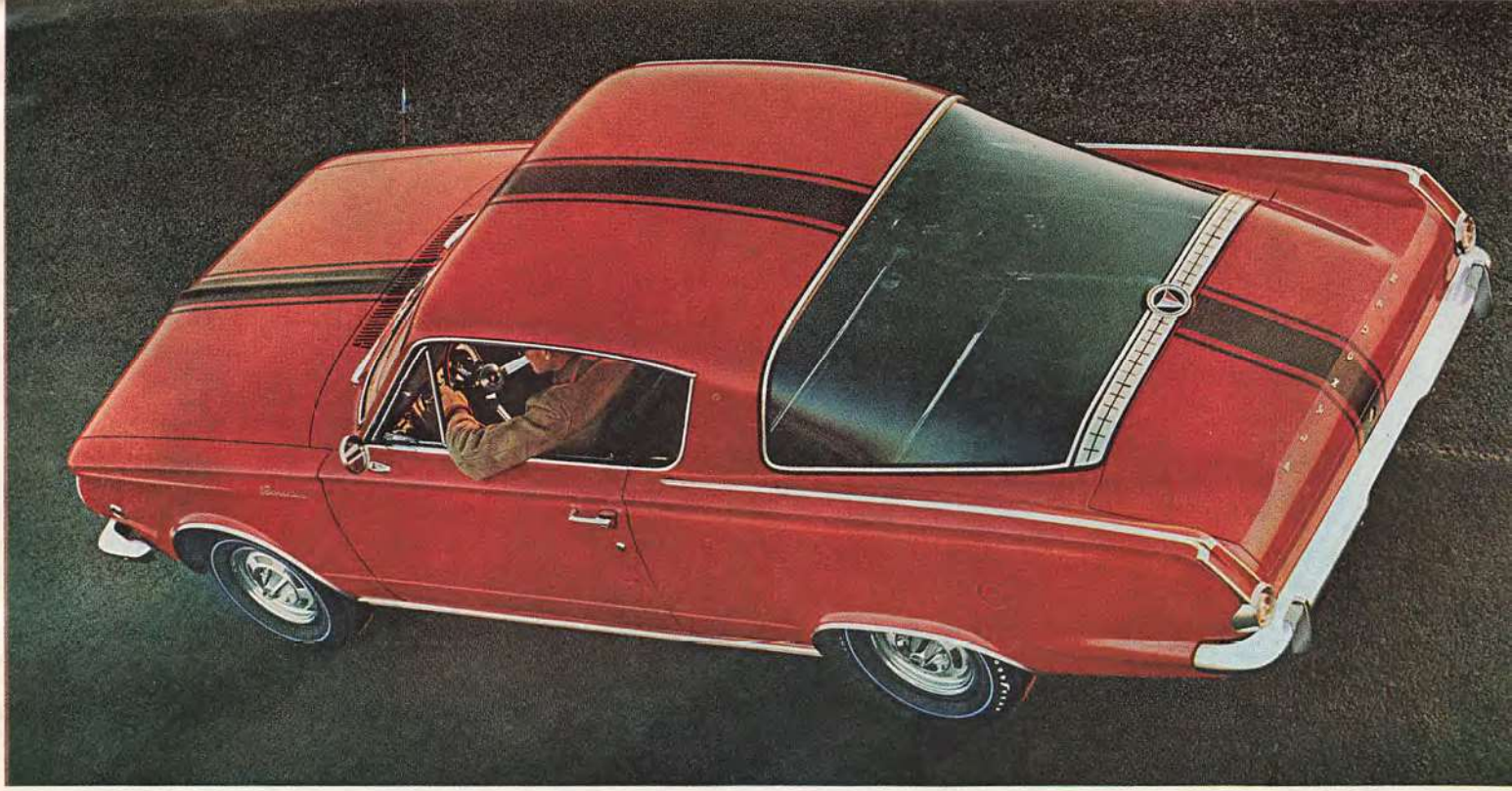
ANP, a joint effort launched by the two agencies, began on a note of optimism. Cracked one officer, "It will only have to land every couple of years for the crew to re-enlist." There was talk of a flying prototype by 1956.

Two types of engines were considered promising. First was the so-called direct-cycle engine. The reactor was inside a jet engine. Air passing through the engine was heated directly by the built-in reactor, just as air in a regular jet is heated by burning oil. The direct-cycle engine was being developed by General Electric.

Second was the indirect-cycle engine under development by Pratt & Whitney.

TRUE

"How should *I* know what would appeal to a fat, large-mouth bass?"



Did you know

that the 1965 Plymouth Barracuda has an optional Formula 'S' sports package that includes a Commando 273-cu.-in. V-8 engine*; heavy-duty shocks, springs, and sway bar; a tachometer; wide-rim (14-in.) wheels, special Blue Streak tires, and simulated bolt-on wheel covers?

You do now.

*The Commando 273 engine has a 4-barrel carburetor; 10.5:1 compression ratio; high-lift, high-overlap cam; dome-top pistons; dual breaker points; solid lifters; special intake system with unsilenced air cleaner; low back-pressure exhaust system with exposed resonator; and an engine dress-up package.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

THE ROARING '65s
FURY
BELVEDERE
VALIANT
BARRACUDA
Plymouth

Too Good To Be TRUE

"Deal me in!"

In this somewhat more complex machine, heat from a separate reactor was pumped into the jet engine to heat the air.

The GE direct-cycle engine was farther along in development and seemed to offer the possibility of quicker flight. The P&W indirect-cycle engine, on the other hand, promised greater ultimate advantages, but would take longer. It was decided to continue development of both.

By 1952 plans had progressed to the point where a B-36 was to be converted to nuclear power. The GE engine was to be used, and a target date for the first atom-powered flight was scheduled for 1956.

The indecision and lack of a clear objective that would plague the program for the next eight years started in 1953. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, under White House pressure to cut the budget, cancelled the B-36 flight test program. He made fun of the atomic airplane at a press conference and called it a "shitepoke." "That's a great big bird that flies over the marshes, you know, but doesn't have much body or speed to it or anything," he chuckled, "but it can fly."

By 1954 the Air Force had devised another strategy to get the program going again. The administration had objected to the plan to convert a B-36 primarily on the grounds that the plane developed wouldn't be a useful military weapon. So the Air Force came up with a plan for what it called WS (Weapon System) 125. This strange hybrid would be basically a bomber able to cruise at subsonic speeds under atom power. With its atomic engines, it would have the range and endurance to go anywhere in the world and back without refueling. But since subsonic airplanes are easy targets for ground-based defenders and fighter aircraft, the WS-125 would also have what the Air Force called "supersonic dash capability." Regular jet engines would be turned on over target areas, driving the plane as fast as 2,000 miles an hour.

By 1955, the Defense Department was so excited about the WS-125 that it speeded up the program and set 1959 as the date for testing a prototype power plant. General Electric predicted that the engine would be flight tested in 1960.

The optimism didn't last. In late 1956, Dr. Clifford C. Furnas, assistant secretary of defense for research and development, reported to his boss, Secretary Wilson: "For some time there has been a growing concern from both technical and fiscal aspects that the ANP program must be substantially reoriented." Wilson didn't have to be told twice. In December, he shot down the WS-125 program.

For the next two years, ANP drifted uneasily with occasional changes in plans. "The objectives were vague," said the influential journal, *Aviation Week*, in what surely must have been the understatement of the year. In June 1958 the nuclear airplane stew was stirred again. The Air Force decided that what it really wanted was a strange creature it named CAMAL—Continuously Airborne Missile-launcher And Low level weapon system (it's considered bad form in initial-happy military circles to have a project not known by an acronym). CAMAL, able to stay in the air for days at a time, would be relatively invulnerable to surprise attack. It could retaliate both by loosing the missiles it carried, and by launching direct bombing attacks at tree-top level.

ANP was eight years old by this time, and had produced little besides ill will. The Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, which had been sniping away at the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission for slowness and bungling, was erupting in anger. "We find this almost incredible situation," reported the committee. "The program still has no firm set of objectives. . . No decision has been made regarding actual nuclear flight and no target dates have been set for such flight."

By mid-1959, the Air Force, backed by the Joint Committee, was pushing for quick development of a flying prototype. But nobody, said Dr. Herbert York, director of research for DOD, could design an airplane intelligently until the essential ingredient—a better reactor—was available. He cancelled the CAMAL project and told both GE and P&W to develop better reactors.

In January 1961 the outgoing Eisenhower Administration recommended that only one of the engines—it didn't say which one—be developed further, and that the ANP budget be cut in half.

In March, the incoming Kennedy administration delivered the *coup de grace* to the sick project. Despite all that time and money, said the new President, "the possibility of achieving a militarily useful aircraft in the foreseeable future is still very remote." The cancellation, he added, would "avoid a future expenditure of at least $1 billion which would have been necessary to achieve the first experimental flight." A useful fleet of atom-powered planes would have cost more billions.

The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, strong backer of ANP from the beginning, was furious. Said Congressman Mel Price of Illinois, most outspoken backer of the atomic airplane: "The records are filled with the story of divided authority, vacillating budgets, withheld funds, technical reviews, changed objectives, transferred personnel—the list goes on." In other words, said Price, ANP was killed by indecision and bungling.

The Air Force's atomic airplane, the Army's unnamed missile, the Navy's big dish—all rank high in the gallery of champion money wasters. But for sheer ineptitude, mismanagement, and bureaucratic boondoggling, none can approach the most incredible case of all: The saga of the P6M Seamaster.

When the idea for this queer sea bird was hatched, it sounded logical enough. The P6M would be a jet-powered mine-laying seaplane able to land and take-off in heavy seas. It didn't work out exactly according to plan. The Navy, said the General Accounting Office in a March 1964 report, "spent more than $445.4 million . . . for the P6M seaplane program and did not receive a single serviceable aircraft."

The story began back in 1951 when the Navy advertised for bids and, a year later, signed a contract with the Glenn L. Martin Company of Baltimore to develop the plane. Under the terms of the contract, the company would design the plane and build two prototypes.

By early 1954, however, wind tunnel and boat basin tests to see how the proposed design would work in the air and on the water showed that there were serious problems. The National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics (NACA) told

[*Continued on page* 74]

What's missing in this picture?

TURN PAGE

Here's the latest look for summer sportsmen. Fisherman at left is wearing Aussie fisherman's hat with sheepskin hatband, $17.50, and a deluxe fishing vest with side pouch, $22.50, both from Abercrombie & Fitch. Insulated hip boots are by Red Ball, about $25, and lightweight all wool shirt is from Pendleton's "Sir Pendleton" line, $18.95. Kneeling hunter is wearing A. & F.'s reversible hunting cap, $4.50, red-trimmed hunting vest, $26.50, and protective bush trousers, $24.50. His shirt, by Pendleton, is $12.95, and "gunstock" brown, full-grain Retan Hawkeye boots, $14.95, are by Acme. Second hunter wears a water repellent preshrunk poplin jacket, $16, by Red Head, A. & F. hunting trousers, $17.50, and Bark Brushie boots with black cushion crepe sole, $10.99, by Acme. Fisherman at right wears three-piece foul-weather outfit from Angler's Cove, N. Y., about $20. His weatherproof boots, with non-slip sole, are by Weinbrenner, $23.95.

...a camper's cache of guns, gear

The big news in camping in '65 is products designed for comfort and convenience in the field. From radar lamps to baking ovens, we offer True's annual outdoors spectacular. Carolina rope hammock is by Hammacher Schlemmer, N. Y., $24.50. Red Head cushion—a restful life saver for tired hunters also doubles as a life preserver, it floats—by Brunswick, about $4. Collapsible camp chair, from Abercrombie & Fitch, is priced at $16.95. Sleeping bags, shown rolled, are both by the H. Wenzel Tent & Duck Co. Blue bag is cotton with vinyl bottom, $14, and brown one is canvas with Dacron polyester fiber-fill, $32. Other practical items, left to right beginning with top row: Camp oven with fold-down handles and side-hinged door, by Coleman, about $11. Red and black, two-burner camp stove with stand is by Sears, about $20. Electric tackle box with built-in battery-powered lights, is by Old Pal, Inc., $24.95. My Buddy Tackle-master, tackle box is by Stratton & Terstegge, $15.50. Green side

BY RON BUTLER
Men's Wear Editor
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

and gadgets

room umbrella tent, compact, sleeps five, shown partially unfurled, is by H. Wenzel Tent & Duck Co., $110. Second row: Lightweight blue international camp stove is by Impecco, Ltd., N.Y., $8.95. Twin Traveler two-burner propane camp stove with wind screen is by Turner, (complete with fuel cylinder), $19.95. Portable, weatherproof Radar Lamp by Burgess Battery Company is priced at $9.45. AdVenturer unbreakable tackle box is made by Vlchek Bros. $14.95 (contents not included). Camper's hiking pack with lightweight metal frames, by Abercrombie & Fitch, $41.95. Angler's Cove landing net, third row, left, is by Cumming's, $8.50. Reversible hunting cap, flannel lined with corduroy ear flaps, by Red Head, $2. Rods and reels, top to bottom: Spinmaster spinning rod, $23.50; four-piece Feralite fly rod (comes in rustproof aluminum case) by Fenwick $32.50, both available at Angler's Cove, N. Y.; Custom Norseman 110-G spin-casting reel, $32.95, and rod, $22.95, by South Bend; Orvis 100 spinning reel, $28.95, and Hardy of England fly reel, about $30—loaded with Air Cel floating fly line, about $12 more. Foreground, left to right: Coppertone and Solarcaine, available all drug counters. A. & F. Oasis canteen, $3.95. Standard radiant heater, tips to any position, by Turner, about $20. Paper flame grill, from Hammacher Schlemmer, is priced at $7.95. Ted Williams insulated hunting coat, by Sears, about $25. Guns, top to bottom, are: Remington Wingmaster, model 870, field grade pump action shotgun, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $99.95; Remington Speedmaster, model 552, fully automatic .22 caliber rim-fire rifle, $57.95; Combination rifle/shotgun (.22 long or .22 magnum upper barrel; 410 or 20 gauge lower barrel), Model 24 DL, by Savage, $64.95; Deer rifle, available .30/30 or .35 Model 336C by Marlin, $89.95, Model 255, lever action .22 Magnum rifle by Winchester, $59.95, Self-loading .22 caliber carbine, by Ruger, $54.50.

[*Continued from page* 70]
the Navy that the design was a mess; the plane would become unstable at high speeds, flutter through the air like a wounded duck, and maybe tear itself to pieces. Minor changes, said NACA, wouldn't do. The plane should be completely redesigned.

The Navy, shrugging off a subversive suggestion, signed a development contract with Martin in January 1955. Under the agreement, Martin would build six additional prototype planes, despite the fact that NACA said they were no good. A few months later, the first two prototype planes ordered back in 1952 were finished and delivered to the Navy. Early tests, says GAO, "disclosed numerous structural deficiencies, failure of metal to metal bonds, failure of spot welds, various evidences of metal fatigue, and many indications of the need for reinforcement or replacement of the aircraft skin with heavier gauge material." Nevertheless, the scheduled test flight program got underway.

NACA's warnings were tragically confirmed in December 1955. The first P6M crashed and killed its crew of four. It simply broke up in mid-air.

Nevertheless, eight months later, despite the failure-laden record of the project, the Navy took the most incredible step of the whole nightmare-like affair. In August 1956 it ordered another 24 P6M's from Martin.

Three months later, another piece of discouraging evidence turned up. In November, the second experimental P6M crashed after 41 hours of flight. The investigation revealed that there had been an error in the plane's construction. When Martin designed the tail section, engineers had made a mistake in applying the results of wind tunnel tests to the final design.

By August 1957, further tests on the ground were showing that there were serious weaknesses throughout. Now, of course, the P6M production line was in full swing.

Finally, however, even the Navy was beginning to get discouraged. And in only one more year, with one trouble after another cropping up, the contract was finally cancelled in August 1959. For its money, the Navy had received:

—two experimental planes that crashed during tests.
—six prototype planes that were undergoing tests when the project ended, but which still had many serious problems.
—three production planes, also useless.
—five more planes in various stages of construction.

Total cost: $445.4 million. All of the 14 built and partially built planes left were broken up for scrap.

An extraordinary case? Not at all. "Another typical example of the irresponsible manner in which the procurement division squanders the taxpayers' money in the name of national defense," snorts Senator John Williams of Delaware.

Not all cases of Pentagon bungling and inefficiency manage to waste hundreds of millions of dollars: some waste only tens of millions. The cases grow out of many basic causes. Among them:

SOLE-SOURCE CONTRACTS

A few years ago, Avco Corporation landed a $4.5-million contract to develop the AN/VRC-12, a new kind of radio for Army vehicles. Then it negotiated a $35-million contract to produce the radios. The Army said it would collect information and open the next purchase to competitive bidding. The following year, however, it handed Avco a second contract, this one for $65 million.

Congress found out about the cozy arrangement and forced the Army to open its next contract to bidding. When the bids were in, the Magnovox Company had underbid Avco by about 40 percent. With its noncompetitive buying, the Army had squandered more than $17 million.

Why are sole-source contracts widely used? "The fact is," says Congressman Robert Sikes of Florida, "the agencies of government like to deal in non-competitive, sole-source bids. It is simpler and easier."

It's also more expensive, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone.

OVERFUNDING

No military unit wants to be caught short, so units frequently pad their needs, just to be on the safe side. Here's how it works.

In 1964, the Army requested in its electronics budget $10 million for 10,000 radios of one model that sold for $1,000 each. "This radio," said then-Congressman Earl Wilson of Indiana on the floor of the House, "is overfunded by $3,960,000." Wilson said that the true cost of the radio was $604 rather than $1,000 as claimed. "The Army, in rationalizing the case," he continued, "said it planned to charge off other equipment used with this radio. The fact is, the equipment it listed . . . will not work on the radio. This is the second straight year the Army tried to overfund this radio and has been caught."

Wilson also told lawmakers that of 35 electronics items he had checked on what he called "the electronics shopping list," 22 were overfunded. The total padding, he charged, added up to more than $13 million.

Of course, overfunding has one drawback. It leaves a lot of untidy money hanging around. It would be bad form to turn it back in, so it has to be spent. This is no problem to the Pentagon's experts. If too much money for radios, say, is appropriated, extra radios can be bought and put in storage. Or the money can be switched to another account and spent for something else. The General Accounting Office, for example, found that the Air Force bought $325,000 worth of desks for Pentagon offices in early 1962. GAO investigators snooped around and found that the desks marked for replacement were perfectly good. "It appears," said GOA in its report to Congress, "that the availability of unobligated funds rather than the existence of valid requirements was the overriding consideration in the decision to procure the furniture."

PROFIT PYRAMIDING

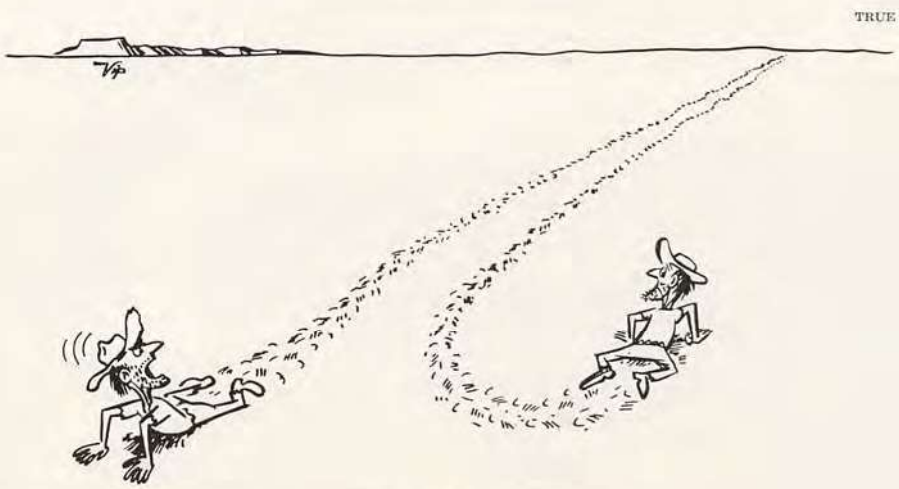
When Western Electric Company got the contract for the Nike missile system a few years ago, it built the electronic elements and subcontracted out the rest. But in totaling up its bill to the government, it figured the profits on the entire bill, not just on the work it had done. This is a widely-followed practice which vastly increases manufacturers' profits. It has been attacked in the Senate by John McClellan of Arkansas.

"The total in-house effort of Western Electric," said Senator McClellan in discussing the case, "was $399 million, while more than $1 billion was either subcontracted or purchased. Western Electric, however, took a profit of $112.5 million, which represents a profit of 7.9 percent on all costs in the program. When this profit is measured, however, by Western Electric's own effort, what it actually put into the performance of the contract, the profit becomes 31.3 percent."

The major Nike subcontractor, Douglas Aircraft, pulled the same trick. Douglast placed most of its work with a third tier of subcontractors and ended up taking the government for a 44.3 percent profit on its own work.

GENERAL SLOPPINESS

In 1963 the Army needed 421 ID-999



"*Now* what did you forget?"

Chevrolet's answer to _____ *(go ahead, give us a problem)*

The brand-new SPORTVAN

You're looking at an 8-passenger bus. And no one knows for sure yet just how many kids it will seat.

The interior is practically all vinyl. The instrument panel is padded. The full-length floor covering looks carpeted, but in reality is easy-to-clean vinyl-coated rubber. One sweep of a damp cloth and your bus is clean.

There are two front, double-side, and double-rear exits. There's even a retractable side door step.

The center and rear seats you may order come with armrests and ashtrays. You supply the people.

You're looking at a ski lodge, a deer camp, a summer home. You may order your Sportvan with a special camper unit that includes a fold-down double bed, a couple of dressers, a built-in table, drapes—you name it and we'll try to get it.

You're looking at a light-duty truck. That's the hauling capability of the Deluxe Sportvan with its 140-hp Six.

And although it may seat like a bus, it doesn't handle like one.

Last but not least, *you're looking at a 211-cubic-foot closet.* That's how much room is behind that front seat—two huge station wagons' worth. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

"I'd like to have my license revoked."

altitude indicators which cost $400 each. It bought them on a negotiated contract, claiming that drawings and other data necessary for competitive bidding were not available.

Congressman Earl Wilson, however, located the office where the drawings were filed with a telephone call. Then Wilson checked further and found that the Air Force had 9,101 of the same units in stock, the Navy had 520, and the Army itself had 1,600 in its Transportation Command.

"To make matters worse," he reported, "the Army discovered the Navy was in the process of finishing up the development of a new equipment that was going to make the ID-999 obsolete. It was going to be junked, and yet the Army was going to buy them at the front door while the Navy, Air Force, and the same Army threw them out the back as junk."

Wilson, who during his term in Congress specialized in tearing the electronics budget to shreds, was livid about the whole thing. "When two-thirds of the budget we are asked to approve each year turns out to be as phony as a $3 bill," he roared, "I think it should be fired back across the Potomac to be resubmitted in something approaching honest form. How long will we let the brass hats submit fairy tales to justify backing trucks up to the Capitol to haul away billions?"

How can presumably honest men—high military officers and upper-echelon civilian policy makers—squander billions on schemes such as Missile X, the atomic airplane, and the P6M? The answer usually given is that while with 20/20 hindsight, it is easy to see what should have been done, the action taken seemed right at the time. "The tenor of the international situation in the years 1956-1962," says the Navy in defending its Big Dish decisions, "was such that the early attainment of operational capabilities in a variety of fields was mandatory. The Big Dish project was undertaken in this atmosphere of urgency."

But that doesn't tell the whole story. The fact is that for years, the defense budget has been a sacred cow. If generals and admirals said they needed certain weapons to protect the country, nobody argued. The nation's safety was too important. And after all, who can argue with a professional about what is essential and what isn't? In this permissive atmosphere, military decision makers weren't pressed to make sure that every project was really needed, that every dollar spent was essential. Many a harebrained scheme, consequently, got by. And programs that should have been killed promptly when they turned out to be lemons managed to limp on for years after they were hopeless.

One big trouble is that hardly anybody —even now—seems to care. "More often than not," says South Dakota's Senator George McGovern, "the GAO reports are largely ignored by the press and public. Perhaps more importantly, they have not had significant attention in Congress. We have allowed waste involving hundreds of millions of dollars to occur without determined action . . . to prevent repetition."

How much has the Pentagon's freewheeling approach to defense spending cost you and me and all the other taxpayers? Any hard and fast answer would be impossible to come by. But some indication of the enormity of the figure can be gleaned from one incident. Last year, several legislators asked GAO to draw up a summary of the waste uncovered in one year. Between May 1, 1963, and May 1, 1964, GAO reported, it had dug up evidence of waste totaling a staggering $486.9 million—almost a half billion dollars.

To be fair, some of the reports documented waste in projects going back over a period of years. But there is another side to the coin. GAO investigated only a tiny fraction of total military spending. The money wasting uncovered was just a sample of what undoubtedly goes on.

Can anything be done to avoid similar boondoggles in the future? Perhaps the most important start was made when Secretary of Defense McNamara instituted his policy of strong civilian control in the Pentagon. It's been an uphill fight. "We've had a lot of little empires building up in the Defense Department for years," said one high official, "and someone had to step in and do something about it. We've finally got someone who's willing to make tough decisions."

McNamara's got more than entrenched military brass hats to fight, though. Many of the same congressmen who scream about Pentagon spending turned virtually apoplectic and threatened investigations when McNamara announced the closing of scores of expensive, unneeded military bases.

With vested interest resisting change on every side, the battle against waste is far from complete. "Despite the strictest vigilance by Secretary McNamara," says Senator McGovern, ". . . unnecessary spending in the Defense Department continues at amounts that might be reckoned in the hundreds of millions if not billions of dollars."

Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois calls the waste "scandalous" and "appalling." "Almost everytime they [GAO] go into this question," he says, "malpractices are found."

Defense in a troubled world will never be cheap. But until and unless wasteful, money-squandering practices are dug out and eliminated on every level, the American people will continue to bear a burden heavier than it need be. To be vigilant we have to spend money. But let's also be vigilant enough to see that we don't throw it away.

—C. P. Gilmore

COMING . . .

Big game hunter and crack
shot with a typewriter,
Robert Ruark zeros in on

"THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE SONOFABITCH I EVER KNEW"

A crusty, lusty tale
that is purely relative

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Naturally. Today's really modern people know that "new" is not always "best". They know Old Taylor 86 has the smooth, old-fashioned flavor that's too good to be new. Flavor that sets whiskey taste back 77 years. Flavor that's mellow and rich and rewarding. What more modern reasons could you have for drinking it? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Company. Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

BLOODY ROAD TO USUMBURA

[*Continued from page 36*]

South Mosso—severe, unrelieved famine which had already taken some 100 lives.

What was "the Mosso," and where? Imagine a scorched parallelogram 100 miles long and 20 miles wide, formed by the rolling plains and ramified valleys of the Malagarasi River, in the extreme southeast end of Burundi. Populate those lightly timbered savannahs and thickets of false bamboo with small herds of antelope, families of warthogs and bands of insolent baboons. Add lions, leopards, wild dogs, civets, genets, servals—and a few men.

In the past, the human population had been far more dense. Then, as in much of Central Africa, sleeping sickness had decimated the area. The people died in droves until the Belgian government took over and launched a systematic program to stamp out the terrible disease. Now, a few thousand human beings remained, a small, sturdy people almost like pygmies, called the Bamosso, who tried gamely to eke out a living on the worst farming land in Ruanda-Urundi.

Most of the time, they succeeded. But this year the dry season, which usually lasted for two months, had stretched all the way from June to October. Corn, beans and sorghum had burned up during the drought; then the starving antelope and wild pigs, unable to find food on the parching savannahs, had raided the staple crops of sweet potatoes and manioc. Desperate, the people had eaten their precious reserves of seed. When there was nothing left, they simply starved and started to die.

When the Kitega officials learned of the tragic situation, they wired at once to the government's depot at Nioka, 400 miles away in the northeast part of the Congo. But the big warehouses at Nioka were almost empty; other famine-stricken areas had already depleted the available supplies. So, Kitega's urgent request for 15 tons of beans had gone on the waiting list . . . and the Bamosso continued to die.

That was the official situation when I decided to take some highly unofficial action. I found it impossible to stand by and shrug philosophically, like many of my colleagues, while thousands of human lives were drawing toward a slow, agonized end. But the possibilities were terribly limited. Hunting was out of the question: game was scarce to begin with, and now the Bamosso would certainly be too weak for me to organize them into effective hunting parties. It would be just as impractical to attempt bringing in hunters from the outside. Most of the people in Burundi had an almost superstitious fear of the strange, desolate Mosso country. They would refuse to enter, no matter how much I offered to pay them.

Hunting was out of the question . . . but fishing was an entirely different story. It would be relatively simple to drive my Studebaker pickup to the shore of Lake Tanganyika, hire some native helpers, and gather immense quantities of fish—with dynamite. Then I could truck the life-giving food to the cooking pots of the Mosso, about 60 miles to the east. It was a sound, logical but thoroughly illegal plan. Dynamite fishing was strictly forbidden by the Colonial Government, for conservationist reasons. Usually I followed that philosophy myself, but now, when it was a question of saving human lives, the balanced ecology of Lake Tanganyika seemed trivial. Still, it was against the law, and I would probably lose my job if the Government heard of my actions. . . "The hell with it," I decided, without further hesitation. "People are more important than fish—or a job."

Having reached that conclusion, I drove to my own official post, the territorial headquarters of Bururi, and loaded my pickup with axes and machetes, a 50-foot roll of Bickford fuse cord, detonators and a massive wooden box containing 50 sticks of 100-gram gelatin dynamite. Then I drove west toward Lake Tanganyika.

As far as fish were concerned, I was headed in the right direction. With a total of 233 species, including specialized forms for the surface, the depths and the shore, Lake Tanganyika possesses the richest and most diversified collection of fresh-water fish in the world. Right now I had a particular interest in just one of those species: *Stolothrissa tanganicae,* a herring-like fish about two inches long that was known in these parts by the name of "*ndagala.*" Not only were they exceptionally rich in protein, calcium and phosphates, but the *ndagala* traveled in dense shoals that made them ideal prey for the dynamite fisherman.

I settled down for the night at Nyanza-Lac in a bungalow provided by the Government for the use of occasional travelers. Then, early the next morning, I hired four pirogues and six fishermen in a little village about 10 miles to the south. The men were members of the Bagoma tribe who had emigrated originally from the northeast part of Katanga on the other side of the lake. We left the boats at the village, the six of them climbed into the back of my truck, and I drove two miles farther down the wretched little dirt road that had once led to Kigoma in neighboring Tanganyika. At that point, an old trail branched off from the road and headed west through the bush.

As I had expected, the trail was so heavily overgrown that I had to break out the axes and machetes and send my six helpers ahead to cut back the bush. Slowly, as they slashed a passage for us, my pickup and I crawled toward Lake Tanganyika. Finally, after excavating a green tunnel about three miles long, we came to a dead stop. The trail petered out and ended in a dense grove of sizable trees. It was impossible to force our home-made highway any farther toward the lake. It would have been a major project even to carve out enough space so that I could turn the truck around.

Then we hacked our way another mile along a small foot-path until we reached the beach of Mwekarago Cove, a curved expanse of white sand almost completely overgrown with creeping lianas. We inspected the fishing-site briefly, returned to the truck, reversed for three miles, and drove back to the Bagoma village.

As soon as we arrived, I sent my fishermen to their boats with instructions to return at once to the cove. Then I negotiated with the chief to hire a large number of porters. Within a few minutes, I had the back of my truck packed solidly with most of the young adults in the village, 15 muscular men and women armed with tightly-woven baskets that would each hold about 40 pounds of

[*Continued on page 81*]

TRUE

"Good news, dear! The tugboat you hit was illegally parked!"

How to tell a real tiger from a pussycat:

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Drive it.

Two seconds behind the wheel of a Pontiac and you know unquestionably you're in tiger country. You realize right away there's more to being a tiger than just bucket seats, carpeting, and sleek upholstery. There's Wide-Track handling, say. And availability of a six or two rambunctious V-8s in the LeMans. And a snarling 335-hp GTO or its 360-hp, slightly hairier, cousin. So don't be fooled by the pussycats. Go drive a tiger!

Quick Wide-Track Tigers
Pontiac LeMans & GTO

JOiN US iN THe ReC ROOM!

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[Continued from page 78]

ndagala. Once again, I drove my truck back to the trail and led the long caravan of porters on the one-mile walk to the beach. The fishermen had already arrived on the scene. Then, while the entire crowd of natives watched from a respectful distance, I prepared my charges.

First I laid two sticks of dynamite parallel and taped them together, spiralling the tape up and down the entire length of the sticks to augment the force of the blast. When that part of the operation was finished, I attached a detonator to a one-foot length of Bickford fuse-cord, crimping the hollow end onto the cord with my teeth. Then, after peeling back the heavy waxed paper at the end of one stick, I took an old lead pencil, poked a little tunnel in the gelatinous explosive and dropped the detonator into position. Afterwards, I pressed the sticky gelatin around the fuse-cord, pushed the paper back into place and taped the joint securely.

Then we paddled out from the shore, fired the first series of two blasts, filled the boats with *ndagala*, unloaded, and paddled back for the second. By the end of the day, my truck was crammed well beyond capacity with 2,500 pounds of shining, silvery fish. I smiled with satisfaction at that beautiful sight and drove 60 miles to the market place of Butana in the South Mosso to make the first distribution.

It had been a terribly hard and exhausting day, but it was worth it. I shall never forget the expressions on the faces of those weak, emaciated people when they saw me arrive at Butana with the truckload of fresh, shining *ndagala*. They were successively astonished, unbelieving and incredibly happy. They had resigned themselves to death, and now they knew that they were going to live.

During the next two days, I sped up the tempo, conducting both morning and afternoon blasting sessions at Mwekarago Cove, each of them followed by a long trip to the Mosso. Everything went off without a hitch, including the morning session of the fourth day, October 24, 1955. Even now, I remember how I drove back to Lake Tanganyika from Butana, exulting in the complete success of my plans. I had brought 7,200 kilos of *ndagala*—more than seven tons of fish—to a thousand starving families of South Mosso. The famine was definitely licked.

Now I had only six sticks of dynamite left out of the original 50. I would use them this afternoon, and the great "Fish Safari" would come to a quiet, successful end. I stopped briefly at Nyanza-Lac, where I gassed up the truck from the Arab storekeeper's 200-liter drum. Judging from the position of the sun, it must have been about 2:30 when I got back to Mwekarago Cove and a little before 3 when I stood up in my pirogue, about 300 feet offshore, ready to drop the last three charges.

I lit the first one and tossed it overboard. It sank slowly, but there was no explosion. Apparently, the fuse had been defective. That hadn't happened before during 22 drops. Now I had only four sticks left, two double-charges. "*Nom de Dieu!*" I cursed softly. "The next one had better go off!"

I touched the flame of my lighter to the fuse, waiting for the spark and the familiar crackling noise, but nothing happened. Two or three seconds passed . . . and a vast, shattering moment of mindless oblivion. Then, suddenly, inexplicably, I found myself dazed and gasping for breath while my feet instinctively treaded water and my thoughts whirled around in complete confusion.

Desperately, I tried to rub my eyes with the back of my right hand, but for some reason I couldn't manage to do it. I tried again and felt something sharp rake over my eyebrows. Something sharp . . . what the hell could it be? I ducked my head, hoping the water might bring back my vision. The simple maneuver worked, washing away the blood that had streamed down into my left eye. The right eye was apparently blind. Still, I felt immense relief being able to see again. Then I remembered the trouble I had trying to rub my eyes—something sharp—and I raised my right arm out of the water.

For an instant, I stared at the mutilated stump without comprehension. There was no blood; the white, macerated flesh looked like the skin of a plucked chicken. . . . Abruptly, I realized what I was looking at, and I grew terribly angry. "*Merde!*" I thought savagely. "I've lost my hand!"

Now I began to feel pain, a terrible burning pain that raged over my face, neck, chest, arms and hands. My *hands?* The right one was still full of fire, in spite of the fact that it no longer existed. The pain in the left was even more frightful—if I still had it. That thought really shocked me. I raised my left arm out of the water . . . and the hand was still there. The thumb and the first two fingers were badly injured; they were split open like burst sausages, and the bones of my forefinger gleamed whitely through the torn skin. But the hand was still there!

Another thought came, and I reached down with the mangled fingers to pass them over my belly, half expecting to find coils of dangling intestine. Nothing seemed to be wrong. Instinctively, I explored a little farther down. . . Intact. Undamaged. I felt overwhelming relief. I relaxed for an instant, still treading water, and then, suddenly, I became aware of a strange new sensation in the stump of my right arm.

Only a few seconds before, the severed wrist had been dead-white in color. Now it was spurting jets of bright red arterial blood. Immediately, I flexed the limb as hard as I could and pressed the flat inner surface of the stump against the upper part of my chest, squeezing the radial and ulnar arteries of the forearm against my rib-cage. That slowed the pulsing stream down to a trickle.

Then, for the first time, I looked around me, trying to find the pirogues. Up until this moment, I must have been expecting subconsciously to be caught by the back and hauled up into one of the dugouts. Now I saw my own overturned boat, my native fishermen paddling off into the distance, and the white wakes of water made by the oncoming crocodiles.

That sight shocked me into action. I struck out toward the land with an awkward, left-handed Australian crawl, while I kept my flexed, mutilated right arm pressed tightly against my ribs. The pain was atrocious, but I rejected it—just as I rejected the inexorable logic of my situation. I knew that even if I reached the shore, I was a mile from my truck. Even if I reached the truck, I was three miles from the road. And even if I reached the road, where was I? Alone,

"Ask your father about girls!"

terribly wounded, in the middle of nowhere. Everything proved, conclusively, that I was going to die . . . and yet, irrationally, I was determined to live.

I was still a hundred feet from the shore when the crocodiles caught up with me. The big ones I had spotted first were almost at my heels, and as I turned my head, I saw a group of five more approaching from my blind right side. I'd swam in crocodile-ridden waters before—and even among them—so I knew what I had to do. Quickly, I changed the angle of my body, assuming an almost vertical position in the water. Thus, my awkward crawl-stroke turned into an even clumsier dog-paddle. That made it extremely difficult for the big reptiles to seize me: the anatomy of their jaws, skull and neck prevents them from turning their heads to the side, forcing them to seize their intended prey on a horizontal plane.

Now I moved toward the shore much more slowly, splashing as violently as I could. Undismayed by my tactics, two more crocodiles came toward me on the left. One of them was an enormous beast about 20 feet long—almost as large as a native pirogue. He shot forward like a ridged green torpedo, and an instant later I heard a hollow clack at my ear, like the beat of a large talking drum. It was the sound his jaws made as they snapped shut in the space I had occupied only a fraction of a second before.

Instinctively, I moved toward the right—where his five colleagues were waiting. Another clack sounded near my right shoulder, and immediately after, I felt a crocodile pass behind me. His scutes scraped my back and tore off the tattered remnants of my shirt. Appalled, I sped up, summoning my final reserves of strength. Then, unbelievably, my feet touched the bottom. I swam the last few yards with a heart that seemed to be bursting, and staggered out of the water, leaving behind me a fan-shaped flotilla of frustrated crocodiles.

I wanted desperately to rest, but I forced myself to walk at least 50 or 60 feet from the shore. At that distance, I was safe. Then my knees buckled and I sat down hard, right in the midst of the empty baskets my native crew had abandoned. They were all gone, the porters as well as the fishermen. I was alone.

I sat down, but I didn't really rest. The stump of my wrist was still trickling blood, in spite of the pressure position. I knew that I'd somehow have to make a tourniquet in order to stop it. A tourniquet . . . out of what? My shirt was gone and my khaki shorts were reduced to incredible tatters. But my socks remained, even though I'd lost both of my shoes and my Aussie-style campaign hat.

Using my injured left hand and my teeth, I took one of the cotton socks and managed to tie it around the upper part of my right arm. It was quite ineffective. I took the other one and knotted it just above my right elbow. The result was only a little better. Then I picked up a piece of liana from the ground and wound it tightly around my arm. The bleeding stopped—until the liana broke. I tried again, and the second liana broke.

Finally, only a few feet away, half hidden by the creeping lianas, I spotted a short length of rope lying on the ground. It was a fragment of an old fishing net, some 18 inches long with a little loop at one end. I passed the free end into the loop, slipped it over my arm and tightened it. Then I took one of the socks, wadded it into a hard ball, and stuffed it beneath the rope where it would press against the brachial artery. As a final touch, I wedged a small stick under the rope on the dorsal side of the arm. That slowed the bleeding down to a negligible ooze.

After that vital preliminary had been taken care of, I was able for the first time, using my two sound fingers, to make a systematic survey of the other damage. There was no way of telling how badly my right eye was injured, but the entire right-hand side of my face seemed to be a continuous expanse of burned lacerations. Those wounds had already clotted, but the blood still trickled down from a long, superficial slash on the top of my head which had apparently been made by the detonator. My jaw and neck were both badly torn. A big flap of skin hung down on my collarbone, and the blood from the large shallow wound seeped down my chest. I tried to push the skin back into place and it adhered, at least partially.

The rest of my injuries consisted of innumerable minor lacerations that covered my arms and the right side of my chest. The worst damage I had suffered, aside from my missing right hand, was undoubtedly the condition of my left. Only the pinkie and the ring-finger were intact. As to the rest, it was possible that I might lose the first three fingers and perhaps the entire hand.

I thought about that for a moment as I watched the waterfowl flying overhead. They were strangely *silent* . . . and that bothered me. Then, for the first time, I realized that I was almost completely deaf. I had heard the drum-like clack of the crocodiles' jaws, but I couldn't hear the birds, and as I soon found out, I couldn't hear my own voice unless I came close to shouting.

What sort of future lay ahead of me—if I survived? No hands, one eye, deaf, and a scarred face . . . those were the realities and possibilities I had to consider. It was an appalling vision, but still, I wanted to live. I wanted to feel things, do things and make things, whatever the difficulty, no matter how demanding or impossible the challenge. So, I forced myself to put aside my concern for the future and concentrate on the strange, unlikely present.

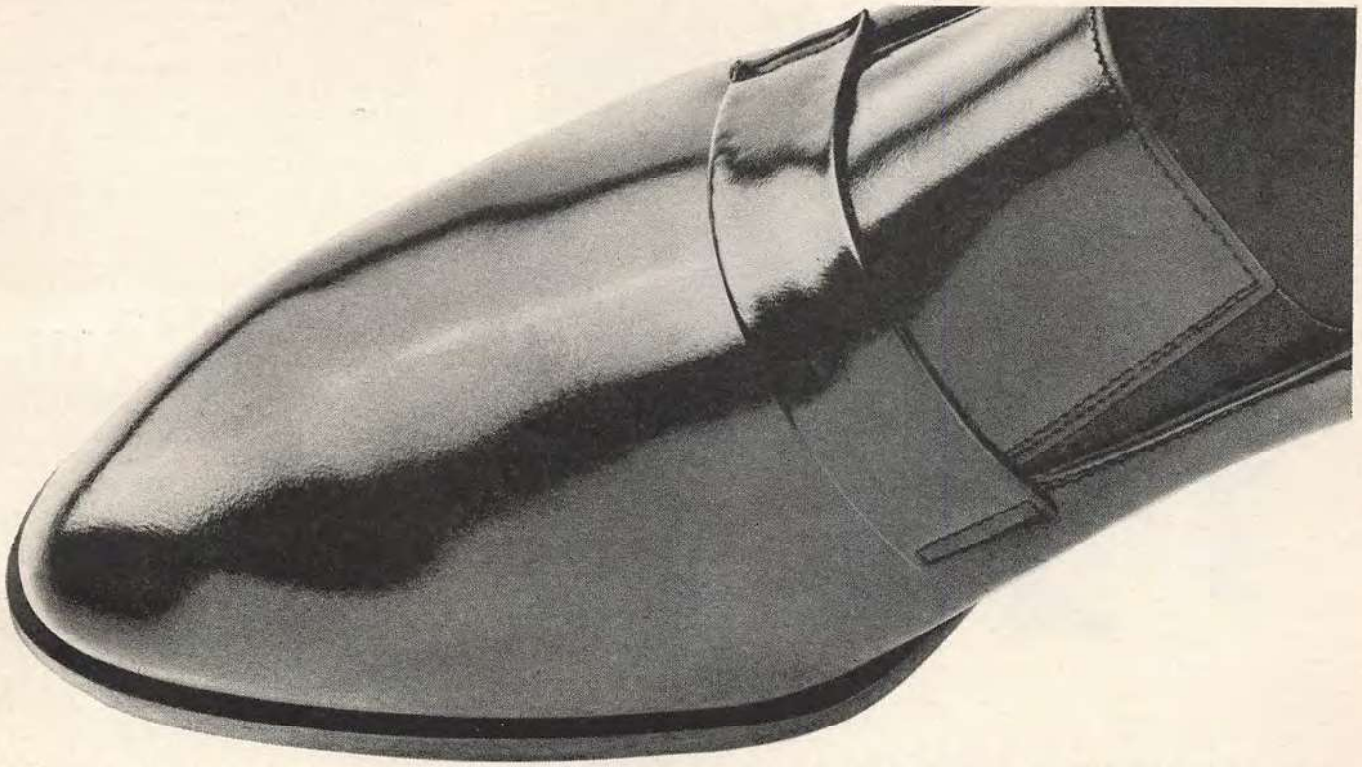
The fact that I was still alive was far more than I could have possibly expected. After all, the charge of high-grade dynamite which had exploded in my right hand was capable, if strategically placed, of destroying a 12-story building. It was only the complete instability of my position—standing up in a shaky canoe—that had saved me. Even dynamite has to work against some resistance. Then, after the blast had hurled me into the water, my continued consciousness and endurance were undoubtedly due to my top physical condition. I was big and rugged —6'5" tall and 240 pounds—and I had been toughened by seven arduous years in the Central African bush. I was a hard man to kill, even with dynamite.

Now I knew that I would never be the same man again, but I refused to accept the idea that I might somehow be less. My life was in my own hands—or rather, in my two unwounded fingers. If I succeeded in accomplishing the impossible—to survive—what obstacles could ever stop me in the future?

With that thought in mind, I struggled to my feet, ready to take the first step in the one-mile walk through the bush toward my waiting pickup. I rose, swayed and nearly fell to the ground, feeling an unbelieveable pain and weakness in every part of my body. I closed my eyes for a

TRUE

"Still want to play it cool, baby?"



How to start an up-to-date wardrobe on a shoestring. (Begin with our new slip-on.)

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There are three things that make our new black slip-on different.

To start with, it's made with "Living (Formula X-1000)®" Leather uppers. "Living" Leather is a natural, top-grade leather that's been given a pre-conditioning treatment. A special tanning process protects it against scuffs, scratches, scrapes, strain, rain and mud. All the things that wreck ordinary shoes.

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(That's what we mean by a shoestring.)

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Not when you figure that a lot of men who come in to buy a pair of Johnsonians go through something like *this*.

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Like a fox.

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ARKANSAS: Benton: Sparks Dept. Store. **MEXICO: Tijuana, B.C.:** De Lux. **TEXAS: Dallas:** Wholesale Merc. Co.
COLORADO: Denver: Tober's Shoes, Inc., **Gunnison:** Balkenbush Family Shoe Store. **ILLINOIS: Aurora:** Family Shoe Store, **Chillicothe:** Beck's Shoe Store, **Creve Coeur:** Berg's Dept. Store, **Danville:** Jonart's, **Dixon:** Frank Deutsen, **Kewanee:** Family Shoe Store, **Loves Park:** Loves Park Dept. Store, **Macomb:** Elliotts Shoe Store, **Milan:** McCullough Dept. Store, **Peoria:** Earl's Family Shoe Store, Edward's Shoe Store, **Rockford:** The Fair Dept. Store, **Zion:** Sam's Men's Wear, **Mattoon:** Family Shoe Center, **Lincoln:** Lincoln Shoe Store. **IOWA: Atlantic:** Family Shoe Store, **Bettendorf:** Jestel's, **Burlington:** Model Clothing & Shoes, **Cedar Rapids:** Johnson's Shoe Store. **KANSAS: Abilene:** Viola's Shoe Store. **MINNESOTA: Minneapolis:** Broadway Shoe Co., Hy's Men's Store, Sterling Shoe Store, Lake Street Bootery, **Hutchinson:** Hayden's Shoe Store, **Marshall:** Kay's Shoe Store, **Morris:** Forsberg's Dept. Store, **St. Paul:** A. Sevak Clo., Wink's Family Shoe Store. **MISSOURI: Kansas City:** The Shoe Box. **MONTANA: Billings:** Monarch Clothing Stores.
WISCONSIN: Beaver Dam: Andes Shoe Co., **Dodgeville:** Rufenacht Shoe Store. **Eau Claire:** Consumers Co-Op Assn., **Green Bay:** Cohen Dept. Store, **Kenosha:** Mullen's Shoes, **Kiel:** Art Kahl, **Mayville:** Brown's Shoe Store, **Milwaukee:** Priebe's Shoe Store, **Platteville:** O'Neill Shoe Store, **Portage:** Marv's Shoes.

"I owned my own business; had plenty of money; a lovely wife and kids; a home in the country—and *then* I had to consult a psychiatrist to find out what made me tick."

moment, trying to adjust to the pain. It would have been so terribly easy if I never opened them again. . . .

The walk was interminable. I took step after step after step through a narrow green tunnel of bush that seemed never to change, and every step was a separate act of will, a triumph over my desperately wounded body. A hundred, five hundred, a thousand, two thousand painful steps . . . and then, with a feeling almost of disbelief, I saw a small patch of light blue up ahead. It was the fender of my truck.

I climbed into the cab, slowly and very awkwardly, and slid behind the familiar steering-wheel. It was an immense relief to be off my feet. Now that I had made it to the truck, I felt that the worst physical exertion was behind me. I was filled with new confidence and an even stronger determination to survive. Then I caught sight of myself in the rear-view mirror.

A strange and terrible face stared back at me, but I examined it with more curiosity than emotion. The entire right side was encrusted with coagulated blood, and the skin was pocked everywhere with peculiar little holes. The holes contained innumerable splinters of bone, the fragments of my pulverized right hand. The right eye was swollen shut, but at least, it appeared to be intact. Both eyebrows were scored with long horizonal cuts: I had inflicted them myself with the naked bones of my arm.

I opened the glove compartment, and rummaged through it until I found what I was looking for: a clean handkerchief and a strong rubber band for a new tourniquet. I wrapped the handkerchief carefully around my mutilated wrist and fixed it into place with the elastic, hoping that the cloth might aid in clotting the raw surface of the wound and keeping it as clean as possible. Then, feeling a little better, I decided that I was ready to start out on the 3-mile journey to the road—in reverse.

The ignition key was still in the dash where I'd left it. I turned the key, hit the starter button with the clutch pedal, and fed the engine a little gas. It roared into life without hesitation, and I let out a sigh of relief. I put the truck in reverse, reaching around the wheel to pull the gearshift lever into position with my two working fingers. Then, as I started to move backwards, I turned my head to the left to check my direction. When I did that, the tortured skin of my throat tore loose again, and I had to stop to tuck it into position. A moment later, I was traveling backwards, trying to hold my head rigid as I watched the rear-view mirror with my left eye.

Three miles in reverse on a dark jungle trail, snaking my way around tree trunks . . . and then there was blue sky and brilliant sunlight. I was back at the dusty road that petered out to the south at the Tanganyika border and led north to the village of the Bagoma fishermen and the tiny trading center of Nyanza-Lac.

I paused for a moment to relieve the pressure of my jury-rigged tourniquet. The handkerchief covering the stump of my wrist swelled up like a blood-red balloon. Then I turned the truck around, excited by the thought that I could at last go forward. I shifted into second, skipping the lowest gear, gathered speed, and shoved the lever down into third with my right elbow. The needle reached 50, and I felt better than I had since the moment of the blast. I was finally on my way . . . but where?

During the 12 miles between Mwekarago Cove and Nyanza-Lac, I had to find the answer to that question. My ultimate destination, I knew, had to be the *Hôpital Rodhain* in Usumbura, the capital of Ruanda-Urundi at the northern tip of Lake Tanganyika. It was the only place where I could find qualified medical aid, the skill both to keep me alive and to save as much of my body as possible—especially my eye and my precious left hand.

But Usumbura lay far to the north, 80 miles from Nyanza-Lac at the end of a road that ran along the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika. It was a smooth, easy road, but according to the latest official reports I had heard in Kitega, two bridges were down near the Usa end where the road crossed the Ruzibazi and the Karonge Rivers. Meanwhile, much farther to the south, between Nyanza-Lac and Mutambara, the territorial public works department was taking advantage of the fact that no traffic was coming from Usa to repair some shaky wooden bridges of its own.

The only crossing I could really count on was the metallic Bailey bridge over the River Nyengwe, about five miles north of Nyanza-Lac. Beyond that point, the condition of the bridges was pure conjecture.

For that reason, the road which ran along the lake was obviously impossible. But the only alternative was a 200-mile circuit that wound through Makamba, Bururi, Ruzira and Kisozi before it finally reached Usumbura. It was almost a scenic railway, with more sharp curves and dangerous escarpments than any other road of comparable length in all of Central Africa.

It started at an altitude of 2,534 feet near Lake Tanganyika. Then it swung out in a big arc to the east, climbing almost a thousand feet a mile to a peak of 5,578 feet. Then it dived, only to climb again to over 7,000 feet at Kitaba. Then it descended to 3,000 feet, and after a series of wild undulations it rose to 7,240 feet at Majejuru, about 30 miles east of Usa. Then it spiraled down dizzily toward the capital city and Lake Tanganyika nearly 5,000 feet below.

There was a serious complication at the summit of Majejuru. After this point, the road became so narrow and precipitous that two cars couldn't pass simultaneously. So, the next 18 miles, ending at Buhonga, was a "one-way road," sectioned off by a system of barriers. Cars traveling to the west during the evening hours had to reach Majejuru by 9 o'clock. At that time, punctually, the barrier was closed and no traffic could pass toward Usumbura until 8:30 the next morning.

The time limit made it a gamble . . . but the odds were in my favor. Yet, as I forced myself to realize, that serpentine road through 200 miles of mountains was difficult enough for a normal man to negotiate. It was obviously impossible for *me*. I knew that I would have to find help.

I considered the possibilities at Nyanza-Lac, only a few minutes away. There was a Greek trader there who might have been able to drive me, but he was con-

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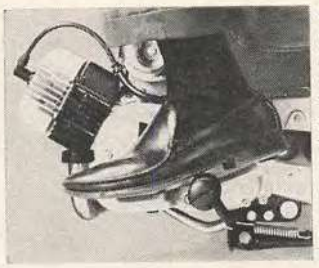

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valescing from a severe illness. His wife, a nervous, haggard woman, would have been worse than useless. The Arab storekeeper, like most of his compatriots, didn't drive. As for the natives, I didn't even have to weigh that possibility before I rejected it. They would react just as my own fishermen and porters had done, with superstitious terror and fear of being involved.

Thus, Nyanza-Lac was out of the question. The nearest place where I could count on finding European aid was the Catholic Mission of the White Fathers at Makamba, 36 miles to the east, at the end of the great escarpment. There was no other alternative, so, when I reached the crossroads a moment later, I turned to the east without hesitation. I would have to chance the escarpment.

It was a wild, crazy and thoroughly hair-raising drive. I steered around those spectacular curves with two fingers, elbows and forearms, trying to make the maximum speed without going over the side. It was extremely painful, holding and turning the wheel through all of those sudden changes of direction—but I made it. Then, as I descended to the great grassy plains on the other side of the escarpment, I stopped for a moment to loosen the tourniquet.

Right now, judging from the position of the sun, it must have been around 5:30. I had three and a half hours left to make the 9 o'clock barrier at Majejuru more than a hundred miles ahead. Nine o'clock was literally a deadline as far as I was concerned: life lay on one side of it and death on the other.

That thought filled me with renewed urgency. I drove the 13 miles to Makamba at top speed,. Then, when I reached my destination, turning off into the long driveway that led to a cluster of imposing red brick buildings, I felt almost at peace. Here among the White Fathers, I was sure to find someone to take me to Usumbura, to complete successfully the long, arduous drive that a man in my condition could obviously never make.

I pulled to a stop and tried to get out of the truck. It was difficult: I found myself pasted into the driver's seat by a layer of dried blood. I was shocked by the terrible weakness I felt the moment I tried to walk. I leaned against the hood, gasping a little as I tried to overcome the waves of vertigo that threatened to sweep me under. Then a boy came running up, a sturdy little Muhutu native in a dark blue apron. He stopped short, petrified with fear at the unexpected vision confronting him: a towering white man, nearly naked, atrociously mutilated, and crusted from head to foot with coagulated blood.

"Padri iko wapi?" I asked—"Where is the Father?"

He swallowed several times. He licked his lips nervously and managed to stammer an answer. The words were inaudible.

"Mi hapana sikia, sema ile tuzamisha," I said anxiously—"I can't hear you. Say it louder!"

"Padri Robert peke yake. Padri ingine yote iko ku safari," the boy repeated—"Father Robert is here alone. The others are all on safari." Then he backed away slowly until he collided with the wall.

I walked over to the massive wooden door of the refectory. I banged on it with the side of my right foot. Nobody answered. I banged again, a moment passed, and a white-robed priest opened the door, a slender man whom I had never seen here before. He stared at me with horror: his eyes widened and his face turned as white as his robe. He tried to speak, but the words never passed his lips. Instead, he buckled and slid toward the ground. Instinctively, I reached out to catch him with my right hand . . . and took most of his weight on the stump of my right wrist. The pain was unbelievable. I fought it for a long moment while I nearly bit through my lower lip. Then I poked at the fallen priest and called his name. Again, there was no answer.

"Isn't there anyone else here?" I asked the trembling native.

"Hapana! Hapana!" —"No!"

I tried again to revive Father Robert. Then I realized how I was wasting my precious time. Even if he managed to compose himself enough to start out with me, he was obviously nervous and undependable—and probably a bad driver. "Take care of the *padri,*" I told the frightened native. "Throw some water on him and he'll wake up. He'll be all right after a while."

The boy said something I couldn't hear, and I walked back to my truck. Each step took enormous, sickening effort, but once again I felt relief the moment I sat down. I loosened the tourniquet while I rested very briefly. Then I drove away at top speed toward the northwest.

Now that Makamba had failed me, I had to try to reach Bururi, my own territorial post about 40 miles away. This stretch of road was relatively easy, but I felt much weaker since the incident at the Mission, and the pain was more difficult to endure.

About 45 minutes later I pulled into Bururi, just as the last remnants of the sunset were fading out of the western sky. I felt tremendously happy when I saw the familiar little government headquarters and the *zamu*—the native night watchman—who was dozing on the front steps. Here in Bururi, there were three people whom I knew I could trust to make the rest of the long drive to Usumbura: either the Territorial Administrator, the Sector Veterinarian, or Dandier, one of the Territorial Agents. Any of those three, I knew, had enough emotional stability to remain calm and dependable, and enough driving skill to make the Majejuru barrier by 9.

I stopped the truck in front of the little brick building and called out, very hoarsely, to the sleeping native. He didn't stir. I called out again, and he woke up with a start. He stared at me without comprehension. Then his eyes became almost circular with recognition, astonishment, shock, and above all, fear. A moment later, after an exchange of Swahili questions and answers, I found out that Bururi was just as hopeless as Makamba: the three men I had counted on were away on safari. The only European in the area was the *Chef de Poste*—a combination bookkeeper and "mayor" of the Bururi headquarters. He was a rookie, newly arrived from Belgium.

I knocked on the door with the side of my foot. After a moment it opened, and I thought at first that the *Chef de*

TRUE

"About these deductions for 127 wives and 349 children . . ."

Poste was about to follow Father Robert's example. He stared, whitened, and seemed ready to faint at the sight of me.

Of, course, he volunteered to take me to Usumbura, but to his astonishment, I turned him down. A short conversation had confirmed my instinctive decision, especially the fact that he had only recently learned how to drive. I thought of a nervous, newly hatched driver, piddling along cautiously toward the 9 o'clock barrier at Majejuru and finding it closed.

Before leaving Bururi, I drank five or six glasses of water but refused an offer of cognac. I didn't know exactly how much blood I had lost, but I felt sure that even a small amount of alcohol would have dulled my senses dangerously and weakened my self-control. The water was wonderfully refreshing. I gulped it down quickly, and then I asked for and received three very precious things from the frightened but helpful *Chef de Poste*: a khaki blanket to drape over my shoulders, a pair of woolen socks for my chilled feet, and a cushion to support my back.

When I started my engine again, turned on my headlights and left Bururi, it was a little past 7 o'clock. Four hours had passed since the explosion at Mwekarago Cove, and I had less than two hours left to travel some 80 miles to the Majejuru barrier.

Several times, I felt myself starting to fall into a stupor. I fought back by singing and reciting classical French poetry. That kept me awake, but it tortured my wounded throat. Soon I was hoarser than ever, and inconceivably thirsty. It wasn't only my throat; my whole body seemed to cry out for water with profound physiological urgency. . . .

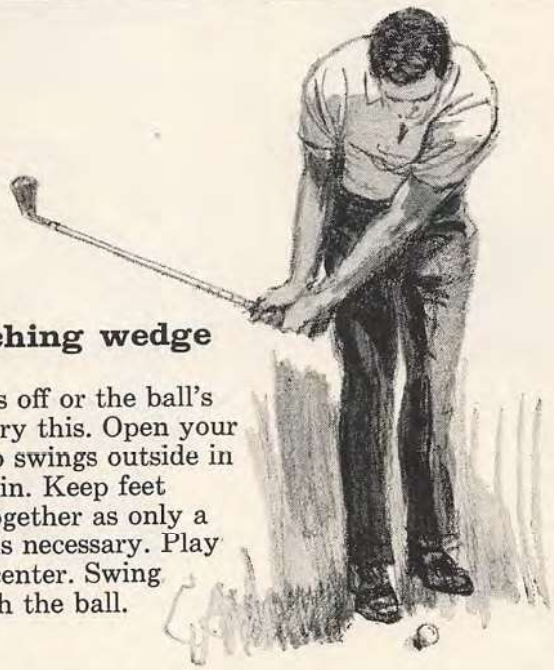
After more than 70 miles of the thirst, the cold, and the never-ending pain, I saw ahead, with a sense of shock, the crossroad that led to the agricultural research station at Kisozi. That meant I was approaching the Kitega—Usumbura fork at Nyakarago, a point that was only 10 miles to the 9 o'clock barrier.

What time was it now? I had no way of knowing, but it must have been well past 8:30—somehow I felt sure of it. Perhaps it was already 9. . . I pushed the throttle down to the floor, and the truck shot forward at 60 miles per hour, a dangerous speed for this type of road. The landscape shot backward in a green haze of banana plantations, and in less than five minutes I saw the Kitega-Usumbura fork loom up ahead.

I slowed down and started to swing into the left turn. Then, at the last moment, I became aware of a truck on my blind right side—a big truck, heavily loaded with produce—that was racing down the road from Kitega. I swung the wheel to the left, missing it by inches. The pickup skidded crazily and I hung onto the wheel with my two sound fingers, fighting to keep control. I rocketed off the road, skimmed past a huge Grevillea tree, ricocheted to the opposite shoulder, and finally bounced back onto the road. Miraculously, I was still pointed in the right direction.

My fingers were bleeding badly after that session with the steering-wheel, and

Tips on Control *by Mike Souchak*



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SKIL POWER TOOLS

"I thought you said the senator was on a fact-finding mission!"

I was shaken by the close call. But I speeded up again, feeling a strange mixture of relief and anxiety. The fact that a heavily loaded vegetable truck was traveling at that speed meant only one thing: the driver was trying to make the barrier at Majejuru before it closed. It wasn't 9 o'clock yet, and I still had a chance to live.

I caught up with him. I hovered at his tail in the cloud of dust from his wheels. I started to pass and then I fell back—the road at this point was a series of blind curves. I sounded my horn again and again, but the driver of the big truck refused to pull over. There was very little traffic here, but there was still the chance that a car might be coming toward me around the bend. And if I tried for the maximum speed on these curves, I might have trouble holding the road. But the big truck ahead had slowed me down at least 15 or perhaps even 30 miles an hour. That could cost up to five minutes in the race to Majejuru—five minutes that could save my life.

I swung out to the left with my gas-pedal down to the floor. But the curve was sharper than I thought: the pickup skidded and nearly went off on the shoulder again. I clawed at the wheel with my bleeding hand and swung back to the right—almost too far. Then the big truck was behind me, and I was headed for Majejuru.

Those last ten miles to the barrier could never have been measured with a clock. I drove through an endless hour of motion that must have lasted only eight or nine minutes. For the first time since the blast, I was able to forget completely the pain. All of my conscious thought was fixed on one frightful vision: a native guard placing a heavy padlock on a red-and-white striped wooden arm that stretched across the road. The lock clicked shut, and he mounted his motorcycle to start out on the scheduled inspection-tour of the 18-mile strip to Buhonga. Then he disappeared around a big curve, and there was only a massive, unbreakable, striped barrier, locked immovably into place.

If that vision was a true one, I had three alternatives. I could sit in my truck and bleed to death, waiting for the road to open again at 8:30 the next morning. That was unthinkable. Or I could turn around and drive 40 miles to Kitega, which had a small, inadequate hospital, unprepared to deal with my case. Or, as a final possibility, I could set out on a long detour by way of Rubingo. In that case, I knew that I would never make it, for two excellent reasons. The pickup was very low on fuel . . . and so was I.

In reality, I had no alternatives. Either I made Majejuru by 9 or I died. It was as simple as that.

I covered the remaining distance in an agony of doubt. Then I swung around the last curve and saw the native guard coming down from his hut on the hill, his motorcycle waiting on the shoulder, and the red-and-white arm of the barrier. It was still pointing to heaven. I drove past it, stopped about 30 feet beyond, loosened the tourniquet, and watched as the Khaki-clad native reached the bottom of the hill. The striped wooden arm fell and the padlock clicked into place—behind me.

Now the barrier would remain closed for nearly 12 hours. The vegetable truck would arrive in a few minutes, and the driver would probably explode into angry Swahili curses. It wouldn't do him any good. Had I been too cautious and stayed behind him, I would never have made it.

But, of course, I hadn't made it yet. . . Usumbura lay ahead, only 30 miles away but 5,000 feet below: 5,000 feet of curves that spiralled down toward the lake in great looping jug-handles and hairpin bends. The road was surfaced with crushed red laterite that made it very easy to slip and careen over the side into the jagged ravines that lay 3,000 feet below.

The first 18-mile stretch was the narrow, precipitous and thoroughly notorious "one-way road." Many people, including good drivers, were reluctant to cover those 18 incredible miles even after years in Urundi. In the past I had always enjoyed the dangerous trip, the knowledge of my own skill in handling a car or a truck, and the wonderful feeling of risk. Now I breathed deeply, feeling my heart pound through all of my wounds, and began the long descent around those hundreds of sickening curves.

With two fingers, with elbows and forearms, I hung onto the wheel, peering through the gathering mist with one eye that was dazed with pain. The mist deepened—or was it the pain?—and I felt myself slipping away, sinking to the bottom of the lake and a beautiful, easy oblivion. The lake? Of course, I was in the lake and the whole agonizing drive was only a dream. If I closed my eyes, I knew that I would awaken. . . "I am awake!" I shouted. "I *am* awake! And I won't close my eyes, I swear it!"

I drove on slowly, sick with thirst, cold and pain, fighting my way around mile after mile of curves. Then, gradually, I became aware of a new sensation: I had to urinate. Oddly enough, this single urge strengthened my confidence—it demonstrated that, in spite of all the blood I had lost, urine was still filtering through my kidneys. That proved my blood pressure was still above the critical level beneath which no urine could be produced. The obvious answer to my new problem was to follow my impulse without stopping the truck, or to stop and aim at the far corner. But that idea outraged my dignity, and I suppose I felt a certain sense of loyalty to my faithful pickup. It deserved a higher tribute.

I pulled to a stop and eased out of the cab. My blanket flapped a little in the breeze, but I didn't have to hold onto it. It was pasted to my body. Slowly, I inched my way toward the rear, holding the side of the truck as I went. That made me angry—I was revolted by my own weakness. I straightened up, removed my hand from the fender and took two steps toward the edge of the escarpment. I paused and surveyed the tremendous gulf. Then, with a gesture which I considered supremely defiant, I made an impressive trajectory that fell over the cliff for at least 2,000 feet before, presumably, it splashed on the bottom. Afterwards, I grinned, staggered back to my truck, hauled myself into the cab, and swung down into the next hundred curves.

Steadily, as I drove, I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. I was very close now to the absolute limit of my endurance, but I kept going on, clutching at life with my two fingers. I kept going on . . . then, suddenly, a pair of harnessed guib antelope loomed up in my headlights. I braked, stopped, and stared at them with a sort of pantheistic emotion.

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They were so beautiful, so innocent, and so completely unaware of my own agony. They were wonder and youth and above all life—everything I was fighting to hold.

They stared back at me with huge, incredulous eyes. Then they leaped to the side and vanished into the bush. I started moving again, but now I felt stronger in spite of my pain and exhaustion. Without conscious volition, I started to sing, and the words were those of an old song I had learned as a child in Belgium 20 years before: "*Route Fière, De lumière, Route d'effort; Nous te suivrons, Jusqu'à la mort, Sainte route d'effort!*" I sang it again and again. Then I stopped, realizing for the first time the meaning of the words. "We follow you all the way to death, O road of pride and light. . . ."

I was determined that my road wasn't going to end in death, but still I continued to sing those same stubborn words until I reached Buhonga at the end of the "one-way road."

I stopped there for a moment and loosened the tourniquet for the last time. By now, the severed ends of the blood vessels had probably clotted, since there was only a brief trickle of blood from my wrist. I felt terribly weak, at the point of fainting, but I forced myself to hold on. At this point, I had already descended 4,000 feet: Usumbura lay 700 feet below and only 12 miles to the northwest.

Those last 12 miles were an unbroken succession of smooth curves. The road itself was far less dangerous now, but the mist was thicker and I had to watch for opposing traffic. After four or five miles the mist cleared and I caught my first glimpse of Usumbura, a shower of golden lights next to the moonlit waves of Lake Tanganyika. It seemed like an impossibly beautiful vision. Then I saw another vision: a gas-gauge that registered empty. I was outraged. It would have been too stupid, too meaningless to lose everything now—I refused to believe the possibility existed. I kept my eyes fixed on the road and the glorious lights of Usumbura, trying to ignore the ominous needle that pointed without wavering to the letter "E."

I drove on, conscious of every tenth of a mile that registered on the speedometer. Then, with a feeling of incredulous relief, I saw the metal bridge that crosses the Muha River at the southern edge of Usumbura. The pickup and I rattled across, and a moment later I made a right turn onto the *Avenue de la Limite*. That name was wonderfully apt. I was indeed at the limit of my long ordeal through Burundi and, perhaps, at the limit of my life.

I drove half a mile. I turned to the left. I drove another half mile. I stopped the truck in front of the *Hôpital Rodhain* and turned off the engine. I sat in the cab for a moment, staring at the crusted wheel, the dashboard, and the streaks of blood on the windshield. I found it almost impossible to believe that the journey had finally come to an end. Then I struggled to get out of the cab and nearly fell to the ground. I swayed and caught the handle of the door with my two good fingers. I stayed there, trembling, trying not to buckle and fall.

The *Infirmier de Service*—a tall native in a white blouse—saw me standing next to the truck, clutching at the door. His jaw dropped and he started to run toward me. Then he rushed back into the hospital, shouting for the doctors and nurses, calling for a *civière*—a light bed on wheels. When I saw him again, he was pushing the wheeled litter—and I was already in the main hall, walking along very slowly but without touching the walls. Something inside me had rebelled at the thought of being carried into the hospital. I wanted to finish my trip the way I'd started it, the way I'd been forced to continue it for eight terrible hours: alone, and under my own power.

The tall native caught at my left elbow, trying to help. I pushed him aside gently. "I can walk!"

"Please let me help you!"

"I can walk!"

At that moment, the White Sister on night duty came around the bend in the corridor. She stopped short and stared at me speechlessly, shocked by the unexpected vision of a walking dead man. Then she whirled on the native medical assistant. "Why aren't you helping this man?" she cried angrily.

"Leave him alone, Sister. I don't need any help."

She stared at me again with obvious disbelief. "Where did you come from? Who brought you here?"

"Nyanza-Lac. I drove here myself."

"*You drove?* But that's eighty miles!"

"No. Two hundred. I came the long way around."

Just as I said that, one of the doctors arrived on the scene. He was successively astonished, clinically curious, and extremely concerned. However, I continued to keep walking—under the eyes of a growing crowd and to refuse any aid. I had to do it that way. I was conscious of the strange drama I had lived, and I wanted to play the final scene with style. I'd come 200 miles, and now I was about to take the last steps in my odyssey through Burundi. I was going to take them *myself*, and no one was going to stop me.

I pushed my way through a swinging door into the treatment room, and the doctor moved quickly toward the opposite end where another door opened into the surgery. He planted himself in front of it, with outstretched arms, obviously intent on stopping me from violating the sterile domain. I looked around, resentful but terribly weary, and I saw a high metal bed covered with a clean sheet. I lurched toward it, and with a last dizzying burst of effort I managed to climb up and lie down. Then I closed my eyes and didn't open them again for 48 hours. October 24, 1955 had finally come to an end.

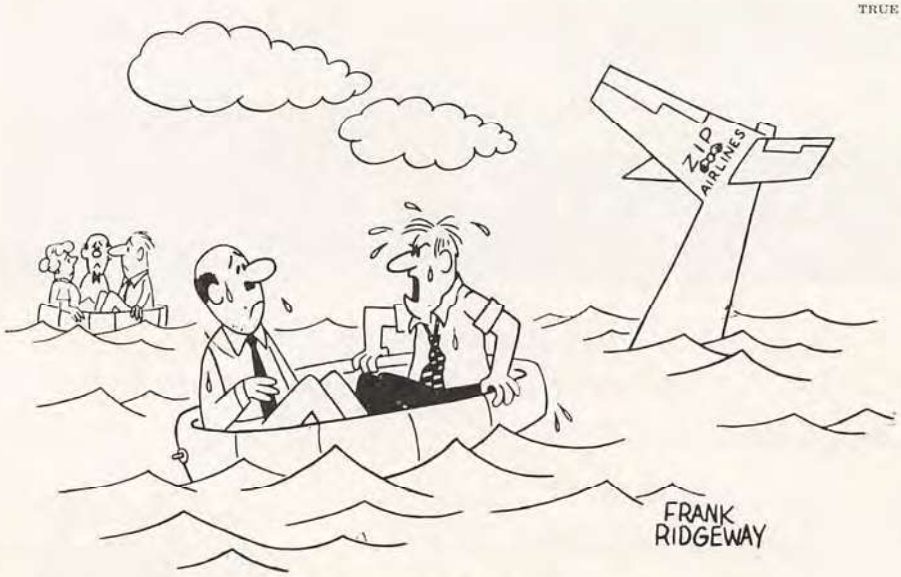
Three weeks later, I was back at the wheel of my pickup, driving south to Mwekarago Cove for a little showdown with my six Bagoma fishermen. My right hand was, of course, irretrievably gone, and I'd lost 75 percent of my hearing. But I'd kept both of my eyes—although my vision would never be perfect again—and I still had five fingers on my bandaged left hand.

Eventually, the Belgian Colonial Government decided to forgive me for the illegal aspects of my great "Fish Safari," considering my humanitarian motives. My little explosion was accepted as an accident experienced during the course of government duty, and a long medical dossier on the case entered the files. According to that dossier, the consulting experts declared, officially, that I had "occasioned a permanent depreciation of physical capacity estimated at 79 percent."

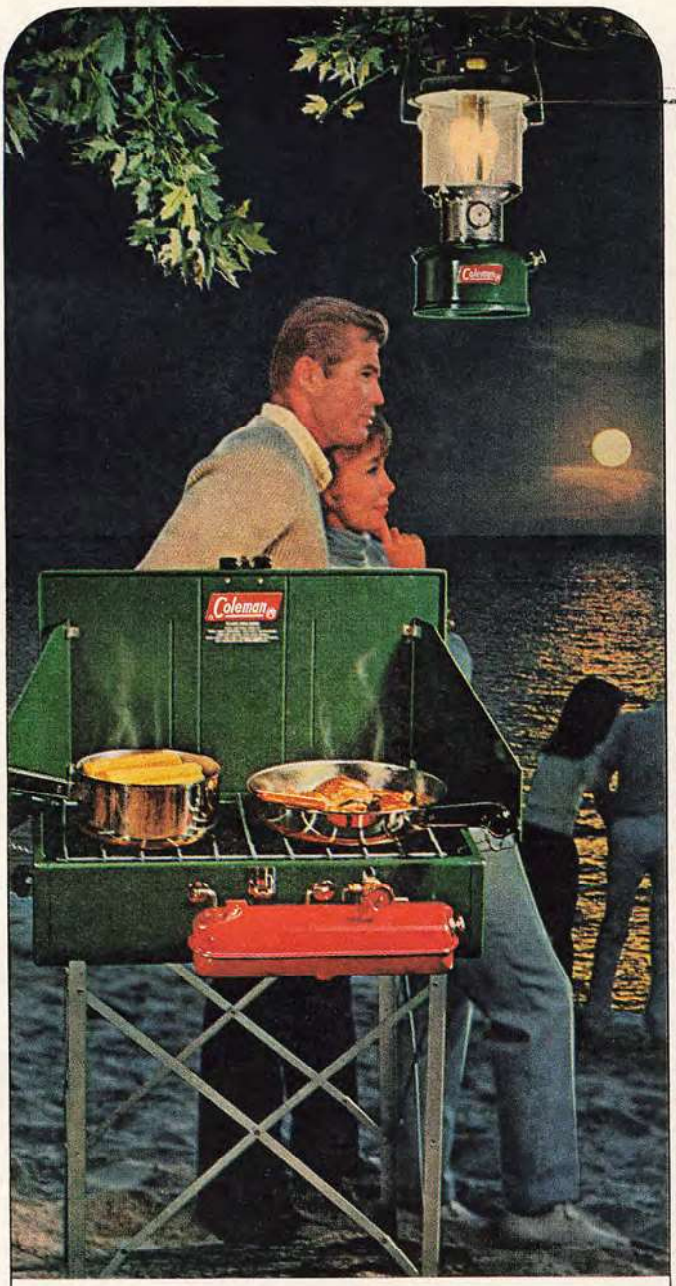
Since then, I've managed to wrestle a leopard to the death, live alone for 18 months with the Bambuti Pygmies of the Ituri Forest, build the largest art business in Tropical Africa, amass the finest private collection of Congolese artifacts in the world, and tame 65 "big game" animals—including lions, elephants and rhino—without chair, whip or gun.

That's not too bad . . . for someone who has been classified, officially, as only 21 percent of a man. **—Jean-Pierre Hallet**

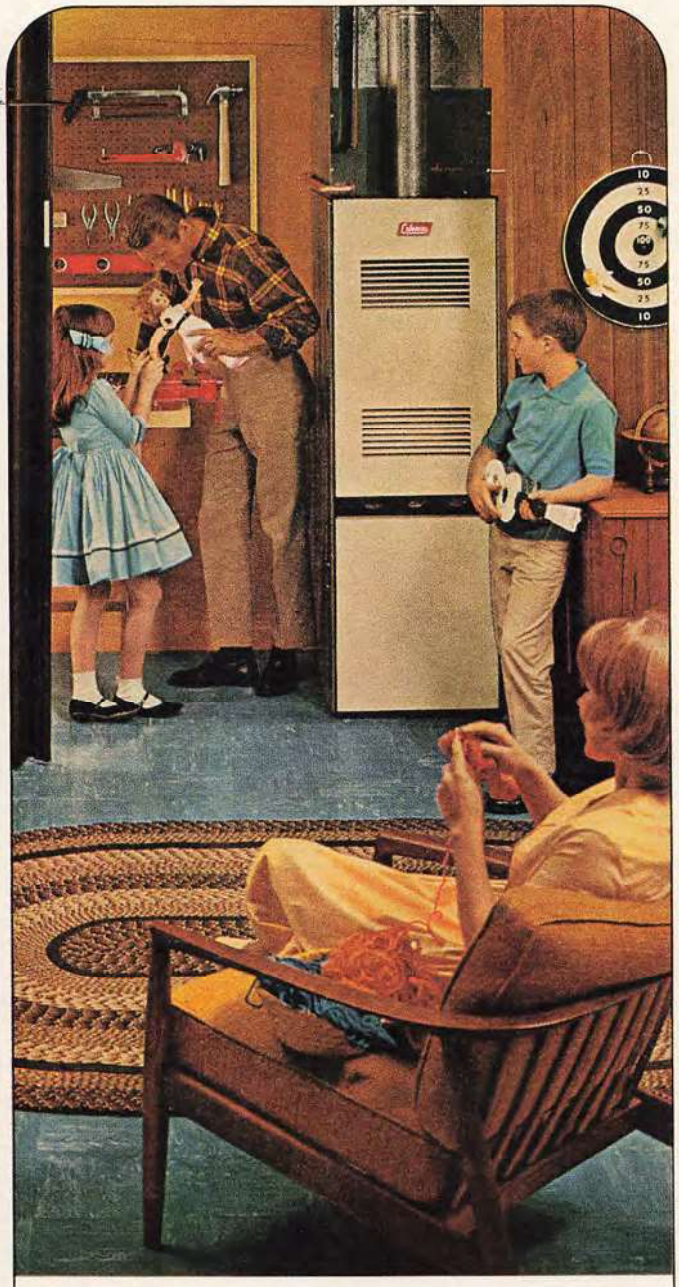
TRUE



"I'll be damned if I'll pay later!"



Happy holidays



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MY FINE-FEATHERED FIEND

[*Continued from page 52*]

crouch down, lower his head and spread these streamers like a cock's ruff before bounding forward to snatch at their fingers with his giant beak. Grip knew his own strength perfectly and never hurt the kids in play. Of course, he wasn't always playing.

We thought of clipping his wings and letting him loose. But because we have so many animals around the place and are often visited by wild animals from the nearby woods, I was afraid Grip wouldn't last long if he couldn't fly. So I built him a fly-pen outside the smokehouse. The floor of the pen was dirt, and Grip had a field day burying eggs, bones and pieces of meat.

We have a considerable collection of ducks, chickens, geese, peafowl and turkeys wandering around the place and these farmyard fowls fascinated Grip. He learned to imitate all their cries and nearly drove the roosters crazy by crowing at them. Finding life boring in his pen, Grip would unearth some of his horde, and stick a piece of meat or bread through the wires of his cage. Then he would hide in the smokehouse. When an unsuspecting duck or chicken ran over to grab the food, Grip would rush out and seize the bird by the head with his powerful beak. Naturally, the victim would scream bloody murder until one of us came to the rescue. Grip considered this game excruciatingly funny and would bounce around the floor of his pen chuckling to himself for 10 minutes afterward.

The poultry didn't enjoy the joke, however, and we got tired of saving unfortunate fowls a dozen times a day. Jule, my wife, got a trowel and started digging up Grip's hidden horde. Instantly Grip rushed at her and plunged his beak into her hand—a raven can split a rabbit's skull with one blow of his beak. Jule yelled louder than the chickens had. Then I took the trowel. Grip was afraid to tackle me but he went into a perfect Donald Duck fury, dancing a sort of crazy Highland fling around the pen, tearing up grass by the roots and jumping up and down on it. As I was on his dirty list anyway, it didn't make much difference in our relationship and after that we took care not to feed him more than he could eat.

Although ravens can't talk like a mynah or even a really good African gray parrot, they have quite a vocabulary. The raven's croak is famous. It is a curious sound, deep, sonorous and far-sounding. The bird's scientific name, "corax" is meant to imitate the guttural sound. I can well believe that hearing this weird cry in a lonely mountain glen is a spooky experience. Ravens never caw like a crow. Grip made a variety of other sounds but he was such an inveterate mimic that it was difficult to tell whether he was talking in raven or just imitating the other animals. He learned to bark so much like a dog it was impossible to tell him from our cairn terriers.

Curiously, the birds that can mimic human speech (parrots, mynahs and crows) can't sing and from our point of view even seem to be tone deaf. The worse the noise they make, the better they seem to like it. But Grip, from his point of view anyhow, had a wonderful ear for sound. Our farmhand and I both have the bad habit of talking to ourselves. Grip would listen to us with his head cocked on one side and later stroll around his pen mumbling. You could easily tell if he was imitating me or the farmer and you'd swear you could even hear the words. But if you listened carefully, you realized that Grip wasn't using any real words; he was actually only muttering in the exact tone of voice we used.

There's an old legend that a bird's tongue has to be split before he can talk. Birds don't talk with their tongues and, of course, have no lips. They talk in their throats. If you try saying "Polly wants a cracker" without moving your lips you'll sound like a parrot. This is why uttering specific words is very difficult for a bird although he can imitate sounds quite easily.

Probably no bird, with the exception of the eagle, has so fascinated humans as the raven. It is the first bird mentioned by name in the Bible. And in the story of the Deluge, Noah first released a raven, then a dove, to find land when the waters began to recede. The Northmen on their voyages of discovery also used ravens. When the Viking Flokki was sailing westward he took along three ravens which he released at intervals. The first one headed back for Europe. The second flew around for a while and then returned to the ship, demonstrating that there was no land in sight. The third headed westward. Flokki followed and discovered Iceland.

Ravens have always been considered smart—the Romans used to foretell the victory of a chariot race by interpreting how the ravens croaked. This is about as good a way of telling the winner of a horse race as any, but the raven is also a bird of ill omen. Shakespeare mentions ravens more often than any other bird but always as a foreboder of doom.

Elijah was the only historical character who really liked ravens—they fed him while he was hiding in the wilderness. I'd guess he found a raven's secret horde of food. At that, Elijah was lucky. If he'd found Grip's secret horde of food and started eating it, Grip would probably have eaten Elijah.

The early American settlers hated ravens because they would collect around an injured man and sometimes finish him off if he was too weak to move. The settlers shot the birds down, but they left enough so we have ravens from Washington state to Maine. Ravens like cold weather and seldom go south of the Mason-Dixon Line. There the turkey vultures take over for them.

Ravens live to a great age. Hesiod claims it's 7,560 years, and the witch Medea made a magic broth from a raven which had "seen nine generations of men pass away." The English naturalist, Bosworth Smith, claimed he had a raven which didn't even lay eggs until it was 80. Although I don't know exactly how long ravens live, I can guarantee their owners generally die young. Ravens probably have about the same life span as humans. There is, for instance, one recent authenticated record of a raven that lived 69 years.

Ravens are completely omnivorous. They'll eat anything from a worm to a whale, especially if it's stolen. They'll also eat corn, fruit or a loaf of bread

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which the delivery man is thoughtless enough to leave within reach of their pens. A raven can prosper in areas where any other bird would starve to death.

Unlike crows, which prefer to go in flocks, ravens live in pairs. They mate for life and often if one is killed the other refuses to mate again. Instead, the survivor joins a pair of nesting ravens and wistfully hangs around, helping them feed the young and build the nest. The raven's nuptial flight is a spectacular business, the two birds mounting high in the sky, turning somersaults, power-diving, turning over and gliding on their backs, and barrel-rolling. At intervals, they indulge in the "raven's kiss," the male in full flight takes the female's beak in his and wrestles with her.

The nest, in Europe, is generally in a high, isolated tree and these "raven's trees" are famous landmarks. In America, they usually nest on the side of a cliff. The eggs are laid in March and hatch in 20 days. There are usually three or four of them, blue-green and splotched with brown. The mother's devotion to her clutch is so great that Gilbert White claimed some men cut down a raven's tree and the mother died in the crash rather than leave her eggs. The babies are covered with a grayish-white down and so ugly that according to legend when the mother sees them she leaves the nest in horror for a couple of weeks until their feathers begin to grow, while the father feeds them. Actually, she just flies around for a few days to stretch her wings after all that sitting. The young stay with their parents for the first year, after that they're on their own.

Keeping Grip perpetually locked up wasn't much fun for any of us so I decided to take a chance and turn him loose. I've never kept any wild animal perpetually caged but the first time I let one go, I always feel as though I will never see it again. After all, they are born free and the call of the wild is deep in them. A mammal you can control somewhat but you have no control at all over a bird that can fly. In a pinch, I can run down an otter or climb a tree after a raccoon, but even a fairly active chicken can outfly me. So if Grip decided to take off, that was it.

Grip refused to leave his cage for a couple of days. I expected that. Animals become attached to their cages and are often reluctant to leave them. But I did hope that when he left he'd walk around the farm, case the joint, and get his bearings before trying to fly. I should have known better. Grip waited until there was a 20-knot wind blowing. Then, gaily shouting "Hi there! Hi, there boy!" he took off into the teeth of it. He was unaccustomed to flying, and the wind picked him up like a kite, whirled him around the pasture and then a sudden gust took him a quarter of a mile straight up. Grip was desperately flapping his wings and shouting "Hi!" which obviously meant "Help!" But there was nothing we could do. Sadly we watched him vanish over the nearest hill.

When the wind died down that evening, Jule and I went looking for him.

If there's one thing I've learned about looking for lost birds, it's that if you see a bird carried away due south by a howling gale that he can't possibly fly against, always start looking north. I don't know how they do it, but they always end up in the diametrically opposite place you'd suppose. Perpetually suckers, Jule and I headed south. It was almost sunset when we decided to try the other direction. We were walking about calling, when we heard a disconsolate "Hi!" from a fence post and there was Grip. Jule walked over and he jumped on her shoulder, explaining in mixed raven, chicken, duck, peafowl, dog and perfectly good English profanity that he had been through the most soul-shaking experience ever endured by a raven. All the way back to his pen, he regarded me with a baleful eye obviously convinced that anyone who'd put jesses on a poor, helpless raven would also cause hurricanes just to get him lost.

It was a couple of weeks before Grip dared to leave the safety of his pen but one evening we saw him strolling around the paddock. Nothing in the world has a walk like a raven—"he stalks in stately solitude along the sand," says Virgil. Grip was stalking in stately solitude along the manure pile but he maintained his dignity. Grip progressed in a slow, deliberate, thoughtful sort of stride, his mind obviously full of profound metaphysical problems, while a respectful entourage of barnyard fowls followed. The Lord Mayor of London on his way to the Guildhall with the city council couldn't compete with Grip. I had an almost uncontrollable desire to stand up and remove my hat. Unfortunately, rounding one of the barn pillars, Grip ran into our peacock and our turkey gobbler.

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out and it's all yours

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Both birds had suffered much from Grip. He had always been able to decoy them within range by holding out bits of meat through the open wires and the cock's crown of bright feathers and the gobbler's red wattles had an irresistible fascination for him. Now they had this fugitive from Edgar Allan Poe out in the open. Both rushed him. Grip stood back with aristocratic hauteur and, I'm sure, would have given three wing feathers to have been able to screw a monocle into one eye and announce, "Henchmen, drive this base canaille to the kennels!" Regrettably, there were no henchmen present and both birds hit him at the same time. Grip went over on his tail, laying gamely around him with his beak but he was outweighed and the bigger birds had two-inch spurs. Grip barely made it to the nearest tree where he cursed steadily in several languages for five minutes.

The peacock lost some feathers in the encounter and we had to sew up a deep stab wound in the gobbler's side. But from then on Grip kept clear of them. He also kept clear of the ducks and chickens, as the peacock and gobbler patrol the barnyard and were always on the lookout for him.

The other animals were not so lucky. To prevent his wandering when bitches in heat are in the neighborhood, we have to keep our male cairn terrier, Dennis, chained. When Dennis dozed off, Grip would sneak up to him, collect his bones and put them just out of reach. Then he would give Dennis a sharp rap on the head, hop back and stand there growling like a dog. When Dennis threw himself the length of his chain, Grip would open his wings, bowing very low and squint along his black beak, occasionally giving Dennis a stab on the end of his nose when the dog got too close.

Zelda, our raccoon, had an even worse time of it. She sleeps in a metal drum and when she was small, Grip would grab her by the chain and haul her out, flying away at the last second when Zelda turned on him. When the raccoon got larger, Grip could no longer play this game but he thought of a new one. While Zelda was sleeping, Grip would cautiously sidle up to the drum, jump on top and suddenly beat a resounding tattoo on the steel with his pile-driver beak. If you were within a hundred yards of the drum, the noise was enough to make you jump out of your pants. And poor Zelda was inside. She would come flying out as though shot from a cannon. At the same time, Grip sprang into the nearest tree, shouting gaily, "Hi, there!"

With smaller animals, Grip could be a real menace. My daughter, Julie, has a little squirrel monkey named Macho who, I must say, is a pleasant change from Jupo, her spider monkey. Jupo made King Kong look like Little Lord Fauntleroy. Macho isn't much bigger than a squirrel and very gentle. Shortly after breakfast, Julie would put Macho out to play on the lawn for the day. Since Grip at first regarded Macho with considerable suspicion, this seemed safe enough. Then one afternoon we heard terrified shrieks from Macho. Running out, we found Grip had the little monkey by the tail and was dragging him across the lawn. Before we could reach them, Macho had pulled loose and run up a bush. Grip couldn't get through the foliage but he walked around the trunk looking up and calling "Hi!"

By now the raven was getting to be a real nuisance. When Julie took the farmer's dinner to him, Grip would dive bomb her, striking at her head and hands with his beak until she dropped the plate. Grip would then make his selection from the plate and bury what he couldn't eat. If someone tried to retrieve the food, Grip would go into his typical hysterical fury, dancing up and down, screaming and then flying to the roof of the barn and tearing off shingles in an ecstasy of rage. Obviously he considered the food his right of conquest and felt that he was being cheated by villainous hijackers.

It looked as if Grip was beginning to get too big for his tail feathers. Another

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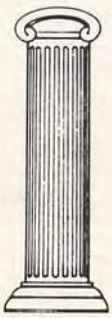

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little propensity he had which endeared him to no one was his tendency to steal bright objects that caught his fancy. Everyone who's had a pet crow, raven, jackdaw or magpie knows how they love to collect colorful souvenirs and horde them away. Why they do this would make an interesting study. As far as I know, these are the only birds that have the collector's mania.

Having had a few pet crows, we knew enough not to leave silverware, rings, coins and, above all, car keys where Grip could get them. However, I did think that while washing the car I could lay the chamois down for a few seconds without finding it on top of the nearest tree. Jule had the same delusion about her hats but soon learned differently. To do Grip justice, I don't think he really wanted the chamois or the hats—he only wanted us to chase him. He'd drag the stolen object enticingly along the ground, pretending it was too heavy for him to lift, until we were nearly on top of him. Then he'd fly off with it as easily as though it were a feather. He soon learned that if he took the object high in a tree, the fun was over because we couldn't possibly get it. So, instead, he'd wedge the object in the crotch of a low branch and then go off as if he'd completely forgotten about it. Decoyed, I'd start shinning up the trunk and just as I was reaching out Grip would appear out of nowhere, grab the object and fly off with it. If we ignored him, he'd start slowly and deliberately tearing his prize to pieces. That always did the trick.

After a long family conference, we decided that perhaps we'd been taking the wrong approach with Grip. What he probably needed was sympathetic care and understanding. Doubtless he felt rejected. Torn from his nest as a young bird, he had been raised by people who didn't understand the real Grip. Way down deep, he was good. We would learn to look at things from his point of view, make him feel like one of the family, bring him little toys to play with, and teach the concept of togetherness. Full of these noble thoughts we went out to make our peace with Grip. We had no trouble finding him. Grip was sitting on top of our imported English Morris convertible, tearing the canvas top to shreds. He was so intent on his work that I was able, for once, to grab him. Grip was thrown into his pen so fast that he lost three tail feathers. At the time, the pen was full of skunks. They might well have eaten a raven, but believe me that would have been perfectly O.K. with the Mannix family.

The skunks didn't eat Grip—he kept well away from them. After a few days, he decided to have a little fun at their expense. Flying down, he grabbed one of the wood pussies by the tail and gave it a quick yank. Grip then made a profound biological discovery. If you're going to do anything to a skunk, don't do it at the tail end. The skunk gave Grip both barrels. Grip was knocked cold and I think he might even have died—a skunk's musk is a powerful acid—but Jule witnessed the scene and rushed out. Holding a handkerchief over her nose, she carried the unconscious Grip inside where we administered first aid. After being washed and having a jigger of whisky poured down his throat, Grip managed a feeble "Hello" and was on the road to recovery. But he never pulled another skunk's tail. Ravens learn fast.

Mad as we were with Grip, we couldn't keep him perpetually caged up. We found that he didn't mind returning to his pen for food, and when we had to leave the farm we could lock him up to make sure he didn't get into any trouble. I even began to wonder if there wasn't something useful we could do with him. My first idea was to use him as a crow decoy. Whenever he flew across the pasture, crows came from miles around to mob him. The trouble with this idea turned out to be that while a hawk will ignore the crows, Grip would go after them. Being a much better flier than a crow and equipped with a more powerful beak, he had every crow flying for its life in 10 seconds flat. Grip, of course, refused to be tied down, and I could think of no way to get him to sit on a pole and lure the crows in.

The only useful function Grip ever performed was as a ratter. Our barn is overrun with rats and I got a couple of ferrets to make things lively for them. Usually we worked the ferrets with a couple of ratting terriers and Grip observed the business from the top of the barn. After the dogs had killed several rats, Grip would fly down, stroll over to the scene of the carnage, and collect the rats. When we got the rats pretty well cleaned out, we'd still use the ferrets occasionally with our cairn terriers. The cairns were a little too slow to make good ratters and Grip got so provoked with them that he decided to take a hand himself.

Grip's technique was to take up a position near the mouth of a rat hole, look down it carefully with one eye like a robin looking for a worm, and make a series of hopeful noises clearly intended to lure the rat out into the open. Grip was very good at this kind of trick. He was able to lure baby chicks out of a chicken coop by clucking like the mother hen. But he couldn't make a noise like a piece of cheese, and so he soon learned to keep away from the holes and wait until the rats were driven out. Fast as the rats were, Grip was faster. He chased them in a series of long bounds, helping himself along with his wings, and then struck with closed beak.

Usually the rat was disabled rather than killed. I expected to see Grip go right in and finish him off but Grip had a great deal of respect for a rat's teeth. He would sidle up to the animal, head on one side, prepared to jump back if the rat made a false move. Then he would deliver one carefully directed blow that would crush the rat's skull, although with mice and small rats he would sometimes grab the animal by the back of the neck and snap the vertebrae with a quick twist. Then he would tear his prey apart, shearing off slices of meat with the sharp edges of his beak.

Grip's one weakness was his appetite—in fact, ravenous means exactly what it says. Even when he was so full he couldn't choke down a grain of corn, he would still collect every scrap of food he could find for his secret horde. When we had to move Macho from one place to another, we found that we could temporarily immobilize Grip by giving him a large piece of meat he couldn't swallow. Rather than drop the meat, Grip would let the monkey escape. Macho found this out, too, and would even run over to Grip and sit making faces at him. Grip would go half crazy in his efforts to choke down the meat so he could get at the monkey. He would jump up and down, trying to scream with rage with a beak full of meat, and nearly bursting a blood vessel, while Macho ran back and forth chattering at him. But he never dropped the meat.

We even were able to cure Grip of stealing eggs. We got the idea when we saw him trying to tear open a tennis ball, thinking it was a new kind of egg. I put porcelain eggs in all the hens' nests. For a while I thought we'd have to get a psychiatrist to handle Grip. He beat on those eggs with his beak, jumped on them, dropped them on the ground and still couldn't make any impression on them. It finally got so that even when we gave him a real egg he'd stand regarding it suspiciously until we opened it for him.

Having said so many hard things about Grip, I must admit ravens have their good points. A raven, for instance, is the only bird that will care for and feed a blinded mate, and there are several records of ravens doing exactly this.

Probably the most famous ravens in the world today live in the Tower of London. These birds have had an official position ever since the time of Charles I. Some of Cromwell's troops staged a surprise attack on the Tower, but the wardens were warned by the cries of the ravens. Since then, they have been protected birds. For decades the Tower ravens lived high, feeding on the bodies of those executed on Tower Green. But then a radical government got in that didn't believe in public beheadings, and the ravens had a hard time of it.

After the last beheading in 1747, they started leaving the Tower in search of more progressive communities. But there was an old belief that the British Empire would collapse when the ravens left the Tower, and so the government took emergency action. It trapped some of the birds and clipped their wings. A Raven Master was even appointed to look after them. But without being allowed to pick the eyes out of the heads rolling from under the executioner's ax, the ravens have wasted away. Life just isn't fun any more. Because their wings are clipped, the birds can not get up into the air to breed. The Tower has to be restocked as the birds die off, and right now only about a dozen ravens are left there.

Call me superstitious if you wish, but take a look at what's happened to the empire since the downfall of the birds. My suggestion is that the British roll out that headsman's block and start feeding up the ravens. And I've got a bird named Grip that I'll even donate to the cause.

—Daniel P. Mannix

MAD MAN MAUCH

[*Continued from page 61*]

questions with one sentence: "What goes on in my clubhouse is nobody's business."

Not long ago, though, I asked him about it and he said, "Lots of thing have happened to me in baseball, but that was the one thing that really hurt me. I mean, the way it was misinterpreted."

"I did it," he said, "because I didn't want my team to fold up. All I had in mind was that we had six games to go. It must have worked because we won five of our last six games and the players got $700 each for finishing fourth. And they had pride to live with all winter long."

Pride is the thing that really drives Mauch. It's the thing that triggers his violent explosions—because he is trying to make the other teams respect the Phillies. But sometimes pride works against him. Sometimes it makes him another enemy, like Ron Santo of the Chicago Cubs.

Santo is a tough, barrel-wristed slugger who plays third base. He is a pleasant young man but he will look you right in the face and tell you that some day he and Mauch are going to have it out on the playing field. Last summer they came close.

It happened during a game in Chicago. In the sixth inning Ruben Amaro of the Phillies was on first base and Mauch was standing on the dugout steps flashing the hit-and-run sign to Johnny Callison at the plate. Callison swung and the ball dribbled toward second baseman Joe Amalfitano. Amaro raced toward second. On the way he brushed Amalfitano. Tony Venzon, the umpire, called Amaro out on the obstruction rule. Mauch charged out of the dugout, sputtering and hollering. He didn't think Amaro had brushed Amalfitano. He didn't get very far hollering at Venzon so he turned to Amaro and said, "You didn't brush him, did you?"

Santo, wandering over from third base, said, "You're damn right he did."

Mauch wheeled about. "I'm not talking to you, Santo. Keep your mouth shut."

Santo boiled over. He and Mauch started screaming at each other. Then Mauch said something that today nobody will talk about and Santo made a move toward him. Mauch started for Santo. But Venzon got between them quickly. There was a lot of pushing although nobody got any punches off.

Afterward, Santo said, "Mauch says things to hurt people. He called me some names I won't repeat. We almost went at it, didn't we? Well, no matter. Someday we will. If I get a chance I'm going to get him."

Mauch was in his office when they told him what Santo said. He was looking at some papers on his desk and he hardly glanced up. "I just hope," he said calmly, "that Santo doesn't hit me as hard as he hits a baseball."

Around the league rival players call him Napoleon and Little General, but Mauch's own players respect him. Mostly they know that everything he does, he does for a reason. He's not just guessing.

One of the things he does that is guaranteed to bring discontent to any ball club is his constant platooning of the players. He once used 82 different lineups in an 82-game stretch.

Ruben Amaro has been with the Phillies for four years. He is a shortstop but Mauch has used him at first, second, third, short, and in the outfield.

"At first it used to make a lot of us mad to be moved around like that," Amaro said. "No one knew from day to day who was a regular. We used to have a little celebration in the locker room for anyone who lasted the whole nine innings.

"But after a while we began to notice we were playing better," he said. "When we started winning some games we finally had to admit Mauch knew what he was doing. He was trying to give us confidence. He didn't just throw us in there and let us sink or swim."

I asked Mauch about this and he said, "Anybody who says I platoon too much doesn't know third base from fourth. I don't want to platoon, but I have to. If I had Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris I would write their names on a scorecard and I'd leave them there all summer. I'd just sit back and watch. But I have to use the players I've got. So I move them around. It doesn't hurt them."

This was in a hotel room and Mauch was standing in front of a mirror, shaving himself. "If I thought I messed up a good player," he said, "I would slit my throat with this razor. But they've been playing this game for how long now, since 1839, and in all that time not one single manager has ever messed up a good player. A man either has ability or he doesn't.

"I'm dealing with 25 individuals. I chew out a man and I feel bad about it. But I try to handle 25 men, each of them differently."

Then he said something that probably best sums up the way he looks at everything. He said, "There are managers who manage for the press box and the fans. They are trying to keep themselves out of trouble. Well, I won't do that. I'm not going to hedge trying to keep my job. I'm not going to angle my decisions to suit somebody else."

He finished shaving and came out of the bathroom and stood in the doorway. "You know," he said, "a manager spends weeks and months learning about his players. I wonder how many players take time to learn about their manager? Think how much easier it would be on everyone. In my job I have to learn all I can about 25 men. I ask them to learn something about only one man—me."

He went to the closet and came out with a gray, $250 suit he had bought at a Beverly Hills haberdasher. He saw that I was admiring the suit.

"Look," he said, "I never made any real money. I never had any of the good things. Now I do and I appreciate them. Baseball did that for me. I think you only get back what you put into something. That's why I put everything into baseball. It's what I know best and it's what I want to do most."

Mauch is like this around his home, too. Nina Lee Mauch is green-eyed and a beauty. She met Gene when they were in the eighth grade in Los Angeles and he was the new kid from Kansas. They were married in 1945 while Gene was scuffling about in the minor leagues.

"We were in St. Paul," Nina said, "and we lived in this one room. We ate on a

TRUE

"That Midas is just terrible."

card table and not too well. Gene would come home and tell me everything that happened in the game. Baseball is terribly important to him. He didn't mind the one room and I didn't either because we knew someday he was going to be in the big leagues."

Today Mauch and Nina live with their 14-year-old daughter Leanne in a $40,000 ranch house in Hacienda Heights, a Los Angeles suburb near Disneyland, and his income exceeds $50,000 a year. Besides what the Phils pay him he has a daily radio show in Philadelphia during the baseball season and he endorses everything from cigars to sweat socks.

It may surprise a lot of people around the league, but Mauch has loved ones at home and is himself loved. So maybe it's a good thing women are not allowed in the players' locker room because if Nina ever saw Gene there she would not recognize him.

This was especially true the night he tore a pay telephone from the wall of the Pittsburgh clubhouse. He was storming back and forth, chewing on his players because they had dropped both ends of a doubleheader, and then the telephone jangled.

"You sonofabitch," Mauch thundered, "you're not going to ring any more." And he ripped the telephone from the wall and heaved it across the room.

Yet one night before a game, Nina Lee was sitting in the stands, talking about Gene, and saying, "Honestly, he isn't tense around the house. He's very relaxed. People tell me he's a violent man. I look in the next room and there he is clowning with Leanne and rolling on the floor, giggling. So what should I think?

"But I'll tell you one thing about him that hasn't changed in all the time I've known him," she said, "and that is the way he feels about baseball. We all went to Puerto Rico one winter, Gene and Leanne and me. We were there 12 days. Leanne and I went sight-seeing and sunbathing. But the Winter Baseball League was on. Gene saw 20 baseball games.

"There is no doubt in my mind," Nina said, "that if Gene were single he would sleep at the ball park and live there all year around."

This was the same thing I was thinking a few days earlier when I was sitting in Mauch's office at the stadium. It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The game wouldn't start until 8 o'clock that night. But Mauch already had his uniform on.

"Why do you get here so early?" I asked him.

He looked at me as if I'd asked him how many men are on a baseball team.

"Why, because there isn't any place I'd rather be," he said. "I like to go over the box scores from the papers. I can see how other hitters are doing against pitchers like ours and how pitchers like ours are getting the other hitters out. I know you're supposed to lose x number of games, but I like to spend a few extra hours doing all I can to win. When you win there is nothing—nothing—that can make you feel any better. Not money, not anything."

Mauch, baseball, and winning have been linked together since the day he was born, on November 19, 1925, in

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Salina, Kansas. He was going to be named Jack, only his father had a hunch Gene Tunney was going to beat Jack Dempsey. So Gene started life with a winner's name.

George Mauch was in the baking business in Salina. It was a good business and he owned three bakeries. But then the depression came along and he was out of that business for good. He went to work in the oil fields.

From the start, George Mauch wanted his son to be a baseball player. He had been one himself but never rose above the minors. Now he was transferring his love of the game to Gene.

A lot of players are pushed along like that. Bob Feller was throwing fast balls before he could walk because his father wanted it that way. And Mickey Mantle is a switch-hitter because his father made him into one.

When Gene was 12 he already was playing with the local high school talent and showing how much better he was. That's when his father decided to move to California. He said it was because he had a chance to get into the used car business there but everybody in Salina knew it was because he wanted Gene to play baseball all year around.

Most of the time that's what Gene did. "I loaded box cars full of flagstone and sanded down autos at a paint shop to help with the money," he said, "but my dad didn't want me to work if it interfered with baseball. That was all right with me."

At Fremont High School, Mauch was a regular Jack Armstrong. He played football and basketball. He was the best hitter in baseball and played shortstop with the American Legion team that won the national championship. Mauch hit .529, and that was enough to bring all the scouts around, waving contracts.

He signed with the Brooklyn Dodgers when he was 17 and the Dodgers sent him to Durham, N. C. The following spring he was invited to the big league training camp. It wasn't much of a camp, though, because it had snow drifts instead of palm trees.

This was 1944 in the wintry wastes of Bear Mountain, N. Y., where the Dodgers had established a kind of Boys Town while the older pros were off fighting a war. The camp had balls, bats, and bubble gum but it didn't have many safety razors.

Branch Rickey ran the camp. He came into the office one day and Leo Durocher, the manager, was sitting there going over some reports on all the kids.

"See anybody you like?" Durocher said.

Rickey nodded. "Mauch," he said. "I like Mauch."

Durocher didn't look up. "Can't run," he said.

"That's true," Rickey said, "but I'll tell you something important. You look at this boy and you think he's 16. You talk to him and you think he's 26. You talk baseball with him and you think he's 36."

Mauch's minor league accomplishments all are in the baseball record books. But this is the wrong place for them. They really belong in Nat Fleischer's Ring Record Book.

In Atlanta he punched a pitcher from Chattanooga because the guy plunked him on the arm with a fastball.

In Sacramento he tangled with Ferris Fain, an ex-American League batting champion. Later Steve Bilko—a massive 265-pounder who once played for St. Louis—tried to put a bear hug on him, and Mauch tore into Bilko, too.

In St. Paul he went after a loudmouth fan, leaping over the third base railing and grabbing the guy by the collar. "I'll give you $100 if you'll hit me," he screamed, "and then I'll punch your goddam head off." (Today Mauch says, "It was a bush thing to do and one of the few things in baseball I really regret.")

TRUE

"*No,* Mrs. Schneider, you did *not* pass your driver's test!"

It was like this wherever Mauch went. "The first 10 years I played this game," he will tell you, "I thought every runner was out and every time I slid into a base I was safe."

It never entered Gene's head that he wasn't going to be a great player until he was traded to Pittsburgh in 1947. After that his career was made up of short stints here and there. He went back to the Dodgers, to the Cubs, Braves, Yankees, Cards, and finally the Red Sox late in 1956. There were some minor league stopovers, too. All told, he played five years in the majors and his batting average was about the size of those .9s they paint on gasoline station signs.

Maybe he was short-changed on skills in the field, but Mauch was generously endowed with alertness and shrewdness. All through his playing career people in baseball knew that Mauch was a managerial prospect. The Minneapolis Millers (Minneapolis was Class AAA then) signed him as manager in 1958 and within two years Mauch got the team up to second place.

From dugouts to front offices, baseball people knew that when the next big league job opened up, Mauch's name would be written all over it.

The job opened up on the first day of the 1960 season. Eddie Sawyer was manager of the Phillies but he took one look at the way his team lost its first game and walked into John Quinn's office to say that he was quitting. "I am 49 years old," Sawyer said. "I want to live to be 50."

Mauch didn't exactly stand the league on its head. The Phils finished dead last that first season. The next year they finished last again.

"In all the years I thought about managing in the big leagues," Gene said, "there was one possibility I never considered. That was having a bad team. I figured if I caught a club that lacked power we could run a lot. If we couldn't score runs we could make it up with defense. Well, I found out a bad team is a bad team, regardless of who is managing."

Around Philadelphia people will tell you that when Mauch and the Phils lost a record 23 games in a row that second year, it was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to them. The reason is, it made the players realize they were Phillies.

"You see," Mauch said, "we brought in a lot of new players my first two years. None liked the idea of being a Phillie. They didn't consider themselves Phillies. They were ex-Dodgers or ex-Cubs. Then we lost 23 in a row. When it was over these guys looked at each other and knew something had happened to them. They had gone through hell together and they had come out together."

The team was on the road when it snapped the losing streak. When the airliner landed at International Airport there were 300 people milling about. Then the Phils came down the ramp and everybody cheered them. Mauch was visibly shaken.

"You can't know what that meant to us," he said. "From then on those players were Phillies together. They weren't going to let anybody push them around any more."

Nobody has, either, because as Mauch says, "We don't have superstars, but we are a team. We do things together. We bunt, we sacrifice, we hit-and-run and we try to do all the little things better than anybody else."

He said this one night before a game with Milwaukee. He was sitting in the dugout watching the Braves take batting practice, and when he said it his eyes never moved. He was looking at the hitters, hoping to pick up some information. If he sees that a batter has arm trouble, maybe the guy can be jammed with a pitch and won't get the bat around in time. Maybe someone is feeling below par. Information like this can be useful later on in a crucial part of the game.

All this might not sound like much to you, but it's little things that separate mediocre managers from great managers. It's also the reason Mauch twice has been National League Manager of the Year.

The first time was 1962, in Gene's third year. His first two teams had finished last and that's where they were supposed to finish in 1962, too. But Mauch got them into seventh place by whipping them down the stretch so that they won 30 of their last 44 games. In 1963 he took them to fourth place and again it was a stretch drive—14 wins in 21 games—that did it.

Because the Phils were improving steadily, and because Mauch knew how to take them down the stretch, in many quarters they were picked to win the pennant last season. Even though they didn't, Mauch got Manager of the Year again in the annual Associated Press poll of baseball writers. The writers knew it was Mauch who shoved them into first place and kept them there so long. The surprising thing was the way the team collapsed.

You can get a lot of tired reasons why the Phils blew the pennant. They ran out of gas, they ran into some hot clubs, their pitching went sour. The truth is Mauch did one of the great jobs of managing for the first 150 games, but he did a bad job for the last 12.

At least, that is the consensus of the Philadelphia writers. To them, Mauch made two basic blunders down the stretch. Both involved personalities—the thing Mauch really believes he knows best about his team.

The first was bringing in Don Hoak as a scout. Hoak played with the Phils in 1963 and then retired. He was a hard-nosed, no-quarter-asked player. In his days with the team, there always was a violent personality clash between Hoak and other Phillies. Most of the Phillies did not like him.

But Mauch admired him greatly and in the final weeks he hired him to scout ahead and report on teams to be played next.

Then, in the last, desperate days, Hoak and Mauch constantly were together. Mauch allowed him to give his reports directly to the team instead of relaying them himself. Either Mauch didn't know or didn't care that the players resented Hoak's reports.

"You should see them," one player told me. "He and Mauch are acting like we are dogmeat and they are the only ones

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Mauch's second mistake was that he did not get Jack Baldschun into the thick of the close games. Baldschun is one of the fine relief pitchers in baseball. But in the collapse he did not work much except to mop up after the milk was spilled. One theory is that Mauch didn't think Baldschun could do the job. Baldschun is a happy, friendly man and does not fit Mauch's ideal of a brawling, snarling stretch runner. Personality.

Of the two, the Hoak incident was more serious. "A lot of us wanted to ask Gene why Hoak was always hanging around like he was a king or something," a Phillie said, shortly after the season ended. "But you know Gene. You ask him that and you're on his list. We figure Hoak will be back here next spring as a coach. If he is, I'll be the first to ask to be traded."

Hoak won't be a coach, though. He signed a contract over the winter to do radio-TV colorcasts for Pittsburgh games.

"Nonsense," Mauch said flatly when confronted with the Hoak-Baldschun theories. "Hoak gave us hard work and all he had. I don't believe the players blame him for a single thing that went wrong.

"As for Baldschun, you go look up how many times I brought him in to help us over a tight spot last summer. He may not have pitched in the stretch as much as some people thought he should, but it's not because I lost any faith in him. I was trying to use certain types of pitchers to get certain types of hitters out.

"We lost the pennant and that's that," he said.

Lose it they did. "In the end," said one writer, not a Mauch admirer, "all super egotists get their comeuppance."

Mauch's comeuppance—if that's what it was—came on the last day of the season. The Phils beat the Reds, 1-0, at Cincinnati. But St. Louis beat the Mets and won the flag.

Mauch came into the dressing room slowly. He opened his locker and the bottom was covered with telegrams. He picked up a handful and let them flutter down. "They're all pretty much the same," he said. "They say we've given them a tremendous season, no matter what. Well, the way I see it, it's just a lot of hard work down the drain.

"Those players in there," he said, "they gave all they had. They didn't quit. Everything they did, they did for the good of the team. It's a shame. It's a pity."

Two hours later and 10,000 feet higher Mauch was sitting in the airliner bringing the Phillies home. "I can't let this thing affect me forever," he said, and stared out the window for a long time, at the half-dusk and the dark tendrils of cloud. It would be like that most of the winter. He would have to face the critics. People would want to know what happened. They would be everywhere, asking questions.

"To hell with them," Mauch said slowly. "I'm not going to justify this thing. I did everything I could. I couldn't live with myself if there was something I left undone."

He glowered at the airplane bulkhead and spoke darkly. "This is the first time in my life," he said, "that I went after something I thought I could get, and didn't get it."

There was a floodlit, cheering crowd at the airport. Mauch bustled through it quickly, his jaw firm, his head up. Twice now he has come home with his team and found people cheering him. But both times he has come home with a loser. Someday, maybe this year, he is going to get off that airplane and he will walk down the ramp as the manager of the National League champions. And when he does they will have to build a new airport to hold everybody. For Gene William Mauch—who had to battle his way up from the minors, battle to stay in the majors, battle through jokes about his team and battle through the second-guessing of cynics—it is the one single thing in this world that would make all the trouble he's seen seem like no trouble at all.

—Ron Smith

YOUNG MAN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO MARRY THE GIRL

[*Continued from page* 45]

goods by their girls, by their girl friends' mothers, and—silliest of all—by themselves.

Women, who expect to get married and have babies anyway, figure the sooner they get started the better. They're willing to put up with the problems of early marriage if only to make sure they've got a male pinned down.

But why do young males let themselves be pinned down? Too often it's because they don't realize that there is nowhere in the United States any power, legal or otherwise, that can force a man to marry a woman when he doesn't want to. In short, you don't *have* to marry her.

Early marriage is a disaster, not only for the couples, but for the country as a whole. About half our brides are teenagers, some 15 percent of our bridegrooms. Every year approximately half a million young men 21 years or under are pressured into marriages they're unprepared for. As a result the disastrous consequences are already showing up in the case books and statistical tables of the social scientists. Part of the trouble is that men who marry at 21 or younger are three times more likely to end up in the divorce courts than those who hold out three years more. Since about half of these men are fathers, this appalling divorce rate means that ever-increasing numbers of kids are growing up fatherless in broken homes—about 200,000 each year. What this means, nobody who reads the papers needs to be told. Richard Clendenen, former Executive Director of the Senate sub-committee on juvenile delinquency, insists that boys deprived of fathers "undeniably" are more likely to end up as delinquents.

Another part of the trouble is what young marriage is doing to the educational level of the American male. The

United States is desperately short of technicians and skilled labor, to say nothing of doctors and physicists. Yet 40 percent of our boys drop out of high school when they marry, and half of our married college students never get their degrees.

If any further proof of the evils of early marriage is needed, it comes from the picture of the men who have escaped it. There's a 21-year-old fellow I met recently who lives in the relatively unconventional Powelton area of Philadelphia. He's a crack student; he does some part-time college teaching; and he's one of the best read men I've ever met of any age. One of the things he reads best is women. So he is digging exuberantly into life with both hands. He told me, "Sometimes I date every night—all day long. Then I'll get fed up with women and I'll hole up here and read for days. I don't have much money, but I don't need much money, and I don't have to spend much time working at things I don't like. I'll get married, I guess, but I'm in no damn rush."

That sounds more like the independent, self-sufficient American male. How come so many of his brethren allow themselves to be trapped by the millions into marriages they don't need and don't want?

The answer: a lot of things, but mainly sex—with strings. And the most obvious string is that very unfunny American joke, the shotgun wedding. Nobody can say for sure how many forced marriages take place in the United States each year, partly because they're disguised one way or another and partly because in some cases the husband will delude himself into thinking, "We were going to get married anyway." According to my own best estimate, based on a comparison of figures compiled by many different authorities, there cannot be less than 300,000 pregnancy-caused weddings in America annually, and if you include the borderline cases, the figure may be double that. Just to toss up a handful of numbers not often bandied about in the women's magazines: in a Nebraska study 31 percent of all brides were pregnant; among high school-aged brides the figure was 60 percent; and in one Iowa study of high school couples the shot-gun wedding rate soared to a dizzying 87 percent.

Generalizing from all figures, Dr. Lee G. Burchinal, a University of Iowa sociologist and an authority in the field of marriage and the family, insists that a third to a half of all marriages at the college level or younger involve a premarital pregnancy. Surprising? Not to young people. Said one high school boy interviewed by a sociologist, "I think the percentage of forced marriages is much higher." Said a girl from a small Pennsylvania town, "I don't think people are shocked by much of anything around here any more. The kids who don't get pregnant, don't get married. It's accepted."

Therein lies the rub. The scandal following a shot-gun wedding is relatively brief, and it dies down leaving the girl in possession of the male scalp. But the male sees forced marriage from one hell of a different point of view.

Listen to one 19-year-old husband and father from a Pennsylvania town. He had planned to go to college to study aeronautical engineering, a subject in which he was absorbed. In the midst of his plans he got careless on a date, and in five minutes his whole future went up in smoke. Today, struggling against his lack of training, he manages to eke out a marginal living for his family as an unskilled laborer, meanwhile hoping vaguely that somehow, sometime, he can get into college. His chances are slim, and he knows it. Still a teen-ager, he wears the slump-shouldered, resigned look of a long-time loser. Recently he told an interviewer, "If I had a friend who was thinking of getting married at the age I did, I would advise him to think it over—to reconsider." Then somberly he added, "I guess I would tell him not to."

Off-hand it might seem that this young man and his fellows who go down the aisles ahead of a 12-gauge each year have no complaints coming. They tasted forbidden fruit and they have to pay for it. What's wrong with this reasoning is the simple fact that no girl is required by law to sleep with any man who asks her to. There's no law saying that she has to be careless about contraception either. The nasty fact is that thousands of women deliberately get pregnant every year in order to trap a man into marriage. Tens of thousands more do the same thing unconsciously. Irwin Stein, a brisk, bright social scientist who is Executive

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Director of the Family Service of Westchester County, New York, told me, "I've known many cases where before the marriage the girl is a very hot number, but after marriage she changes. It's often completely unconscious on the girl's part." More cynical are the ones who accede to male sex demands with a shrug. They are careful to bed down only with men who look as if they'd make good husbands. If they get pregnant, they'll come away with a wedding ring. If they don't—well, they're having their cake and eating it.

When I first began to look into this story, scoffers pointed out that not only was I, as a man, subject to the influence of male chauvinism, but that most of the social scientists I'd interviewed were men also. The fact is, that women authorities agree up and down the line. One of these is Mrs. Else Siegle, a handsome, graying, plain-spoken counsellor with the highly-regarded Community Service Society in New York City. She turned out to be emphatically in accord with what I'd been told by the men.

She said, "The girls are brighter, more advanced than boys when they're both 17. They are able to manipulate the boys to do what they want. Then, when a boy reaches his maturity, he is already caught. The girls tell me, 'If you don't give in, you don't go out.' It is so terribly important to them to be popular, to date all the time. One girl told me, 'Mrs. Siegle, I'd do anything to go to that prom.' So what happens? They use sex to manipulate their men. It's an old story. 'I'll let you—if.' "

Mrs. Siegle's point is abundantly made by the grisly story of a 17-year-old high school student and his 15-year-old sweetheart, who was pretty but, unfortunately, pregnant. The young fellow, gamely facing up to his responsibilities, married the girl, and moved her away to a distant town out of range of the scandal mongers, where he could get work. The baby was born, and they set about making the best out of what was admittedly a bad bargain.

The girl's display of maturity, however, turned out to be somewhat less durable than her husband's. The novelty of marriage began to pall, and she started regretting that she was missing out on the standard high school frivolities. Where were the dances, where were the hayrides, where were the moonlit beach parties? She begged her husband to let her go back home for one last winter of school and fun. Sympathetic, the young fellow agreed, and off home she went, where her mother could look after the child while she was out playing Cinderella.

A few months later, well ahead of schedule, she returned to her husband. He started thinking about her premature return, and his thoughts turned suspicious. For the next couple of months he refused to have sexual intercourse with his wife. His suspicions turned out to be based on solid granite. His teenaged wife had gotten herself pregnant on what, for a girl so young, must have been a fairly sensational last fling. The young man wanted distinctly to kick her out on her too-available fanny—but he had come by his maturity the hard way, and knew he needed a mother for his own child. So he put the second baby up for adoption, and went grimly back to making a marriage out of the thinnest of materials.

What the girls are buying with sex—aside from its intrinsic values—is the male presence. They want men for dates, they want men for steadies, they want men for husbands. It's hard to blame them, of course: the married state is an enviable one for women, and a man remains a pretty valuable commodity in our society. He can open doors which are closed to women, and he can earn over his lifetime, three to 10 times more than most women can. Furthermore, he is a status symbol. Catching one to hang on your arm is, for a girl, like the Iroquois cutting a scalp for his belt. Dr. Sutherland Miller, good-looking, down-to-earth psychologist who has headed Columbia College's Counseling Service, told me flatly, "Girls are marrying for economic reasons. They search for fellows who look as if they have a big future."

Both Miller and Mrs. Siegle, however, are grownups and could possibly have missed the youthful point. It occurred to me that I ought to go right to the horse's mouth. As it happened, a few months ago I had a chance to do so. I was asked to join a symposium on morals at the University of Bridgeport, in Connecticut. For eight hours a day over a weekend I sat in a classroom with some three dozen coeds and talked about their sex lives. Even when male students were present, the girls admitted frankly that they used sex to catch and hold their dates. They told the tricks a girl could use to perform less than she promised, such as asking the fellow for a cigarette when she began to lose control of the situation. They told me about which motels around the city they used for illicit purposes, and about the newly popular practice sleeping naked with boys—without sex. One girl summed it up succinctly and with frank cynicism: "You can't go to parties around the University without a date. It isn't done. So what you have to do is give the boys a little bit more each time so they keep coming back."

Most college—and even high school—students know how the trap is baited. On date after date the girl resists, but gives in a little bit more. The promise of sexual intercourse goes shimmering on ahead of the man like a water mirage moving down a road. A few weeks of being incessantly rubbed raw against his own natural maleness in this way and only a cold-blooded man will hold off from promising the moon—and marriage.

Dr. Lester Kirkendall, scholar at Oregon State University who, at 60, is one of the acknowledged pioneers of studies in marriage, thinks that most young marriage is based on exactly this pattern of entrapment. In his recent book on sex in college, formidably titled *Premarital Intercourse and Interpersonal Relationships* he cites facts, numbers and cases. Running through them like a dirge is the theme of sex with strings. He reports of one of his students: "One evening when he dropped by her house her parents were not home. As [the boy] began to neck with [the girl] he was surprised that she made no effort to stop him. He had no intention of doing anything, but [the girl] simply removed all her clothing."

Or another: "The last time they had intercourse [the girl] commented that she would like to become pregnant. She 'would like to have a child by me.' "

And a third: "They had talked about marriage a bit, a short time before they had intercourse. After more intercourse the talk, particularly on [the girl's] part became more and more urgent. [The boy] agreed to it in a half-hearted way. He was really flabbergasted, however, when after he gave [her] an identification bracelet she had it engraved with the initials of her first name and his last name. 'I thought, My God, what's got into her!' When [he] asked, she agreed that she had had it done because she expected to marry him."

"The situation, to put it bluntly," sums up Kirkendall, "is that the girl wants a boy and the boy wants sex. So, in order to get the boy, the girl provides (or offers) him sex hoping that this will entice him into a permanent association."

These cases of female sexual pushiness are not isolated. Winston Ehrmann, in *Premarital Dating Behavior*, his classic study of 1,000 college students, discovered that nearly half the girls did the urging from time to time, and that 10 percent of them did it most of the time.

One of Kirkendall's young couples is a first-rate example. The two students began having occasional sexual intercourse about a month after they started dating. It didn't take her long to start hinting that she'd like to get married, making cheerful little jokes about "junior being on the way." Understandably, her humor froze the young man's blood, and he began to back off warily. This only made the girl press harder. By the time Kirkendall interviewed the young man she had flung pretense—to say nothing of good sense or just plain modesty—out the window. Said the young fellow, "She's got so now she just throws it at me. Sometimes she grabs my sex organs in order to excite me and crawls all over me." The lesson ought to be plain: any girl who gets pregnant that way hasn't much legitimate claim on the father.

But the trouble is that she makes the claim anyway, and the young man, confused by notions of what's "right," is willing to make an honest woman of her. He may feel this way even when she isn't pregnant. "The wily girl," Lester Kirk-

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endall says, "may also take advantage of [the double standard] to ensnare the male. She is coy and conventional enough to establish the concept of virtue which is important to her, but alluring enough to give the male the urgency with which he overthrows her virtue." The man, in other words, is blatantly seduced into "doing her wrong," and then she plays on his natural sense of decency until she produces in him a guilt feeling rich and ripe enough to get her free ticket down the middle aisle.

There's a classic pattern in all of this which hundreds of thousands of married men will recognize with an ironic smile. The fellow begins dating a girl, and inevitably his thoughts turn to sex. The girl resists his first efforts with the remark that, "only people who go steady ought to do things like that." He submits to the pinning ceremony, and the noose is fashioned. The next thing he knows she is saying "I would only sleep with the man I'm going to marry." In the heat of the moment the bedeviled fellow mumbles something equivocal. Thereafter the girl permits him at least sporadic sexual intercourse—always being careful to allude to the prospect of marriage when she does so. She says, "I'll be glad when we're married so we don't have to worry about getting pregnant." Or she says, "I always feel so bad about it afterwards. I wish we were married now."

Unless the young man is a lot more strong-willed—or calloused—than most, he'll let matters ride, hoping that somehow, when pitch comes to putt, he can get out of it.

He doesn't get out of it. Suddenly he is being introduced as "my fiancé," and taken home to meet the folks. The next thing he knows, the flat silver is on order, the date is set, and he's standing in a rentals office wondering where in hell he is going to get the money for the apartment they've just leased.

By this time, if he's got the ordinary supply of American optimism, he's convinced himself that marriage is what he really wants. He looks on the bright side of the whole thing. There will be plenty of legal sex, and if they stave off the babies, married life will be, as Westchester marriage authority Irwin Stein put it to me, "a succession of hot dates and sexual orgies."

What happens instead is that his bride gets pregnant. If he keeps the obstetrician at bay for two years he's far luckier than most. Sometimes the pregnancy is accidental, but psychologists suspect that a lot of these "accidents" are planned by the young wife—if only unconsciously. Says Community Service counsellor Else Siegle, "I'm astonished how often it happens that she gets pregnant despite their plans." At the University of Illinois, for example, two-thirds of the undergraduate husbands—who need parenthood like a hole in the head—are fathers.

All of this makes that venerated object, the American girl, out to be a fairly meretricious piece of goods. The fact is that there is another villain far more guilty: Mother. The enormous pressure the girls feel on them to catch a man comes from a number of places, but the

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most powerful forcing nozzles in the batch are the Moms—of the boys, as well as the girls.

Their motives are as various as they are sickening. Said one social worker, "It's a prestige thing in a good neighborhood for a girl to be dating steadily."

There's perversity as well as prestige at work. Irwin Stein told me, "A lot of parents push their kids into dating, sex, and marriage unconsciously, for vicarious kicks. I saw one family recently where the daughter had started to act out sexually. The mother keeps telling her, 'You shouldn't do it, you shouldn't do it.' Then in the next breath she'll say, 'But if you do, you can tell me about it.' The obvious inference is that she enjoyed hearing about her daughter's sex life, and was in fact pushing the kid into a good deal of it."

Then there are the lazy mothers who want their children married off for the sake of a little peace and quiet; or the bored ones who want grandchildren to give them something to do. But the most common reason for driving young people into marriage is the nonsensical old-wives' fright of the bastard child.

Says Stein, "The mothers are scared; they're scared stiff. If they have a daughter they're desperately afraid she'll get pregnant before she marries, and if they have a son, they're afraid he'll get some nice girl pregnant. They find one simple answer to it: get them married as soon as possible. So what happens? They drive the girls out looking for a husband, which in turn pushes them into a lot more sexual intercourse than they'd otherwise have.

Anything, in Mom's idiotic outlook is better than premarital pregnancy, even a lifetime in a marriage hell, and she'll go to any length to avoid it. One palpitating mother babbled to an investigator, "I know they're sleeping together, so I decided to underwrite the marriage." Another Mom, equipped with a bankbook in place of a heart, went even further. She is paying for the marriage while the young couple is in college, on the understanding that they have no children. Afterwards, if they grow tired of each other, she'll pay for the divorce. This madam in Mom's clothing doesn't give a tinker's dam about the happiness of the young couple, or the fact that she's usurped most of the husband's prerogatives. All she cares about is making sure her daughter is married to the man she sleeps with. To a jaundiced observer it smacks a little too much of procuring to make a very pretty tale.

Hundreds of thousands of young husbands could tell them what happens. To put it bluntly, all men who marry early are almost certain to be fairly wretched for several years afterwards. They'll be faced with cramped living, marginal income, no money for enjoyment, loneliness (one investigator says "teen-aged married couples are among the loneliest people in America; they are in a kind of limbo,") and dozens of bewildering experiences which rush on them faster than they can handle them. In fact, there are so many opportunities for unhappiness built into young marriage that a couple who escapes being miserable for one reason is almost bound to be miserable for another.

It is particularly rough on a young father trying to earn his college degree. He married on the assumption that his wife would work while he studied. Pregnant, she not only can't help him, but needs help herself. He takes part-time work, neglects his studies, works enough just to get by. Cooped in a tiny student apartment with a baby, diapers, cheap food and a tense, demanding wife, he sees married life becoming a constant round of bickering and drudgery. Making matters worse is the fact that the young man finds himself stuck with an incompetent wife who doesn't know how to cook or keep house, and who—according to pediatricians—makes a bumbling mother prone to panic at the drop of a diaper. The burned biscuits, leathery eggs, watery coffee and greasy stew she serves him are comic book staples; but they're not very funny when the only pleasure a man can afford is his meals.

If the woes of young marriage ended with graduation, or even when the young husband began to establish himself in his career, it might not seem so tragic. The fact is that early marriage can have devastating effects for a lifetime. The wife who gives up her own studies to support her husband falls rapidly behind him, leaving him saddled with a wife he has outgrown. Anybody over 35 can cite cases from his own circle of friends. There is a fellow I know, for example, who is a pretty good artist. He met his wife when they were both in art school. Visions of sharing a career together in their heads, they married and took up residence in a Greenwich Village studio. As it turned out, her real interest was not art, but Bohemian chic, and when the babies began to come she flew her true colors, complaining that she "never had time to paint any more." Today she is totally ignorant of current events in the art world, and uninterested in her husband's position in it.

Other problems are more subtle. The Columbia guidance head, Sutherland Miller, told me, "People in college and even more in high school are only half-formed. They are undergoing rapid changes of personality. Sometimes, within a year or two of marriage, one of the partners will have changed so much that husband and wife are virtually strangers."

Taken all around, the indictment of early marriage is damning. Although most counselors will caution that there are some couples who are mature enough to marry at young ages, they insist such couples are few and very far between. Almost everybody working with marriage strongly opposes young marriage. The most startling thing is that many authorities—if not most—would rather a pregnant girl put her baby up for adoption than force the father into a bad marriage. Community Service counselor Else Siegle, who has advised hundreds of unwed mothers, says, "I would never urge a girl to give up her baby; that's too great a responsibility to take. Nonetheless, it's often the best solution."

A priest in a small eastern town is even blunter. "Even if a girl is pregnant we try to dissuade her from marrying. We try to arrange for her to go off and have the baby quietly. It has been our experience that many of the forced marriages are mixed marriages and that most of them fail." While an unwed father can be forced to support the child, *in no state can he be made to marry the girl.*

The reasons for waiting, then, are persuasive. To top it off, there are two others which most young men don't consider. One is the fact you *can't* "always get a divorce." Once a man marries he has committed himself to a financial responsibility which can last a lifetime. At a minimum, the child he produces in a brief fling at marriage will cost him no less than $18,000, and the figure is more likely to be triple that. That's a lot of loot to pay for an experiment.

The second consideration is that a young husband picks his bride from a limited age group. A man who waits has two or three times as many women to pick from in his own age group and below. Furthermore, as an independent male with a career under way he is a far better catch than he was as a student, or a fellow undecided about his future. The girl who gets him will consider herself lucky, as well she ought, for her chances of a happy marriage are vastly improved. She will be more inclined to respect his judgment, less likely to try to wear the pants in the family.

When, then, is the best age for a man to marry? Says Dr. Miller, "I wouldn't want men to marry until they've had a chance to try themselves out, a chance to build up a reserve of experience so they wouldn't be marrying out of dependency and inadequacy. They should have established themselves in their own eyes."

Says the noted anthropologist Margaret Mead: "Boys should probably not start courting until they have got their growth, until they have some sense of themselves as people."

Says TRUE: Adding it all up, most men do themselves an injustice when they marry before they finish their education and army stint, and then *allow themselves at least a year* to explore their potentialities, ambitions, and the world around them. If a man doesn't do this, he's kicking away his last chance to do a lot of the adventurous things which have been the prerogative of young men for centuries. He should have a chance to starve in a garret, bicycle through Iran, ship out for Alaska, bum across the country, just for the hell of it. And he should, above all, get a taste of the noble variousness of women—to enable him to pick the jewel out of the lotus, when harvest time comes. Then, when he has some idea of who he is, and what he wants to do, he can think about marriage. In TRUE's opinion he shouldn't start thinking about it before he's 25.

There is an old saw which every young man ought to have writ in blood on his mirror as he shaves for his date: *Marry in haste, repent in leisure.*

—James L. Collier

MURDER BY MOTOR CAR

[*Continued from page 64*]

out the suicides and count all multiple deaths that resulted from a single collision as one event, you get 14 probable homicides—11 percent of the cases studied. Even with the admittedly small sample, the implications are hair-raising. Projected, for example, against the national total of 43,400 traffic deaths in 1963, it means that there were 4,774 murders committed on the roads that year, as against 8,400 known murders by all other means. Almost all the highway murders were unsuspected and uninvestigated. They were "accidents."

It's difficult to understand why it never crosses anyone's mind that the auto can be used as a weapon. Certainly people are intentionally killed in and around cars all the time. The phrase "taken for a ride" is part of our criminal folklore, and wiring bombs into ignition systems is an established extermination procedure among Cosa Nostra types. Police even run across an occasional case like the well-known Grammer murder in Baltimore 13 years ago, in which a pleasant office manager bludgeoned his wife to death in the front seat of the family car, wedged the accelerator open, and sent the driverless vehicle on a wild ride to the inevitable crash he hoped would destroy the evidence of his crime.

Despite all this, the fact that the motor car is used as a primary weapon by ordinary people interested in disposing of themselves or others was just never faced before the RFHC study. Moseley himself was unprepared for what he was to find. Al Moseley is a tall, sandy-haired Tennesseean who looks and dresses like Hollywood's conception of the young professor, but he is intense enough behind his bland good looks to have developed a serious ulcer condition.

Displaying no talent for chitchat, he is an almost compulsive talker about his work—and his work has always been auto death. He spent the 10 years before 1959, when he began his RFHC projects at the Harvard School of Public Health, making studies on how the personal habits of truck and bus drivers affect their accident potentials. Today he runs the Trauma Research Institute, to continue, under private sponsorship the work started by the RFHC.

"During my School of Public Health period," he told me, "I collected some interview evidence with truck drivers that indicated they sometimes deliberately damaged passenger cars whose drivers annoyed them in traffic. On the basis of that, I predicted in an outline for the RFHC study that if we checked as many as 500 cases, we would probably find one instance of a deliberate collision.

"It seems incredible now that I could have been that wrong, but there was absolutely no basis for believing anything else. Highway fatals are almost invariably attributed to human failure on the part of the responsible driver. Speed, improper or reckless driving, and drinking get blamed for 98 percent of all deaths, year after year. It's been a long time since any traffic authority really believed that human error was the only accident cause, but no one had ever documented any other causes. Like everyone else, I guess, I was brainwashed by the existing statistics."

Obviously, those statistics can't be any more accurate than the police accident reports on which they're based—and we can get some idea of the usual quality of these reports by taking a look at another tampering-type fatal. This one was as different from the ingenious Thorpe case as the average shooting is from a classic crime. It started in a routinely sordid way when two young factory hands, who had parked outside, prowled a bar near Boston and saw two girls in a booth, nursing beers. Smiles led to chatting and the two pair were soon four of a mind. As they were standing beside the car getting ready to drive off together, two other men appeared, glowering. Nervously, the girls confessed that they'd started the evening with these two, who had gone off to make a phone call and been gone so long the girls had given them up. Unkind words were exchanged all around, and a fight seemed imminent before the girls managed to drag the heavies away.

The two young men re-entered the bar to have a beer and prove to themselves that they weren't intimidated. Then they left, too. They drove out of the parking lot and down a short street leading to a highway. Halfway down, a car well ahead of them stopped in the right-hand lane

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to let someone off. The oncoming driver tried to avoid the car but couldn't. His right front struck the stopped car in the left rear. Out of control, his own vehicle swerved left and collided with a car coming the other way. Both boys were dead on arrival at the local hospital.

Murray Segal, the RFHC's highway engineer, arrived at the scene 30 minutes after the crash, by which time the police were already satisfied about the cause—the usual "reckless driving." But here's what Segal found after a few minutes' search: "There was a trail, very thin but definite, of an oily substance. It corresponded to the collision course for a distance of 36 feet back from the point of first impact with the stopped car." In the lab, samples of the oily substance proved to be brake fluid. The police had overlooked it.

Burnstine explained how it got there. When he examined the wrecked car, he found two clean, sharp cuts in the left front brake hose. One cut went right to the center of the hose. A test drive with a similarly slashed brake hose demonstrated that, when the driver touched his brake pedal, fluid pumped out of the cut line and the car tended to steer slightly to the right. By the time the driver realized that his brakes weren't helping him, it was too late to avoid impact.

The evidence was presented to the police. "The conclusion they reached was that (the cut hose) was collision damage and the investigation was closed," Moseley wrote in his official report. He added, "The fact of the matter is, there is no possibility that it could be collision damage." Even the wrecker who towed the car away knew what the police had first missed and then refused to credit. He'd smelled the fluid, seen where it was dripping from. "He showed it to me," Burnstine recalled, "asking me to explain how the hell it could have happened in the crash when nothing else near it was damaged."

How does a tamperer know he's going to kill the right person? He doesn't. In the barroom case, two cars were involved as bystanders, though no one in either was hurt. In at least two RFHC cases, people were killed because they had borrowed acquaintances' cars that had been tampered with. In another case, the "persons unknown" killed an innocent boy in their efforts to get a wealthy reform politician who'd been shaking up the local political machine. We'll call the politician Harold Jones. The name is disguised, of course, as are all names and other facts bearing on identification in this article. Jones's 17-year-old son, Ted, borrowed his father's sedan on Saturday to take some friends to a football game. On the way, he sideswiped another car and veered off to collide with a car in opposing traffic, which was then hit in the rear by the vehicle behind it. Somewhere in the series of impacts, one of Ted's friends was thrown out and killed. Eight other people were injured.

Police, making a case against Ted for driving to endanger—reckless driving again—discovered that the steering wheel of the Jones car turned endlessly. They called in the RFHC people, who established that the flexible power-steering coupling called the rag joint had been flopping loose during the collision impacts. There was a succession of bolt marks imprinted on the rubber that couldn't have been caused in any other way. The looseness didn't prove tampering, even though Harold Jones thought that's what had happened, but together with the boy's claim that he had been using his brakes, it did reflect clearly on the charge of recklessness.

Moseley, who had to agree to give police and prosecutors first call on his evidence and his court testimony in order to obtain police cooperation for his own purposes, was notified that he would be called in the case. His expert testimony was thus tied up, but in fact he wasn't called, and Ted was found guilty and given a year in jail, suspended. When the case went to appeal, Moseley was again

[*Continued on page* 113]

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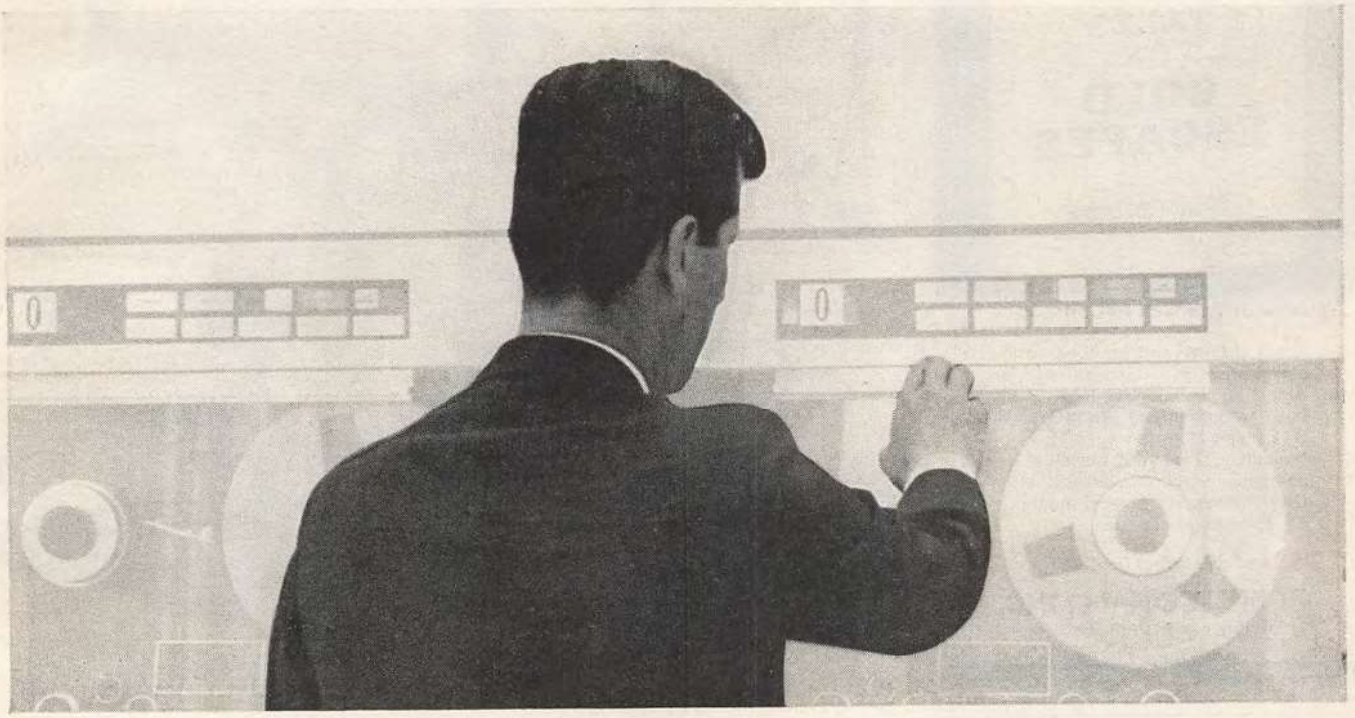

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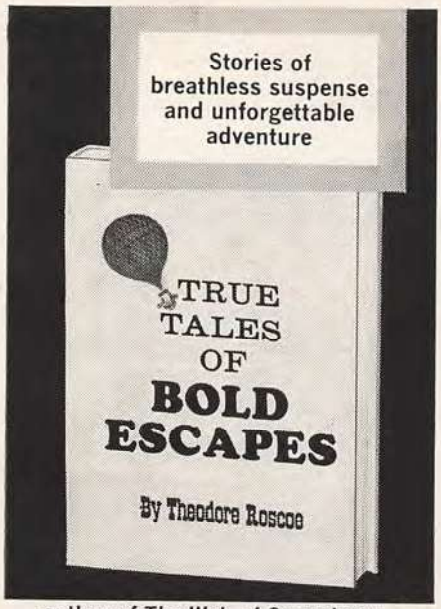

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MAN TO MAN ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

UPI

Fighting dog lost his medal but got doughnut instead.

Is it true that during World War II a dog was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross? So asks Larry Demarest of New York City. The answer brings up the remarkable story of Chips, whose career in the U.S. Army is the subject of various legends. Chips, the first—and last—dog to receive an official U.S. military medal, was recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross, although it never got it. What the dog did get was the Silver Star, although you won't find the award listed in the official records.

Chips, part collie, part husky, bit so many mailmen that his master volunteered his services for the K-9 Corps. Duly trained, the dog went overseas in 1943 and got its baptism of fire in the North African campaign.

On July 10 of that year Chips was one of three dogs with the Third Division Infantry Regiment of General Patton's Seventh Army when that unit made its landing on Sicily. The Third found itself in a hellish spot when the Hermann Goering and Fifteenth Armored Divisions of the Germans launched a slashing tank attack that threatened to push the Americans back into the sea.

When Chips came ashore with his handler, Pfc. John Roswell, heavy machine gun fire laced the beach. Roswell had just time to see that it was coming from a peasant's hut (actually a camouflaged pill box), when the dog broke away from him and dashed toward the deadly death-spitting machine-gun emplacement.

"There was an awful lot of noise and the firing stopped," Roswell reported later. "Then I saw one Italian soldier come out of the door with Chips at his throat. I called him off before he could kill the man." The dog's attack was so unexpected and so fierce that the other three machine gunners had stopped firing and were soon surrounded by American soldiers. Chips suffered only some powder burns and a scalp wound.

In his recommendation that Chips receive the Distinguished Service Cross, Capt. Edward Paar stated, "Chips's courageous action in single-handedly eliminating a dangerous machine-gun nest and causing the surrender of its crew reflects the highest credit on himself and the military service."

Maj. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott, Jr., commander of the Third Division, had his doubts about giving a dog one of the Army's top awards. However, on October 24, 1943, in a suitable ceremony, he awarded Chips the next medal down, the Silver Star, "for bravery in action against the enemy."

The action was frowned upon, however, and an official order was issued stating that "The award of War Department decorations to other than persons, that is, human beings, is prohibited."

Chips didn't mind having his medal taken back. Or did he? Later, at Allied headquarters in Italy, General Eisenhower, who happened to be clad in civvies at the time, bent down to pat the canine hero. Chips, reverting to his habits of pre-military days, promptly took a lusty nip at the august personage of the Allied Commander in Chief.

Q: What became of Satchel Paige? ***Peter Frensch, Jr., Buffalo, N.Y.***

A: LeRoy "Satchel" Paige, the famous Negro pitcher whose color barred him from the major leagues until the twilight of his career, now works in a public relations capacity for the Harlem Globetrotters. Paige pitched for the Cleveland Indians in 1948 and '49 and the St. Louis Browns in 1951, '52, and '53 when he was in his middle forties.

Q: What is the difference between a Zeppelin and a blimp? ***Herbert P. Hauber, Sandy, Ore.***

A: A Zeppelin, named after germane Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, developer of early airships, is a large dirigible balloon consisting of a long, cylindrical-covered framework which contains compartments or cells filled with gas. A blimp is an airship whose envelope or bag has no internal support or framework. Unlike a Zeppelin, the shape of a blimp is maintained only by the pressure of the gas inside it.

Q: What state has the highest average altitude? ***Ernest Goodwyn, Sheridan, Wyo.***

A: The highest state in the Union is Colorado with a mean altitude of 6,800 feet. Its borders contain 54 peaks over 14,000 feet high. Wyoming is second at 6,700. At the bottom of the list is Delaware, averaging only 60 feet.

Q: My friend says that cats lap liquid like a dog. I say they drink with the tongue acting in a hoe-like manner, pulling the water into their mouths. Who is right? ***Harry Jeffries, Sturgin, S. Dak.***

Frederic Lewis

A: You are. A dog makes an upturned ladle with its tongue and scoops the water into its mouth. A cat does just the opposite, making a ladle with a downward scoop.

Q: In England there is an organization called the Royal Air Forces Escaping Society. What is its purpose? ***William Thomas, New York, N. Y.***

A: The group is composed of former RAF members and other British-based airmen who, during World War II, were "downed" over enemy territory and whose escape back to England was aided by the help of friendly people in occupied Europe, often at the risk of their own lives or imprisonment. To prove that the deeds of these brave people have not been forgotten, the Society now offers financial assistance, where needed, or arranges short holidays for them in England.

Q: Who serves as First Lady when a bachelor is elected President? ***S. Thorson, Norfolk, Va.***

A: James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland were the only bachelors ever elected President. Buchanan remained a bachelor and his niece served as First Lady. Cleveland married while in office, but prior to that time his sister acted as White House hostess. In the event of the death or illness of a President's wife, the President's daughter or daughter-in-law usually serves as First Lady.

Q: What is the meaning of the rings which form the symbol used by the Olympics? ***John Chamberlin, Washington, D.C.***

A: They represent the five major continents, namely Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and North and South America. The main concept, however, is that the rings are linked together to denote the sporting friendship of the peoples of the earth. The colors of the rings were chosen because at least one of them (blue, yellow, black, green and red) appears in the flag of every nation on earth.

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Q: Is it true that during World War II our west coast was attacked by bomb-carrying balloons sent over from Japan? *Clyde W. Chapman, Gardena, Calif.*

A: Yes. From November, 1944, until April of the following year, 9,000 balloons designed to drop incendiary and fragmentation bombs on American farms, forests and cities were floated over here from Japan. The balloons were ingeniously contrived gas bags, about 33 feet in diameter, which traveled across the Pacific at altitudes of 30,000 to 35,000 feet, propelled up to speeds of 200 miles an hour by nothing more than prevailing air currents. Each balloon carried about 30 six-pound sandbags which were successively released by a barometer-controlled tripping device whenever the balloons dropped below 30,000 feet. Each balloon also carried three or four bombs which were released by a mechanism that went into action after the last ballast bag had been dropped, just about the same time the balloons reached the U.S. The raids caused numerous forest fires in our northwestern states, but other than that their damage was far from Japanese expectations and the bombings were discontinued.

Q: Please settle an argument. Who was Miss America in 1945? *Keith Walker, New Hope, Pa.*

Wide World

A: Bess Myerson, who is now a well-known TV personality.

Q: Were there any prominent Negro cowboys in the Wild West days here in America? *Clinton Cole, Chicago, Ill.*

A: By all means. Perhaps the most famous Negro cowboy was Nat Love who inspired the original character of Deadwood Dick, at one time the most popular figure in Wild West fiction. Love, an ex-slave born in Tennessee in 1854, went west at an early age where he was captured and raised by Indians. In 1876, he won the championship of the entire West as rider, roper, and revolver shot at Deadwood, South Dakota. Other noted Negro cowboys of that time were Emanuel Organ, Ellis Miller, Henry Beckwith, "Eighty" John Wallace, "Bone" Hooks, and Bill Pickett. Pickett was a star performer of the 101 Ranch Wild West Show.

Q: How many paintings are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City? *Charles G. Lesser, Rome, N.Y.*

A: The Metropolitan's collection, the largest in the Western Hemisphere, consists of more than 365,000 works of art.

Q: How did the Stutz bearcat get its name? *Earl A. Rea, Sunnymead, Calif.*

A: The popular old Stutz car model, produced from 1912 to 1923 and usually painted bright red, got its name from a slang expression of that period. Bearcat meant, "a gay dog," "an irresistible fellow," "a dashing rake," or what have you, and the name, of course, implied that the car and its owner were birds of a feather.

Q: Was Jesse Chisholm, the man for whom the famous cattle trail was named, an Indian? *Ern Parkison, Muncie, Ind.*

A: Partly. His father was Scotch and his mother a Cherokee Indian. The famous pioneer, guide, scout, interpreter and trader, was reputed to have a speaking knowledge of 14 Indian languages, hence the frequent demand for his services as an interpreter by army officers, explorers and surveyors. In the spring of 1865, he went from Abilene, Kansas, to San Antonio, Texas, on a trading trip. The road over which he traveled was ever afterward known as the Chisholm Trail, destined to become famous during the days of the overland cattle traffic.

Q: Which state has the highest number of divorces? *A. L. Little, New London, Conn.*

A: California. There were 414,000 divorces and annulments granted in the United States in 1961, the most recent year for which figures are available. California had 51,644—more than 10 percent —of this total.

Q: Rumor has it that the little emblem on the base of the neck of the Kennedy 50-cent piece bears the Communist symbol of hammer and sickle. Nonsense, isn't it? *William J. Butler, Jr., Norwich, Conn.*

A: Yes. Although they are run together and are difficult to distinguish, the markings are actually the initials of the coin's designer, Gilroy Roberts. This is hardly the first time such confusion about the intentions of the U.S. mint has swept the country. In 1946, when the Franklin D. Roosevelt dime was issued, a rumor persisted that the coin carried the initials of Joseph Stalin. The initials on the dime were actually those of the designer, John R. Sinnock.

Q: How many English ships were emptied during The Boston Tea Party? *Frederick Jones, Chicago, Ill.*

A: Three, the *Dartmouth*, the *Eleanor*, and the *Beaver*. And 342 chests of tea went into the drink the night of December 16, 1773.

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Q: What is the origin of the three-ball symbol that hangs in front of pawn shops? *SFC John Hrabik, APO 872, N.Y., N.Y.*

A: There are three versions, none of which has actually been documented. According to one, the three balls were first used by the Medici family of physicians in Italy who found money-lending more profitable than doctoring. Their coat of arms was originally three pills, symbolizing medicine, but when the family switched professions the pills were painted gold. The second version traces the origin to the Lombardy family of England—considered by many to be the founders of the pawnbroking industry as it is known today—who displayed the symbol as far back as 1650. The final version credits St. Nicholas, who is considered the patron saint of money lenders. He is believed to have given three virgins each a bag of gold so that they would have a dowry with which to marry. Hence, another reason for the tri-globe display.

Q: What was the Bonus Army? *George Calkins, Los Angeles, Calif.*

A: It consisted of unemployed World War I veterans who marched to Washington, D.C., in May, 1932. About 15,000, coming from all parts of the United States, petitioned Congress for immediate payment of bonuses scheduled to be given them in 1945. For more than a month the Bonus Army lived in Washington under difficult housing and sanitation conditions. When Congress, in June, turned down immediate payments, the veterans were ordered to leave Washington. When they refused to do so they were forced out of their camps on July 28th by troops under the command of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

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[*Continued from page* 108]

told he would be called. Again he wasn't and the lower court's judgment was upheld.

With Ted's guilt established in the criminal courts, the boy was now automatically responsible for the accident in any civil cases that stemmed from it, and his father, as absentee owner of the car, was liable for any judgments resulting. The total of suits against Ted and Harold Jones to date: $1,200,000.

Now comes the fillip. Court cases take time, and as the proceedings plodded along, the elder Jones, still the reform politician, got into his replacement car one day—and couldn't drive away from the curb. The steering wheel turned endlessly. He had the car towed to a garage and called Moseley and Burnstine, who checked it with a mechanic. This time there was little room for doubt. The bolts holding the power-steering unit to the frame had unmistakably been loosened. The unit had fallen from the frame and torn off the rag joint. The damage was the kind of thing your wife could spot with a look, yet a reliable mechanic who'd greased the car two days earlier had seen nothing.

Harold Jones can't give up driving, but he has foresworn politics.

Much more likely to come to light than tampering cases, however, are unplanned deliberate collisions. While tamperers obviously think things through with the idea of avoiding detection, the hotheads who knowingly collide with other drivers blaze into anger at random. Some confess after they have cooled down. Even when they don't, they are likely to be seen causing the collisions, and to leave other evidence behind as well.

In one case, a man we'll call Smith, who had an arrest record for assault, sped ahead of another car with two teen-aged boys in it and forced it off the road near a cemetery. He leaped out of his car, shaking his fist and challenging the boys to fight. Bewildered, the youngsters backed off and drove away. Smith returned to his car, caught up with the boys, and in full view of several passing cars rammed them from behind, knocking their car out of control. It ran head-on into a car coming the other way and killed the driver.

Smith stopped then, and offered himself as a witness when the police arrived. Though half-a-dozen people saw him ram the boy's car, he denied the act, even in the face of later RFHC evidence that matched the damage in his grille to the rear end of the rammed car. He continued to deny his responsibility all through the trial, and went off to jail for two years still denying it. To this day no one knows what made him hit the boys. They claimed never to have seen him before, and weren't even aware of his car until he forced them off the road.

Not all such cases involve apparent psychos. In another collision, in which three teen-agers were killed, the two drivers were just ordinary kids. Because they ended up in custody and cooperated with the police, it was possible to reconstruct the event accurately.

Bill Harris and Dick Stevens were both 18. They came from towns 30 miles apart, and had never seen or heard of each other till they met, in a sense, on a highway at about 10:30 one evening. Bill was driving a year-old convertible, coming home from bowling with his date and another couple. Dick was driving a decrepit sedan, taking his girl home from the movies.

Turning onto the main highway from a side road, Dick cut in front of an oncoming car—Bill's. To make matters worse, he poured on the coal and pulled away fast. Determined that no heap was going to outrun him, Bill took off after it. Both boys admit doing 70-75 mph for some time. Bill finally caught up and rode Dick's bumper for a stretch. Dick, by this time willing to concede all honors, slowed down, and Bill decided to pass. "Just to see the look on that jerk's face."

As Bill was pulling even with the sedan, doing about 60 and straining to see the driver, Dick took a notion. He swerved slightly to the left, shouting, "If you want to play you've got to pay!" His left rear fender nudged the convertible. It skidded, and Bill lost control. The car screamed across the opposite lanes, plowed up the turf shoulder, rammed a telephone pole, rolled three times and hit a brick wall. By this time all three passengers were dead. Bill was battered, but by some miracle not seriously hurt.

Dick, seeing the convertible leave the

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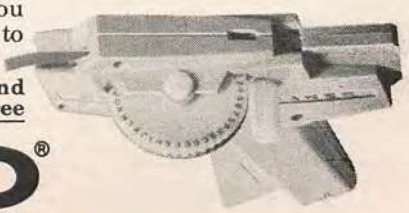

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road, cut his lights and roared off. He'd never have been found if his girl hadn't talked him into turning himself in the next day. What in the name of sanity had made him bump the convertible? As nearly as he knew, an impulse to show off for his girl—about the same thing that had made Bill chase him in the first place. In court, each boy blamed the other. Largely because of RFHC evidence on paint transfers that established the actual point of collision, both boys were found guilty of driving to endanger and sent to jail for two years.

The third class of deliberate "accident" is suicide, which is about as frequent as tampering and more than twice as frequent as intentional collision. Cases in the RFHC project involved pedestrians and drivers, successful attempts and botches.

Typical of the attempts, though not of the outcome, was the following: On a Sunday morning a young man was seen hiding behind an abutment of a concrete overpass, apparently gauging the speed of the passing cars. He suddenly dashed out in front of one and was struck. His timing was fine, but his luck—from his point of view—was bad. Instead of being killed, he was tossed to a grassy shoulder and bruised. Fortunately for the driver, who might otherwise be in jail today, there was no question of the boy's intent. A 19-year-old college lad, he admitted trying suicide. He even left a note in his dormitory saying, "I believe God has sanctified my suicide."

Not all cases end so happily. Few are as subject to proof, and most would never even be suspected for what they are without intensive investigation. How else would anyone find out that a 7-year-old boy who ran to his death under a truck had been under psychiatric treatment for months? His dearest wish was to join his grandmother in heaven, where he was told she went when she died. Three weeks earlier, the boy's dog, his only playmate, had reached heaven, too—when it ran under a truck.

In still another pedestrian case, a 60-year-old man was killed when he walked into the side of a car at 3 a.m., the hour of least traffic flow. Autopsy showed that he had advanced peritoneal carcinomatosis—cancer of the intestinal membrane. He'd known about it for three years, was in constant, increasing agony throughout the period, and felt—probably accurately—that he had only a few months left. Depressed, he had spent his nights sleepless, prowling the city. When his wife told him he'd be hit by a car some dark night, he'd answered that would be the best thing for her—at least she'd get a few bucks liability. Was this hope for an insurance award what he was taking care of at the last? No one will ever know.

Driving suicides can be as plain as jump deaths, as murky as sleeping-pill cases. In the absence of notes, which are not so common in suicide as is generally believed, only the most clear-cut cases can be proved, and sometimes there's difficulty even in these. A 26-year-old engineer shot himself in the right temple with a .32 as he aimed his car to crash into a concrete bridge pier. Cut and dried? Confusion entered when witnesses told police he'd been going over the limit in a 40-mile zone, and the police made their usual first assumption: improper driving. But there was the gun, just fired and with the dead man's fingerprints. There was the hole in the man's head; there were the autopsy reports about what had caused death. There was also RFHC evidence about bad marriage—and finally there was no doubt left.

So far we've cited only suicides considerate enough not to try to kill others as well, although not so considerate that they wouldn't involve the drivers of the cars they picked at random as the weapons for their own murders. Not all suicides are even this thoughtful.

In a case that shows how difficult it can be to prove driving-suicide attempts, a man named Benson, just released on bail on a larceny charge, spent a good part of an evening telling a roomful of friends that he was going to kill himself later that night. Benson was always a bigmouth, though, and not everybody believed him. When people started to go home, he piled into a car with five others. After a while he asked if he could drive. The owner stopped to let him take the wheel, despite the protest of one of the other passengers: "He'll kill all of us!"

The prediction was 50 percent accurate. Benson slammed the car into gear, turned off his lights and zoomed off toward a telephone pole half a block away. He sideswiped it, spun off and rammed another pole. The collision killed three passengers. Another was in the hospital for three months. The fifth escaped serious injury, and so, to his chagrin, did Benson. Half an hour after the wreck he was calling a friend from a phone booth, begging for a razor so he could slash his throat.

What happened to Benson? Not very much. After cooling down, he denied he'd ever talked about suicide. Without an admission, it was impossible to establish that, whatever he'd said, he hadn't changed his mind at the last moment. He was allowed to plead guilty to three counts of manslaughter and was sent away for three consecutive terms of one year each.

In another unprovable case, it is still a virtual certainty that a mother took her 13-year-old daughter with her into death. A beautiful, neurotic woman, she'd been deserted early in marriage, and had recently been dominated completely by a bookie-labor extortionist. He'd started as her employer in a gift shop he owned, became her lover in a casual way, and finally moved in with her and her daughter, keeping them in obtrusively lavish style in their working-class neighborhood.

The better he treated them, the worse the mother seemed to feel. She confided to friends that her daughter—as attractive as she was, and an early developer—was learning to become a tramp from her own actions. She reached the point of putting her head in the gas oven twice in 10 days. She was saved both times by neighbors who heeded her pleas to avoid police or medical fuss. A month after the second attempt, she learned that her daughter was pregnant by one of several possible neighborhood boys. The following Sunday she told the girl, in a neighbor's

presence, "Hurry back from church, honey, we're going for a drive." They hit an oak at 60 miles an hour.

What do we learn from all this? What can be done about it?

"We learn at least that it's time we stopped taking highway deaths for granted," says Al Moseley. "We've become so hardened to the idea that people in large numbers die on the roads every day that we just don't give a damn about it anymore. This, of course, is exactly what the tamperer counts on, and the suicide who wants to make his death look like an accident.

"You get some idea of how little highway deaths concern us from the way they're investigated. The CAB may spend millions of dollars investigating a plane crash; and if a man is killed by a bullet, a state will spend $100,000 investigating his death and keep the case open for years. Let the same man die in an auto collision, and the investigation will last about two hours and cost $50 or less. Autopsies are rare; careful examination of wrecked cars is almost unheard of. And I believe we're the only people who've ever looked into social backgrounds of victims to see what we could learn there."

This comment adds up to a pretty grim view of the quality of police accident investigations, but Moseley doesn't feel the entire blame lies in that area. "In a few cases," he says, "the police could easily have developed the evidence we did, but in most it just wasn't possible. The average policeman starts with no special training in accident causes, and probably doesn't see three fatals a year. How can you expect him to look for things it might take a mechanic and an engineer working together 80 hours to find?

"Besides that, the officer at a collision has enough to worry about. His first job is to care for survivors. His second, clear the road. His third, get traffic moving. Determining what caused the wreck is the least of his jobs—and the one most likely to cause headaches if he does it conscientiously. There are pressures on him from crash survivors, next of kin, insurance people, medical examiners, prosecutors, his own department. They all want just one thing from him: a decision—any decision—so the case can be closed.

"The only way to change the situation is to have trained traffic investigators who look into each fatal as thoroughly as if it were a homicide. Some officials I've spoken to are receptive to this idea. Others say there's no money for it, which may be the most callous thing I've ever heard. If you can't get the money any other way, then add a dollar to the yearly vehicle-license fee. *I'll* pay a dollar for that much security. I think everyone else would, too."

Even if the money could be raised, I asked Moseley, is there any guarantee that traffic investigators would do away with tampering, any more than homicide squads have done away with murder? "Probably not altogether," he said, "but at least the potential tamperer will know that his risk is increased. Suppose all we did about shootings and stabbings was to count them, the way we do traffic deaths. How safe would you feel about the society you lived in?" —**Arthur Whitman**

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FOUND: A NEW WORLD OF TROUT FISHING

[*Continued from page* 41]

having been acquired from living in deep water. With such a convenient explanation it was hardly worth another trip all the way to South America merely to prove myself wrong. But the mystery plagued me for years. . . .

In the winter of 1964—12 years later—I asked Lou Garcia of Panagra Airways about sea-trout fishing in Chile. His inquiries and his replies to me were all negative. Of all the contacts with Chilean fishermen, promotional people and fish-and-game officials, only one man was cautious enough to say *maybe* they exist in "offbeat rivers down south."

In view of all this, only someone with a hole in his head would travel from New England to Chile with the avowed intention of catching sea trout. But I took the plunge in March.

After a day in Santiago, Chile, making the same inquiries of sea trout with the same blank response, I decided that if I were to make a bust I would make it big. So I got on a plane and flew another 1,400 miles south to Punta Arenas, the southernmost city in the world. That's where I met Guillermo Rohers. I arrived in the afternoon, was introduced to him almost immediately by Sr. Karelovic, a Panagra representative in Punta Arenas, and as soon as we could get moving after he closed his store at 7 p.m., Rohers and I went fishing. A few hours later I hooked a big sea trout fresh in from the Strait of Magellan at the bottom of the world.

I didn't land that trout—and I couldn't even see it in the darkness the six times it jumped—but no matter. No stream the size of the one we fished could support such a fish; it *had* to have come in from the sea. And if this fish was a sea trout, then it was also a damn good bet that my 1952 brown trout was a sea-run fish, and that between Rohers' little tidal creek and the Petrohue there lay 800 miles of unexplored sea-trout range. So it was that without having caught a thing that night, I was the world's happiest fisherman.

The next evening was different. Even though Guillermo couldn't close shop until 7 p.m., we were prepared and able to get off to a better start and arrived in daylight. Also, having experienced the unusual water once, I was better able to handle the situation.

There was one fisherman on the stream when we arrived, and half a dozen of Guillermo's friends showed up immediately after us. In all my years of fishing, I have never seen a happier crew. The evening and night were silent again, so each exuberant shout could be heard clearly, the whole gang running to watch a friend land a fish and congratulate him. Everyone caught trout, many of them bright silver and fresh out of the sea.

With luck I happened to take the largest. Unlike my companions, I remained almost sullenly silent when I hooked him. I was determined to put this one on the bank, not lose him in the weeds as I had the big one the night before, and I needed no encouragement from an excited audience. Guillermo saw I had him hooked and with remarkable intuition watched from a distance but said not a word. The fish was sulking now and I had the bent fly rod hooked under my left arm lighting my pipe, letting the trout exhaust itself. Eventually the big trout tired and rolled to the surface and it was then a simple matter to lead it over the weeds that had been my undoing the night before, reach down and lift it high and dry—a lovely 7½-pounder.

Well! I was so delighted I could hardly stand it. But why such elation? I had caught trout larger than the one that now lay on the bank. Just what is a sea trout anyway; what is its significance? Why should I be so enthused over my "discovery"?

To start with, all trout handy to it will go to salt water to feast on its more abundant food supply. This journey may be limited, as with the eastern brook trout along the Atlantic shore of Canada and the cutthroat streams of southeastern Alaska. These species apparently never leave the influence of their parent streams but merely wander in and out of brackish water. Although they don't take sufficient advantage of the sea to grow to great size, they average larger than their strictly fresh-water cousins and are packed with considerably more energy.

The rainbow trout in its native U.S. Northwest goes to sea in the manner of the Atlantic salmon, has a definite ocean sojourn in which it grows far more rapidly than in fresh water, and returns to its river only on its spawning migration. This salmonlike rainbow is known as a steelhead, of course.

The brown trout in the British Isles and Norway, from all I can gather, can be either of these two types. In some areas this trout is in and out of the river regardless of the spawning urge and is usually available in the river estuary or along the coast nearby. Others take to sea like a salmon (some tagged in British rivers have been recovered hundreds of miles away). These brown trout are the ones of major interest to sportsmen due not only to their enormous energy when they return, but also because that they may grow to huge size. In their native rivers of northern Europe there are many reports of sea trout (sea-run browns) weighing in excess of 30 pounds. That's a fair trout on anyone's line.

Most important of all—sea-trout fishing in a particular river is predictable almost to the point of being a sure thing. On their spawning journey they return in large numbers and strike willingly. The sea, being an unlimited reservoir of food, can pack a stream unnaturally and out of all proportion with big trout.

This situation, I now know, exists

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throughout 800 miles of southern Chile coastline and is virtually untouched.

These trout are not native to South America, nor were they deliberately planted as sea trout. Late in the last century and early in this one, various trout were spread far and wide around the globe wherever suitable waters were available. As everyone has read, members of the salmon tribe (including trout) are remarkable for their ability to return to the river of their birth to spawn. But some of these homeward-bound fish get "lost." Probably most such vagrants die fruitless, but the error is not without purpose. A few wanderers find their way into new, suitable waters, and by this means a species is able to spread and eventually occupy all the favorable habitat available to it.

The brown trout of Chile, I assume, was more errant in its ways than the rainbows also introduced there and has inhabited not only the famous lake country but also the entire coastline from there south to the end of the continent. With the rich and cold Humboldt Current running along this coast, the area is ideally suited for sea-run trout. Thus, without any conscious effort on the part of man, the famous sea trout of northern Europe has established itself throughout this long coastline of southern Chile and even a short way up around the Argentine tip of the continent.

Most of the rivers in this area have never been fished with rod and reel.

This was a gradual process, of course, but if anyone wonders how it happened to go unnoticed, all he need do is take a look at the map. Chile is a completely illogical sliver of a country, seeming to cling perilously between the sheer slopes of the Andes and the depths of the Pacific. The northern end of the country is total desert, the south dense with rain forests. Between these extremes, in a delightful climate and amid some of the most spectacular scenery in the world, is the heart of the country. South of the city of Puerto Montt the coastline is cut by deep fjords, severing the country by abruptly terminating road and railroad. All the settlements and ports throughout this final 800 miles of the country, including the city of Punta Arenas, are so isolated from Chile proper that they are free ports.

Aside from the well-developed area around Punta Arenas in the extreme south, known as Patagonia, the part of this coastline I have visited is reminiscent of Alaska when I first saw it in 1938.

Naturally, the sport fishing in most of this area will be many years in the testing alone, to say nothing of development. I put in a full six weeks doing my utmost to fish as great a range of this region as possible. In six weeks' time I managed to get to a total of five streams only. This includes the one Guillermo Rohers took me to the first night and it includes the readily available Petrohue, which I believe to be near the northern limit of the best sea-trout range.

One of these five I fished for little more than an hour, another for a couple of hours only. On the surface this might appear to be an incredible waste of time but it wasn't—I proved the existence of sea trout throughout this vast area by catching them in all these five widely separated streams. I also learned things of major interest to trout fishermen of the future and to men of today who enjoy the rewards of exploring and want an immediate sure bet, like the Rio Serrano. No one could miss here.

When I returned from Patagonia to the Petrohue, as lovely a trout river as ever blessed a fisherman's eyes, it was a disappointment though there may have been local reasons for this. For one, the autumn rains had not commenced when I was there in mid-March; sometimes it requires a rise in water level to trigger a run of fish from the sea. For another, long after I had left the Petrohue, I chanced on a can of "salmon" in a store . . . and the site of the cannery was just opposite the mouth of the Petrohue. There are no salmon in Chile, and in fine print on the can label it was admitted that these were "salmonlike" fish, or trout. In Chile, by the way, trout are known as *salmones* from the genus name *Salmo*; so the uninformed fisherman could easily be confused and assume that salmon do exist there, especially if he should happen to take a large, bright sea trout. Possibly this cannery had netted the river mouth heavily.

In any case, the river was virtually empty and I caught only one sea trout. While I was there, an exceptionally capable American fly fisherman named Mike Konak arrived. He had fished the Petrohue for the past three seasons with good success. This time, other than for an occasional nice rainbow where the river leaves the lake, we had equally poor luck; so we pulled out. (One thing of interest: as far down river as we were able to go, we caught fat, silvery rainbows all about eight inches long. I would guess that they were dropping down to sea; so it is quite possible they will return as steelhead trout and that in season there is a steelhead run in the river.)

Mike, being a fisherman, was a willing partner in my attempt to learn more about sea trout, so we decided to go south by some means into the unknown stretch of Chile between the Petrohue and Patagonia. And I use the word "unknown" advisedly. No one—absolutely no one—could tell us anything about the rivers or fishing in this isolated region. We located two coastal boats which freighted and carried passengers to the pioneer settlements and as far south as the only town, Puerto Aisén, which is joined to the world by a road from the Argentine. Puerto Aisén had an inn which could accommodate us, and a map showed a river there, the Simpson, with an adjoining road making it accessible. We were three days going down, a few days in Aisén, and five days returning.

We discovered that the Simpson is such a large river system that we were late for the run. (To arrive on the spawning grounds in season, sea-run fish enter a big river much earlier than they do a small one.) At a roadhouse up the river, the owner told us that there had been many big trout in January, that he served them daily to his customers. Farther up

[*Continued on page* 120]

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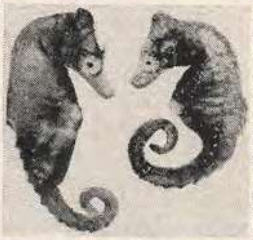

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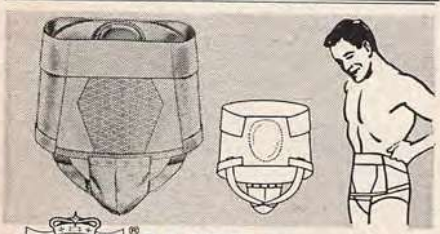

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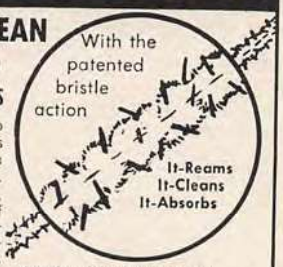

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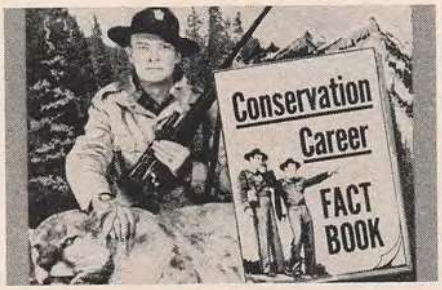

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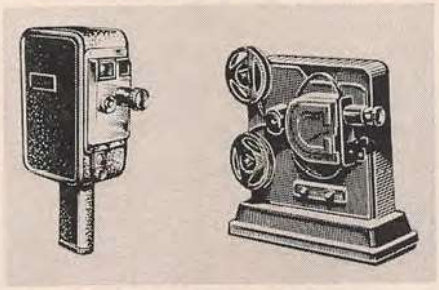

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[*Continued from page* 117]
we learned that they similarly had been plentiful in February.

Mike found one pocket of big trout and took several beauties on a fly, but they were all dark, indicating they had been in the river a long while. Farther up I caught one good one. Mine was taken from a well-formed, open pool with a clean shoreline so was no problem, but Mike's were something else.

They lay at the head of a long, deep hole cut under the near bank overgrown with brush and trees leaning out over the river. Moreover, they wouldn't take until almost dark, nor would they run out of their haven into the clear. Each time he hooked one, Mike had to do a monkey act in waders from sloping tree to sloping tree, trying to remain safely on top while passing a nine-foot fly rod under the bole. Thirty minutes later, after a series of such maneuvers, he practically had to hang by his heels to reach the water and pick up the exhausted fish. It was a great show from my vantage point until he insisted I try it.

I had a powerful strike on a five-inch tarpon streamer but missed it—and was almost glad I did. There's no holding a big sea trout. If he wants to go downriver, he'll go; so there's no choice but to go with him. Through that obstacle course in the dark I probably would have broken my rod, taken a cold swim and lost the trout. And I know someone who would have enjoyed the last laugh.

At the hotel that night we took the trout directly into the bar. The disturbance we created wasn't premeditated. We were merely cold and tired and in immediate need of double Pisco Sours before settling down to a six-course sea-food dinner (at times during this month and a half of exploration, it was so frustrating and time-consuming that I might not have enjoyed myself thoroughly if it hadn't been for Chile's incomparable food, delightful wine and beautiful women).

But, for me, the great reward of the trip resulted from talking with passengers during the total of about a week spent on the little coastal packet. From them I learned there were ample large trout not only in all the rivers and streams of the area but also in salt water. Fishermen who netted the sea to supply the villages with food fish all caught trout along with other sea fish when seining offshore. The *salmones* they caught in their nets, they all said, generally ran around seven or eight kilos (15 to 18 pounds). Of course, none of them knew anything about sport fishing nor that trout were alien to South America. Fish were fish.

This trip covered about 300 miles of coast south from the Petrohue. The next 400 miles to the south from Puerto Aisén includes some of the least-known country left in this little world of ours. To the best of my knowledge, it is virtually uninhabited. As of now, the sea trout run, spawn and die of old age, seldom molested by either hook or net.

Patagonia, in contrast, is settled. In addition to oil fields on the large island known as Tierra del Fuego, the area is occupied by big, well-developed sheep ranches or *estancias*. There is a new hotel in the modern little city of Punta Arenas on the Strait of Magellan and other outlying inns which can accommodate tourists. There are roads, air fields, and air strips. And there are sea-trout streams. This is the region to which a fisherman can go today, live in comfort, and be assured of successful sea-trout fishing.

It was at Punta Arenas that I met Guillermo Rohers, the only sport fisherman with whom I spoke in all South America who was aware of its sea trout. He knew when the run started and when it was in full force. In the small streams along the Strait of Magellan readily available to him, such as the one we fished together, the first eager spawners entered in January and the migration was just getting up a full head of steam when I was there the first of March, which is early autumn south of the equator. He also told me that there were numerous sea-trout rivers around the island of Tierra del Fuego, the largest, most accessible and best known being the Rio Grande which empties east through the Argentine side of the island.

After our first two evenings on his little unnamed tidal stream near town, I asked Rohers which of all the rivers in the area he considered the best, not necessarily known. He replied without hesitation, "The Serrano." The word means "mountaineer," and the river originates in a jumble of peaks where the backbone of the Andes, longest range in the world, is finally broken.

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In sharp contrast to much of Patagonia, which is comparatively flat and grazed bare and lifeless by sheep, it is an awesome land of wild mountain scenery, blue lakes, waterfalls and wildlife. Amid the perpetually snow-capped peaks are three fingers of rock which tower 10,000 feet and are so sheer no snow clings to them. Out of this sensationally beautiful country tumbles the Serrano. It enters Lago del Toro (Lake of the Bull), then meanders serenely through a wide meadowland toward the sea.

The day I fished there was March 14, and the trout ranged in all colors from dull to bright silver. Just when the best fishing commences, I don't know, but some of these trout had obviously been in the river well over a month.

I fished only a couple of hours and landed seven rambunctious sea trout from two to 10 pounds. I've never seen easier nor more abundant trout fishing anywhere in the world. I'd have enjoyed spending a week there to find out how large its sea trout grow (the biggest anyone in the party could tell me about weighed 19 pounds). A photograph I saw of one caught in the area obviously weighed close to 25.

The 10-pounder I caught was a terrific fish, wild as a stallion and as silvery as a knife blade. He came bursting out of the water at the sting of the fly like a comet, all muscle and outrage. He shot down the pool in an unstoppable rush that made a delightful siren of my little reel. A sea trout of this size is so formidable an opponent it is frightening. You have a life's dream on the end of your line and thin hope in your heart.

But as I was struggling to keep tied to this brute of a trout a happy thought struck me: *If you lose him you can soon hook another and it may be even bigger!* I glanced up at the cloud-hung peaks, then about me on the deserted Serrano, and knew contentment. . . .

The first 7,000 miles to the Serrano is easy. By jet on Panagra it is overnight from New York to Santiago. From there it is a scenic four-hour trip along the Andes to Punta Arenas via Chilean National Airways. From that point I found it a bit difficult. I went by bus to Puerto Natales, 175 miles northwest of Punta Arenas, then by taxi a few miles more to an inn which had access to the river via jeep and launch. Even this was easy, but the last few miles were almost impossible. For one reason or another, I managed to see the river once in more than a week's stay at the inn. Fishing the Serrano needn't be this time-consuming though.

There is a large ranch (Estancia Paine) where the river leaves the lake and it has an airstrip. With a dozen or so buildings, the *estancia* looks like a small town; so it is conceivable that a person might arrange accommodations right there, only walking distance from the fishing. Otherwise, it would be a simple flight there by small plane from Punta Arenas for a full day's fishing.

But as beautiful and sure as the Serrano is, it doesn't intrigue me as do the multitude of unknown rivers from there north toward the Petrohue. I'm an explorer and know enough about the area now to be overwhelmed by the possibilities, for I'm confident that this enormous reserve of sea trout comprises the world's greatest remaining trout fishing. Someday soon I hope to return and catch one so big that it will take two men to describe it.

—Dan Holland

Attention Fishermen

Prices in Chile are much lower than you might suppose. A night's lodging (outside Santiago) costs only $5 or $6; a bounteous meal with wine, about $2.

Recent air-fare reductions further help anglers with wanderlust. Panagra now charges the following to Santiago, Chile for 30-day round-trip jet-economy class: $520 from Miami; $550 from New York; $674 from Los Angeles. First-class rates for the same service are: $676 from Miami; $715 from New York; $876 from Los Angeles.

[*Continued from page* 43]

The first squads clambered up to high ground and began firing. Two light machine guns began thumping tracers across the open rice field, and mortars began lobbing shells at random. Individual soldiers with Tommy guns (I was surprised how many of our group were equipped with submachine guns) were emptying their magazines into a string of huts or into the field. Off a mile or so to our right, noises told us that our companion party was similarly employed. It really sounded like a war.

I was standing on a high path running parallel to the river near a machine-gun position, looking out over the field where our Viet Cong battalion was supposed to be trapped. The green rice was nearly waist high, and there might easily be a battalion concealed in this field for all anyone knew.

Suddenly, a man leapt up about 50 yards away and began to run.

Every machine gun, Tommy gun, rifle and pistol in our sector poured fire at that man, and I was amazed at how long he continued to run. But finally he went down, silently, without a scream.

Our little army continued to pour intense fire into the field and several huts until it occurred to someone that no one was shooting back, and it might be safe to move forward a little.

Some of the troops began to move into the huts, shooting as they went.

Near me was a cluster of five Dan Ve (local Self-Defense Corpsmen) dressed in ragged black uniforms with American pistol belts and rusty French rifles. The group was detailed to go into the field to look for the man we had seen go down, and I went with them.

We found him on his back in the mud, four bullet holes stitched across the top of his naked chest. He was wearing only black shorts. He was alive and conscious, moving his legs and arms, his head lolling back and forth. There was blood on his lips.

The Dan Ve squad, all young peasant boys, looked down at the man and laughed, perhaps in embarrassment. Laughter in Viet Nam does not always signify amusement.

Perhaps as an act of mercy, perhaps as sheer cruelty, one of the men picked up a heavy stake lying in the mud and rammed one end of it into the ground next to the wounded man's throat. Then he forced the stake down over the throat, trying to throttle the man. The man continued to move. Someone stamped on the free end of the stake to break the wounded man's neck, but the stake broke instead. Then another man tried stamping on the man's throat, but somehow the spark of life still was too strong. Finally, the whole group laughed, and walked back to the path.

The firing had stopped altogether, and several old peasant men were talking to the officers of our party. Two of the old men had a pole and a large fish net.

The peasants—I think they were hamlet elders—walked out to the wounded man, rolled him into the fish net, and with the net slung between them on the pole, carried him back to the path. As they laid him out on the ground, two women, both dressed in baggy black trousers and blouses, ran up from one of the huts. One of them put a hand to her mouth as she saw the wounded man, whom she recognized as her husband.

She dashed back to her hut and returned in a moment carrying a bucket, which she filled with black water from the rice field. Sitting down with her husband's head cradled in her lap, she poured paddy water over his wounds to clean off the clotting blood. Occasionally she would stroke his forehead, muttering something.

He died about 10 minutes later. The woman remained seated, one hand over her husband's eyes. Slowly, she looked around at the troops, and then she spotted me. Her eyes fixed on me in an expression that still haunts me sometimes. She was not weeping, and her face showed neither grief nor fury; it was unfathomably blank. I walked away.

Snaking through the palm trees, a water-filled ditch about 20 feet across obstructed my progress. But a few yards away, a soldier had commandeered a small sampan from an old woman and was ferrying troops back and forth. I went across with him. As I continued down the path, scores of mud walls about five feet high obstructed progress. All were obviously freshly built, and most had gun slots. It was strange that no one had decided to defend these good emplacements against us.

I came to a small hut straddling the path, consisting only of upright bamboo spars and a roof. The little building was festooned with painted banners, the largest of which read "Da Dao My-Diem" ("Down with U.S.-Diem"). A group of young women were dismantling the hut as soldiers trained rifles at them. I was told that this was a Viet Cong "information center."

Finally, the troops began moving out from the tree line into the field itself, converging from three sides: the two hamlets and the path itself. The battle would come now, if ever.

We moved single file along the tops of the dykes that divided the field into an immense checkerboard. The thought struck me that if there were guerrillas hiding in the tall rice we would make fine targets as we moved along, but no one seemed worried.

Progress was slow. The mud dykes were slippery as grease, and every time a soldier toppled into the muddy paddy, the whole column halted as he was pulled out. I was reminded somehow of the White Knight in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*. Superficially, we combed the field from one end to the other, our various forces finally meeting in the middle.

A little L19 spotter plane droned overhead, radioing what was no doubt useful information to the ground commander.

It would be difficult to search that field more completely than we did, and we found not the slightest trace of a human being. Of course, the rice could easily have concealed 1,000 or even 10,000 guerrillas, without our knowing.

Viet Cong guerrillas have developed the art of camouflage to an incredible degree. In rice fields, they often remain completely submerged under the muddy water for hours, breathing through straws.

But by now the sun stood like a blast furnace in the sky, and the troops were tired. A few had tied to their packs live ducks and chickens they had pilfered from the hamlets, and were look-

ing around for level ground on which to prepare lunch.

"It looks as though the Viet Cong got away again," the commander told me. "It's time to go. It's not a good idea to be moving around out here when the sun starts going down."

By noon, 300 mud-drenched, tired troops were boarding the landing craft, and silence had settled over the hamlets again. We had suffered one wounded—a Civil Guard who had stepped on a spike trap, which had pierced his foot.

The three landing craft churned their way out into deep water, and the tension disappeared. Soldiers lighted cigarettes, talked and laughed, and spread their sopping clothing on the deck to dry. All of them had a warm feeling of accomplishment, of having done a hard day's work under the cruel sun. The irregularity in the palm-lined shore that marked our hamlet receded into the distance.

And I couldn't help thinking of the old travelogues that end, "And so we leave the picturesque Mekong River Delta, palm trees glimmering under a tropic sun, and happy natives on the shore bidding us *'aloha.'* "

Marshy rice fields for years were the bane of South Vietnamese government forces and a blessing for the Viet Cong. Somehow the guerrillas could always move swiftly across this terrible terrain, while government troops loaded with tons of heavy weapons got hopelessly mired down.

The Viet Cong for years had used a little one-man boat, shaped like a saucer and made of woven palm fronds and bamboo. A man with one knee on the little saucer could scoot across the gooiest mud, propelling himself with his free leg.

In late 1962, the United States brought its own secret paddy weapon to Viet Nam—a five-ton monster called the M113.

The M113 is an armored, amphibious personnel carrier. It moves on tank tracks, and is supposed to be equally mobile on land, on water, or in mud.

The first 30 M113s arrived in Viet Nam in mid-1962, and were promptly sent to war in the Mekong River Delta.

This time, American advisors were sure, the Vietnamese Army would be the match of the wily Viet Cong.

It happened that I went along with one of the first M113 combat operations, and by coincidence, the operation was in almost exactly the same part of the Mekong Delta where I had witnessed the peasant woman's blank stare.

The battle plan for this particular exercise was an enormous pincers—two salients of 15 vehicles each—converging from north and south on the target area. Troops on foot, some 1,500 of them, as I recall, were to set up blocking forces to the east and west, to complete the trap.

The crews, young and freshly trained, were eager for combat. Several American advisors were chanting warlike Vietnamese slogans they had learned, acting like college cheerleaders. Crew-cut American Army captains leapt in the air, waving their arms, and yelling *"Sat Cong!"* ("Slaughter communists!") as their Vietnamese trainees took up the chant.

The M113s themselves had been "spit shined," and looked as beautiful in their fresh olive brown paint as they ever can be. There was scarcely a speck of mud in the tracks.

We headed out of the thicket with running lights on but headlights off. We were moving along a narrow dirt road, and drivers were taking it easy, even though there was a bright moon. This road, like many others in the Mekong Delta, had no shoulders, and dropped off sharply into paddies on both sides. The rainy season had nearly ended, but the paddies were still flooded.

Suddenly, the whole column clanked to a stop. We had reached the point at which we were to leave the road and cut across country.

Paralleling the road to our right was an irrigation ditch some 30 feet wide with rather steep sides dropping about five feet to the water level. The water itself was probably about neck deep.

We paused perhaps 10 minutes while the column commander surveyed the situation through field glasses. At length, the first M113 nosed down into the ditch, sliding sideways as it went. Track churning wildly, it made for the other shore, momentum carrying it about halfway up the opposite bank. Then it stopped. The tracks were still going full speed, but they were only hacking deep furrows into the soft mudbank.

The driver finally gave up and backed out for another try. The same thing happened. And again and again.

The column commander (and his irritated American advisor) finally decided some kind of remedial action was necessary, and headed off down the road to try to find a more propitious fording place. In 40 minutes or so, they were back, on the other side of the ditch. Evidently they had found the spot.

The column started off down the road, and we reached a place where the banks were almost level with the water. Spray flying, we plunged into the ditch, and the whole column made it across. When we came to another canal, about 50 feet wide, our plucky little commander decided we should not waste time reconnoitering.

Like the first big obstacle we had come to, this canal had steep banks that looked solid enough but were actually merely coagulated ooze. Like lemmings racing for the sea, our little armada charged into the canal.

That, as far as I was concerned, was the end of the operation.

I waited around for a few hours while drivers churned at the banks on both sides, without success. But by now, the crews and our troops had begun to lose interest. With typical Vietnamese fatalism, some drivers had given up altogether and were idly smoking. A few crew members, including the commander, had climbed into the water, and were knowingly poking at the bottom with sticks. The American advisor with us was hurling obscenities.

I understand the M113s finally got out of the canal, although I was not informed how or when.

On my desk in Saigon is an object that seems to me an almost perfect symbol of the factors that have made the Viet Cong a potent and feared fighting force.

It is a brass cartridge case about one-half inch in diameter and three inches long. I picked it up after a clash in the Mekong River Delta near the riddled body of a government soldier, and it is probable this cartridge was the instrument of his death.

It is no ordinary cartridge case. The cylindrical part of the case is made of brass plumber's tubing. The base of the case, soldered to the tube, is an old French 10-centime coin, the kind with a hole in the middle. A percussion cap was crimped into the hole, and the whole thing made an effective shotgun shell. The cartridge was made to fit a weapon the Viet Cong calls the "sky horse gun," made of scraps of plumbing and wood. These project a deadly hail of buckshot into some hapless squad of government troops.

I wonder how many of those old French colonial coins found their way into communist ammunition factories in the jungle for use first against the French and then the Americans?

Viet Cong armorers are notoriously poor chemists and prefer whenever possible to use captured explosives rather than make their own. But they can and do make effective explosives.

Nitroglycerin, TNT, plastic, blasting gelatin and so on are beyond the competence of jungle factories. But explosives chemically akin to gunpower are not. The basic ingredient, called an oxidizing agent, is normally sodium or potassium chlorate or nitrate.

To these are added substances called reducing agents, such as sulphur and powdered charcoal.

The great advantage of these materials, from the Viet Cong standpoint, is the fact that they are all legal to buy and possess. Sodium nitrate is extensively used by the Saigon meat processing industry as a preservative, for example.

On February 16, 1964, terrorists placed a bomb in the lobby of Saigon's Capital Kinh-Do Theater, the "Americans-only" movie theater. The front wall of the building was demolished. two American servicemen were killed, and 51 other Americans were injured—many of them women and children.

U.S. security agents analyzed fragments of the bomb, and found that the explosive was a mixture of potassium chlorate and arsenic sulfide. Potassium chlorate can be purchased legally at Western-style pharmacies in Saigon, and arsenic sulfide is available at Chinese pharmacies.

Most of the terrorist explosions in South Viet Nam are caused by such improvised bombs.

Viet Cong weaponry tends to harmonize with terrain and the soldiers who use the weapons. In the jungle-covered mountain

range extending from 50 miles north of Saigon all the way to North Viet Nam, the war is combat by stealth, characterized by privation and discomfort.

Conventional weapons and ammunition are hard to capture or make in the desolate rain forest, but the primitive tribesmen of the area know well the uses of simpler weapons.

The mountain crossbow is native to the area, and kills silently. This can be important when ambushing with only a small force of guerrillas. The Vietnamese mountain crossbow is very small and light. The bow is about two and a half feet long, but a pull of about a hundred pounds is required to cock its leather string. Its arrows are short spikes of bamboo, fletched with palm fronds. Crossbow arrows have enormous penetration at short range, and often are tipped with a poison chemically similar to curare.

I have heard of cases in which Viet Cong tribesmen carried as many as 10 crossbows laced together to make one weapon, firing 10 arrows at a single shot.

The Viet Cong in the mountains also have built spear catapults, which they sometimes use even as antiaircraft weapons. In 1963, a U.S. Army helicopter operating in the mountains staggered back to its base with a spear in its belly.

For the disciplined and intelligent Viet Cong guerrilla, any material object is a potential weapon. Slivers of scrap steel are fashioned into daggers and swords. Not long ago, a Viet Cong squad preceded a successful assault on a government outpost by hurling 30 well-filled hornets' nests into the fortification.

Of course, as the Viet Cong fighting organization has grown, it has needed better weapons. Some of these, notably carbines of Russian design, a few Chinese communist SKZ recoilless cannon, machine guns and Czech or Chinese ammunition have reached the Viet Cong by infiltration from North Viet Nam.

Some communist weapons used by the Viet Minh during the Indochina War were left in secret caches when the war ended in 1954, and capture of a communist-made weapon from a Viet Cong guerrilla is not necessarily proof of recent infiltration. Communist-made weapons rarely carry proof marks that would positively identify the year in which they were made.

But substantial quantities of Czech submachine-gun ammunition have turned up in Viet Cong hands near the southern tip of Viet Nam, and ammunition normally is dated. The bases of many of these cartridges are dated 1962 and 1963, furnishing absolute proof of infiltration.

Nevertheless, intelligence experts feel less than 10 percent and probably more like two percent of the Viet Cong's stock of modern weapons is communist-made. The rest are all captured American weapons.

In his memoirs of the Indochina War, General Vo Nguyen Giap, overlord of the Vietnamese communist armed forces, wrote:

"The sole source of supply could only be the battle front: to take the material from the enemy to turn it against him. While carrying on the aggression against Viet Nam the French Expeditionary Corps fulfilled another task: it became, unwittingly, the supplier of the Viet Nam People's Army with French, even U.S., arms."

Giap's philosophy is applied exactly the same way today by the Viet Cong, the successor to the army he led to victory at Dien Bien Phu.

The whole training and equipping of the communist force is a naturally evolving process, carried on continuously under fire.

Our program, on the other hand, has been geared to adapting the wealth of American technology and military experience to a new and foreign environment. The evolutionary process in some cases has gone backward, as the people who first introduced helicopters now study ways of making better foot traps.

The philosophy behind the use of helicopters in Viet Nam is based on the idea of lightning assaults by large troop units in remote places.

In the early 1950s, when the U.S. Army began to experiment with helicopter tactics, the machines were used in much the same way landing craft are used against enemy beaches. Areas in which troops were landed by helicopter were called "airheads."

In Viet Nam, government troops outnumber Viet Cong guerrillas (although the ratio continues to shift in favor of the Viet Cong), but not nearly enough. During the long British campaign in Malaya against communist guerrillas, the experts concluded that it takes 10 or 12 regular soldiers to neutralize one enemy guerrilla.

At best, government forces in Viet Nam never have enjoyed an edge of more than six or seven to one over the guerrillas, and in certain key districts the guerrillas actually outnumber the troops.

To offset this disadvantage, Saigon and its American ally decided on helicopters. Troops cannot be moved rapidly on land because there is only one railroad line (which is sabotaged almost daily), very few roads (also constantly sabotaged) and relatively few canals that are not blocked, sabotaged or ambushed by Viet Cong. Even the job of clearing a road or canal is a major military operation, the fruits of which are generally undone within a few days by the enemy.

So when helicopters began arriving in Viet Nam, they were put to work ferrying whole regiments into virgin territory.

Vietnamese commanders were delighted with the new toys. Generals like Huynh Van Cao, whose territory included the whole Mekong River Delta, spent days or weeks planning elaborate operations over huge areas. Plans always included huge sector maps with plastic overlays, grease pencils in at least six different colors, and teams of staff officers to post the position of blocking forces, artillery positions and so forth. Such maps always exactly showed the Viet Cong positions, too, with the estimated strength of the enemy in each place. They were nearly always wrong.

But the cumbersome planning was always the subject of much enthusiastic discussion. It was rare in those days that one could not go to any downtown Saigon bar and learn in detail the plans of an operation scheduled up to a week hence. The Viet Cong probably also patronized the bars.

Consequently, for about a year and a half, the helicopters were used only for massive and usually unsuccessful raids. Troops brought into assault areas would move forward, rendezvous with other units, occupy hamlets, and do all the things called for on the master plan. Occasionally, by accident, government units stumbled into enemy units, and there were sometimes bloody clashes.

But usually, mopping up an area merely meant marching through it, picking up some suspects and raiding the henhouses, and then waiting for the helicopters to take the troops back to headquarters.

U.S. helicopter companies and American Army advisors generally had very little hand in the planning of these operations. The Vietnamese commanders looked on the pilots as little more than bus drivers. The only lever Americans could bring on the Vietnamese was a negative one—threatening to recommend removal of helicopters from a command to some other sector where they could be more effectively used.

But fairly early in the game, two U.S. Marine helicopter squadrons, which at the time were stationed in the delta, began evolving a new helicopter tactic they called "eagle flights."

Eagle flights rarely comprised more than five helicopters loaded with tough troops, often Vietnamese rangers or marines. They were not given specific objectives, but were told general areas where intelligence indicated Viet Cong strong points.

The eagle flights would cruise around looking for trouble. Vietnamese observers went along to spot enemy guerrillas, and the helicopters (powerful H34's) flew at altitudes inviting enemy ground fire. The first sign of enemy resistance would be met by an assault on the spot.

Eagle flights produced some results. Helicopters were often hit but troops got into bloody fights with the enemy much more frequently than in the big, planned operations. Often, the eagle troops racked up excellent successes against enemy units, and brought back weapons and severed heads as trophies.

Some Vietnamese commanders objected strenuously, on grounds that the eagle flights were too dangerous and were piling up too many friendly casualties. It was reliably reported that Ngo Dinh Diem himself was unhappy with them.

After Diem's overthrow and death on November 2, 1963, the war in general almost stopped. Helicopter companies found

themselves without missions day after day. Vietnamese commanders were shifted around or ousted, new tactics were discussed, confusion and apathy rose, and the Viet Cong politico-military war machine moved steadily ahead.

But emerging from the chaos was at least a government ready to work closely with American advisors, both in Saigon and in the field. As the war effort painfully got back into gear, the new emphasis was on small, fast-moving operations, leaving the big units on a semipermanent basis in the areas designated for "pacification."

Changes in helicopter tactics evolved. For one thing, all army units in Viet Nam were equipped with UH1A and UH1B "hueys" by mid-1964, and hueys are not mere flying trucks, but have some of the characteristics of fighter planes as well.

Each of the new helicopters has a machine gunner in the open doors on each side. The escort helicopters also have the four electrically operated guns and rocket pods. Each troop-carrying company of 20 helicopters includes a platoon of five armed escorts. For most big missions the 68th Helicopter Company adds its firepower. The 68th helicopters generally go into an assault area first to soften it up with rockets and machine-gun fire, exactly the way fighter planes carry out similar missions. Sometimes they are accompanied by Air Force fighters, sometimes not.

Technically, the rules of this war do not permit Americans to shoot unless they feel they are in danger of being shot. This rule can be broadly interpreted. In any case, the helicopters and fighters invariably attack at the first indication of ground fire.

Then comes a column of troop-carrying helicopters, flying in tight formation with its platoon of heavily armed escorts weaving around on its flanks, looking like cavalrymen.

At the objective, only the troop-carrying helicopters land. All the escort machines continue flying circles over the area, firing at enemy resistance as it develops. The escorts generally leave with the troop carriers.

Opponents of helicopters feel that they are too easy to shoot down or trap. Well-trained paratroopers could be moved into assaults just as effectively using actual airdrops, they say.

Viet Cong gunnery has improved markedly during the war, and with captured .50-caliber machine guns, the guerrillas can bring down helicopters easily, even when they are flying evasively at fairly high altitudes.

But a more cogent argument against helicopters is that they tend to create a reliance on the part of Vietnamese troops and commanders on gadgetry. All troops tend to be lazy and generally prefer riding to walking. But the Vietnamese war tends to stalk along jungle trails, not in open fields or in strong points of the Clausewitz type. Some of the most effective missions against communist units have been the work of patient, disciplined squads, willing to set up ambushes night after night along paths used by the Viet Cong.

"After all," a U.S. Army infantry advisor told me once, "the Viet Cong have no helicopters or airplanes. They didn't have any during the Indochina War either, but they still won. Helicopters are a partial substitute for infantry discipline, dedication and energy. They are useful in emergencies. But they are not a substitute for first-class infantrymen willing to fight.

"After all, when you come to think of it, the use of helicopters is a tacit admission that we don't control the ground. And in the long run, it's control of the ground that wins or loses wars."

It was dusk when 10 strangers arrived in town. The sleepy little hamlet of Ap--- rarely had visitors, and this was something worth investigating. For many years, the war had been far away and life had not changed much at this hamlet in the past thousand years. The day's plowing was over, and the water buffalo were back, tethered in their open sheds next to the huts. Rice was steaming in big aluminum pots over charcoal fires, and the smell of *nuoc mam*, the ubiquitous Vietnamese fermented fish sauce, was heavy in the air.

The strangers all carried guns, but they were smiling as they walked into the cluster of huts. As they came into town, their leader passed an old, bearded resident and deferentially saluted, one fist in the other closed hand. *"Chau bac. Manh gioi?"* ("Hello, Uncle, are you well?") the stranger politely inquired.

The old man responded with equal politeness, but looked the strange group over closely. The leader, who called himself Thuan, was wearing a wide-brimmed bush hat, a black shirt tucked into khaki military trousers, and sandals made from sections of automobile tire and leather thongs. A rifle was slung carelessly over his shoulder. Thuan was a bright-eyed, intelligent-looking man of about 30, whose face was deeply tanned.

One of the others wore a white shirt and gray trousers. He also had a rifle, but incongruously squinted through spectacles. He looked more like an impoverished student than a peasant. Several others wore the black, baggy trousers and blouses of farmers, and conical, palm-frond hats.

The only one in the party without a gun was a young woman of about 25, also dressed in black farm clothes and rubber-tire sandals, but with a guitar over her shoulder. Her face was serious, but her wide eyes were warm and friendly.

"My people have not had anything to eat in two days, and we are very hungry. I wonder, Uncle, if we could impose on your hamlet for a little rice? We would be happy to work for you in exchange," Thuan said.

A dozen or so villagers had gathered around the group.

"Certainly," the old man said. "You shall eat your fill."

A stranger with an empty stomach is never turned away by a Vietnamese farmer, whose hospitality to poor people is almost limitless.

There was some talk, as the old man made arrangements as to which stranger should be entertained by which family. The strangers were obviously tired and ready to relax, as they unslung their guns and leaned them against palm trees.

"It is very kind of all of you," Thuan remarked. "Earlier today we passed through a hamlet where we hoped we could get something to eat, but while there was plenty of food, it was impossible."

"Why not?" someone asked.

"Oh, the same old story," Thuan went on conversationally. "The Americans had dropped poison all over everything. No one can eat the rice there without a terrible death."

The strangers made agreeable guests. Each family was warmly complimented on its excellent cuisine. Besides, the strangers, who obviously traveled most of the time, had all kinds of interesting stories about faraway places, even the great city of Saigon.

After dinner, Thuan suggested that the visitors repay their hosts with some entertainment. The strangers gathered in one of the larger huts, and the young woman sang and played her guitar. She had a soft, sweet voice, and her songs were the sad, old-fashioned songs of lonely fishermen poling sampans. Eyes of some of the older villagers were moist with nostalgia, and quite a crowd gathered around the hut to listen. Someone produced a few bottles of strong "33 Export" beer, and it was a nice party.

At length, one of the villagers asked the pleasant strangers if they would care to stay overnight.

"No, many thanks all the same," Thuan said. "We must keep going. But perhaps we shall return again before long."

The 10 strange travelers slung their rifles and disappeared into the night. But a few days later, they did return—this time, during the midday siesta. They were greeted with smiles and were offered rice.

"No, thank you," Thuan said, "we have eaten. But we came to repay our debt to you. We noticed some of your houses need repairs, and we would like to work on them. Also, we noticed the last time we were here that some of your children look sick. Miss Nga, the girl who played her guitar for you, is a nurse, and this time she has brought some medicine."

This time, the young woman carried a kit bag over her shoulder instead of a guitar, and was wearing a Red Cross armband.

"All of us must be able to do many things in order to help the people effectively. We have had to learn these things in the National Liberation Front," Thuan said.

The woman turned toward a group of children and singled out one whose face and scalp were covered with sores and scabs. She gave the boy a light kiss on the head and then applied some ointment to the bad spots.

As Nga busied herself with other children, five of the men wandered over to a clearing where an old man was cutting bamboo and building a frame for a new roof panel.

"Let us lend a hand," one of the friendly men with guns said. Quickly and expertly, the free labor force hacked lengths of bamboo to size, and lashed them together.

Thuan wandered from house to house, exchanging greetings with each occupant. The man who looked like a student also wandered around the hamlet, stopping to chat with all the young men.

At 2:30, the squad gathered as if by signal in the middle of the hamlet.

"We must be on our way again," Thuan told a bystander. "Before we go, we should like to sing a song together, our song of freedom. Some of you may know the words and may join us, if you like."

In a circle, standing at rigid attention, the 10 visitors began, *"Viet Nam Men Yen . . ."* (Beloved Viet Nam). As the old Viet Minh song rambled along, the glint of recognition shone from the eyes of most of the villagers. It was a song they used to sing but had not heard since 1954.

The agitprop ("agitation and propaganda") squad moved away in single file across the paddies. But came back again and again and again. With successive visits, the squad began holding "group meetings" for discussion of important problems. At first the meetings were all in the middle of the hamlet, but later they began to separate into groups. The young woman, Nga, gathered around her most of the women in town. Thuan talked to the men. The student talked to the young people.

The talks were always short and informal on simple themes.

One day Thuan would tell the people, "We had to shed our blood to destroy the French devils and throw them out. The fighting spirit of the Vietnamese people proved too much for the colonialists. But sadly for us, the fight was not over in 1954 when the People's Army stormed into Dien Bien Phu. A new aggressor came, with bombs and germs and poison. But the Liberation Front will destroy the new aggressor, too! *Da Dao My!* (Down with America!)"

And so it went, day after day. The villagers listened and said little.

But one day, Thuan and his group arrived at about dusk, laughing among themselves and talking excitedly.

"I have something very good to tell you today," Thuan told the villagers who quickly gathered. "Today the Americans and their puppet troops tried to destroy a hamlet 20 kilometers from here that had been liberated by the People's Self-Defense Forces. But the puppet troops got a nasty surprise. Our people killed 300 of them, including 50 Americans. It was a glorious fight."

Thuan's face suddenly clouded. "But of course," he added, "I'm afraid they will be back. And I'm afraid they may even strike here. Our people need so many things that are so hard to get . . ." he trailed off. "Of course, if you could help us a little—it wouldn't involve fighting, or anything—just some help from all of you, as we have tried to help you."

"What is it you need?" someone asked Thuan.

"We need things to defend ourselves. Most of all, we need foot traps to snare and wound the enemy, halting his advance. They are easy to make. You take ordinary nails, hammer barbs into the ends, and sharpen them. Then you plant four or five nails upright in a board or a block of concrete. Even a child could make one. Would some of you children help us defend our homeland?"

Several children stepped forward, and the demonstration began. The visitors sang as they worked and made a kind of game of it. A few of the women joined in.

At the end of a week, most of the hamlet was involved in making nail boards. A makeshift forge had been set up, and two children delighted in pumping the bellows as the charcoal fire glowed cherry red. The agitprop team had brought several large bags of American cement to the hamlet, with which they made concrete blocks for the nail boards. The children loved it. The cement bags were still marked with little American "hands-across-the-sea" stickers.

For several days, Thuan's team failed to return. When it finally came back, two of the men were carrying a body on an improvised litter.

"This poor woman was murdered by the puppet troops in her hamlet a few kilometers from here," Thuan announced. "She must have a decent burial, but it is not safe there. We shall bury her near here."

The villagers watched the burial, and some of them were plainly angry. "Damned Americans," one of them muttered. "Everything was peaceful around here until they showed up."

After the ceremony, Thuan called the villagers together. He spoke persuasively and was such a familiar figure that he was by now regarded as something of a village leader. His gallantry and good looks had softened several feminine hearts.

"I have something important to tell all of you," he said. "The aggressors probably will come here. They have heard that we are making nail boards and that we are angry at the atrocities they have committed. We must be ready to save ourselves. We can do it easily, but we must prepare. If we do not prepare there will be terrible bloodshed and suffering. For your safety, we must show you what to do.

"First they may try to come to collect taxes. You must not let them, because they will use the rice you give them against us. Tell them that rats have destroyed your stores. Hide most of your rice, and give some of it to us for safekeeping.

"Second, they will try to round up all of your young men for conscription into their puppet army. Many of our people have cut off their own fingers and toes to avoid this, but this is not necessary. The main thing is that all the young men should be ready to hide somewhere away from the hamlet when they come. You young men should have a leader to help you avoid the pirates. You, Xuan, would you like to accept that responsibility?"

Flattered, the peasant youth nodded his head in agreement.

And so it began. Each day, Thuan held drills for the young men, who would scatter into the fields and jungle. Some hid in rice paddies, and Thuan showed them how they could breathe under water through a straw without being seen. Others hid in secret tunnels that were beginning to honeycomb the hamlet.

The agitprop team worked as hard as anyone else on the tunnels and some other fortifications they decided might be useful. Mud embankments with gun ports began to go up, so skillfully camouflaged they looked like normal paddy dykes. Sharpened bamboo stakes bristled from these embankments, and nail boards were planted in the water fields around them.

And the visitors were out in the fields, too, helping with the plowing and the business of keeping the farms going.

"We have a saying in the Liberation Front that *'tam dong'* will save us all," he told the villagers once. *Tam dong* means likeness of thought and action.

"We work together, eat together and live together. Sometimes we must fight together," Thuan added.

The songs and rallies continued, and the slogans were repeated and repeated.

One day, Thuan pointed out to the villagers that they would be better off if they could defend themselves while the Liberation Front team was away.

"Xuan, you and your men are tough and brave. Isn't it too bad that all you can do if the enemy comes now is run away in the face of the running dogs?"

Xuan agreed that it was.

"Wouldn't you prefer to have some self-protection, like these guns of ours?"

Xuan, who was only 17, strongly agreed. He had been interested in those shiny guns ever since he had first seen them. It would be nice to have a pistol stuck in one's belt.

"Well, unfortunately, the People's Self-Defense Forces don't have any to spare. We have to make everything we use, or else seize it from the running dogs. We shall show you how to make some swords and daggers, which are certainly better than nothing. We can also make some good grenades."

More weeks passed as Thuan's group taught the young people the rudiments of weaponry. And now, the youths held a little parade every morning with their homemade swords. They stood in ranks, proud as peacocks, and sang the patriotic songs in front of a brand-new flagpole. On the pole was a huge red and blue flag with a yellow star in the center—the colors of the National Liberation Front.

Early one morning Thuan and his team came into town with a prisoner whose hands were tied behind his back and who staggered along with a rope around his neck. It was the local

government district chief. He was bloody and bruised, and his khaki uniform was slashed and torn in a dozen places.

Three of Thuan's men dragged the prisoner to the flagpole and lashed him to it.

"Comrades, come here. I want to show you an enemy of the people," Thuan shouted. People gathered curiously.

"This man," Thuan said, "is Lieutenant Nguyen Dinh Thao, the U.S. lackeys' district chief. We caught him last night while he and his men were raiding a hamlet not far from here. They were arresting all the young men to put in the puppet army, and were stealing rice from the people. You all know him, I'm sure. His pocket is bulging with the money he has extorted from you and the rest of the people."

Several villagers grunted as they recognized the hated tax collector.

"This man has had many chances. We have warned him many times," Thuan said. "But the Liberation Front can extend mercy and charity only to those who are on the side of the people. This is one of the running dogs—and he must pay his penalty."

Thuan nodded in the direction of two men in black standing near the bound district chief. One unsheathed a dagger, stepped in front of the struggling officer, and spat in his face. Then, with a series of swift strokes, he plunged the knife into the district chief's belly five times.

The officer screamed and pitched forward, hanging from his bindings. The second man in black, carrying a heavy sugarcane axe, stepped up to the dying man. Three strokes of the axe, and the district chief's severed head lay in the mud at his feet. A sharp groan came from the watching villagers.

Thuan turned to two village youths who had been watching with their mouths open. "Take him down and bury him in the fields somewhere. We shall take care of the head. It will go back to his district headquarters as a warning to others." There was something new in Thuan's tone. He was commanding, not requesting. The two youths hesitantly walked up to the bleeding body and began their assignment.

The days passed at Ap---, and life underwent changes. One night the roar of artillery interrupted the peaceful croaking of the geckos, and 10 shells landed in and around the hamlet. A man, three women and two children were killed. Thuan's team was not there at the time, but they did arrive at sunrise.

"It is horrible," Thuan said sympathetically. "But we must let others know what the aggressors have done here. I want all the women in this hamlet to join with other women in a demonstration planned for Saturday to denounce the imperialist atrocities. Ten thousand women will march in the province capital with banners showing the people's indignation against these cruel shellings. Miss Nga will tell you about the arrangements, and we will provide sampans for you to get into town. You need not worry about the running dogs making trouble for you in the province capital. They are afraid of the people seeing them brutalize defenseless women. Those of you with babies and young children should take them along. They also can carry banners."

At the demonstration, things worked out exactly as Thuan had predicted. There were not quite 10,000 marchers. In fact, there were only about 300. But they made an impressive sight as they straggled through town, their hand-painted cloth banners burning with indignation and their eyes streaming tears. Finally, police chased them out of town, but not until everybody had seen the women and their banners.

Thuan and his team were not there, but had remained at Ap--- to discuss a new project with the men of the village.

"It is not enough to run from the aggressors every time," Thuan was yelling from his usual place in front of the flagpole. "When we can, we must hurt him. It is our duty to defend our fatherland by force when we can. But we need weapons and we need men. I know that there are many young heroes here who are eager to undertake this work. You, Xuan, for example."

Xuan grinned and saluted. He felt he already had been accepted by this glamorous group of leaders, and was proud of his status.

"I want you to gather the self-defense squad you command for an important secret meeting tonight, at which we shall discuss the most important mission you ever have had. It is time for us to prove our steel."

Xuan was tense. He had suspected for some time that the daily drilling with homemade swords and clubs was leading to something, and now the time of decision had come. Above all, he must not show cowardice.

At 8 o'clock that night, Xuan and nine other badly frightened hamlet militia boys arrived at the hut Thuan had designated. None had wanted to come. But none had wanted to show fear or cowardice. All were curious and excited.

Inside, a single candle flickered. Pieces of cloth had been hung around the thatched walls to prevent light from leaking through. Thuan and two other men dressed like him, both strangers, sat at a large table on which several bottles stood. In the middle of the hut was another table on which an enormous tray filled with mud had been arranged. Miniature buildings, walls and watchtowers had been built out of mud in the tray, rows of bamboo toothpicks marked fences and barricades, and threads were stretched to represent barbed wire. The whole thing was obviously an exact model of a government outpost, complete with miniature flag.

"Ah, my friends, it is good to see you are punctual. We have serious business to discuss tonight, and two of our comrades from the People's Army have joined me to help explain things. But why do you look so serious? This is a joyful occasion. Let us celebrate your initiation into manhood with a drink."

The bottles contained a powerful rice liquor distilled in the Mekong Delta, the taste of which is suggestive of diesel fuel, and which burns all the way down. Each of the youths choked down a swallow or two and felt better about the whole thing. "The job we are about to give you is really not difficult, because our comrades of the National Liberation Front have planned everything to the last detail. If you act like the revolutionary soldiers you now are, your mission will be completely successful. And you will have good weapons as your reward.

"There is one thing you must remember, though. From this point on, everything you do must be in secret. You cannot turn back now. If you betray your comrades through cowardice or malice or by accident, the Liberation Front will deal with you as traitors. The government district chief we brought to your hamlet was a traitor to the people. Do not forget what you saw."

The recruits fidgeted but said nothing. Then Thuan turned the meeting over to one of the two strangers—a man who spoke with a hard, nasal voice and who seemed interested only in the model on the table.

"There are 10 aggressor troops in this post," he began. "In each of the watchtowers at the three corners of the triangle is a sentry with a rifle. Each sentry has a bamboo log, on which he knocks once in a while. When this happens, each of the other two sentries knocks on his bamboo in reply, to signal that everything is all right. Actually, all of these men have been living in the post for nearly 10 months. In all that time, nothing has happened to them, and Liberation forces have kept away. Therefore the sentries are usually asleep.

"As you see, the watchtowers are connected by mud walls on each side of the triangle. The outside of these walls is covered with bamboo spikes. In front of the walls is a moat filled with water and mud. Outside the moat are three concentric barbed wire fences.

"Inside the post, six other soldiers sleep in this building, and their officer sleeps alone in this one. Their ammunition and extra weapons are kept in this small building, which has a padlock on the door.

"The only entrance to the post is through a gate facing this canal. The gate is blocked by a movable barbed wire barricade, and boards crossing the moat are pulled in every night.

"Our plan is simple but depends on strict discipline, silence and camouflage. We shall take two sampans, approaching the hamlet from opposite directions. The sampans will stop 200 meters from the post, and we shall crawl the rest of the way. Three of you will have wire cutters, with which you will make corridors through the barbed wire at three different points, each one close to a corner tower but to the rear of the sentry inside. Each sentry has a chair and this chair always faces forward, so you need not worry about being seen.

"Three others will carry explosive charges through the fence

and place them against the walls of the towers. They will not be spotted, because you will be working so close to the sentries you will be under their fields of vision. At exactly 2, the fuses of each charge will be started. These fuses burn for only eight seconds, so you must get out of the way quickly. When the charges go off, everyone will throw all the grenades we shall give you into the post. Then you will wait while three of us from the People's Army clean out the running dogs with machine guns. When we give the signal, you will all go over the wall into the post and finish off anyone left with your daggers. One of us will shoot the lock off the arms hut, and then we shall all leave carrying everything that seems valuable to us. Besides their weapons, they have a radio we want. We also want their documents, money, food and everything else."

The lecturer paused and looked around.

"From this moment on, you are under the discipline of the People's Armed Forces," he said. "You know what that means."

All of them did. Each night for weeks on end, various members of Thuan's squad had lectured them until they almost were falling asleep on the 15 points of secrecy, the 12 points of discipline and the 10-point soldier's oath. Each knew the whole catechism by heart.

The whole group left the hut and marched along a dark trail to a clearing where a full-scale dummy post had been marked out on the ground. There were no walls or buildings, but stakes and lengths of string marked the outline of the towers, moats and walls. A canal ran nearby.

All night long, Thuan, the two strangers and the 10 recruits practiced assaults on the dummy post. After each rehearsal, one of the strangers would criticize the exercise, lacing his remarks with sinister irony.

"Well done, Duc," he told one recruit. "You moved in bravely. Of course you are now dead, since you approached the tower from the wrong side and your guts were shot out by the sentry. But I'm sure your mother will be proud of you."

Finally, the instructors were satisfied, and the recruits marched home to bed. They were under orders to sleep all day, since the following night would be the real attack.

Two mornings later, as a glaring red sun was just slanting up over the flat horizon, the 10 recruits straggled back into town in twos and threes. Their black clothing was torn to rags, and they were covered with ugly cuts.

But each one was grinning broadly, and each one was carrying a brand-new weapon. Xuan, the recruit leader, had a Tommy gun slung over his shoulder, a pistol stuck through his belt and four American grenades hanging from the belt. The operation had been a complete success, and the enemy post had been wiped out without a single Liberation Front casualty. Mothers and sisters rushed to embrace their returning soldier boys with relief. Nothing had been said about the operation, but everyone in the hamlet had known more or less what was going on. Thuan and the two strangers had not returned with the recruits, but had said they would return to the hamlet in a few days.

Each recruit had a war story to tell, and each was strutting like a peacock with his new weapon. Each was ready for a new operation of some kind.

Thuan and his team did return again and again. There were more and more lectures and meetings, and schedules were worked out for every resident of the hamlet. Two new buildings were placed in the central market area—an information booth and a new primary school. Miss Nga was assigned to take care of them as a combination teacher and information officer. The two buildings were decked out with paper Liberation Front flags made by hamlet children on inauguration day, and there were speeches and songs along with a hamlet feast. Thuan's group even presented a musical play, in which Thuan acted out the part of an American helicopter, flapping his arms around his head like rotor blades. Thuan fell crashing to the ground when Xuan and Miss Nga pointed dummy rifles at him, and the whole crowd laughed at his antics. So little by little, Ap - - - became a Viet Cong "Combat Hamlet." Of course, there were residents who didn't like the idea. Older people, especially, were afraid that all these preparations would expose the hamlet to war.

But it was too late to object. Thuan's crowd controlled everything, and the young recruits ruled the roost. Every man, woman and child was somehow committed to the new way of things, and to back out would mean banishment from the hamlet, or worse.

Besides that, everyone had been organized into cells, mostly of five persons each. There were self-defense cells for the men, first aid cells for the women, flagmaking cells for the children, work cells, building cells, agricultural cells, and, above all, political study cells. Nearly every cell included one member from Thuan's group, who kept a close eye on things.

So, all in all, it looked from Ap - - - as if things were pretty well sewed up for the National Liberation Front. In any case, Ap - - - was now prepared to fight the imperialists and their lackeys to the death, and Thuan's mission had succeeded to the last detail.

I have not mentioned the name of the hamlet where all this happened, for the reason that I have drawn the details from several hamlets as a kind of composite. But I want to assure the reader that none of it is fiction. I have a real hamlet in mind for most of this story, and the protagonist of the story, Thuan, was real.

I saw Thuan's shattered body among others that fell at Ap - - - one afternoon when a government task force happened to take them by surprise. The hamlet had fought well, and its defenders managed to shoot down three American helicopters. All the huts in town were burned down, but the artillery and bombs never touched the underground hiding places, and casualties were comparatively light. When Saigon troops came in, they found, as usual, only women and children and a handful of old men.

But Thuan had made one of his rare slips and had got caught out in the open. Next to his body I found a bloodstained pocket notebook with his name inside and a photograph of himself with a pretty girl. The book was meticulously written in longhand, and obviously had been dictated by some instructor from a handbook on insurrection.

Viet Cong propaganda works both secretly and openly, and has many outlets. Some of its techniques seem subtle and clever, others seem childish and stupid. But it works.

It is practically impossible to measure the effect of any single piece of propaganda. But one thing that can be more or less measured is recruiting. The success of a recruiting campaign is directly related to the effectiveness of the propaganda of the side doing the recruiting.

Since 1960, the fighting strength of the Viet Cong has grown dramatically, despite casualty losses that probably number as high as 50,000. Only a small part of Viet Cong increase in strength has resulted from infiltration of North Vietnamese communist troops into South Viet Nam.

At this writing, American intelligence men believe that up to 30 percent of the men in each newly organized Viet Cong unit are infiltrators and the rest are local recruits. As units reach fighting and political maturity, the infiltrated organizers move on to new units. The infiltrated organizers work only with the Viet Cong's "main force" units—the equivalent of the regular army. Regional guerrillas and local hamlet defense groups, numbering between 60,000 and 80,000 men, are all locally recruited. From this it can be seen that on a national basis the percentage of Hanoi-trained infiltrators in the Viet Cong army is probably quite small, say, about 15 percent, at most.

The rate of infiltration of agents into South Viet Nam is believed to have been more or less constant over the years.

But at the beginning of 1964, for example, Viet Cong "main force" strength was rated at around 27,000 men, with up to 80,000 other guerrillas and local forces under arms.

In the following six months, according to the most reliable intelligence estimates, the Viet Cong suffered an estimated 10,000 battle casualties. But its main force strength reached about 34,000, with the other groups under arms still rated at about 80,000. This represented a net gain for the Viet Cong of 7,000 fighters in a six-month period, or a gross gain (allowing for the casualties) of around 17,000.

The Viet Cong has never hesitated to use force or coercion in drafting young people into its armed forces. But experience

in Viet Nam has shown that it is not enough to draft a man to make him fight. The kind of military successes achieved by the Viet Cong during the first six months of 1964 are not suggestive of bands of unwilling, frightened draftees, but rather of hardened soldiers.

From the beginning, the Viet Cong has laid much heavier stress on rice-roots propaganda work than have either the Saigon government or American propaganda agencies in Viet Nam.

In late 1964 the Viet Cong felt that it controlled 77 out of South Viet Nam's 237 administrative districts so completely that agitprop activity no longer was required. But the other 160 districts were considered "contested," that is, up for grabs by both sides. In each of these contested districts, at least two Viet Cong agitprop teams of about 10 men and women each were at work.

Saigon's Information Ministry also fields information teams of about 10 members each, equipped with three-wheeled scooter trucks, loudspeakers, movie projection equipment and various "visual aids." Saigon has about 20 of these teams in operation throughout the country.

In itself, this gives the Viet Cong a 16-to-one numerical edge in personnel assigned to propaganda work. This would be dangerous in itself, but what makes the matter decisively worse is the respective quality of the opposing teams.

Saigon information teams are supposed to spend their time in the countryside, especially in contested areas. This is dangerous work. The Viet Cong regards its own agitprop teams as the basic cutting tools of the National Liberation Front, and looks on enemy propagandists as prime targets, even ahead of regular troops.

It probably would not be just to say that Saigon's field propaganda workers are dragged in off the streets, given a few thousand piastres and told to go to work. But this is not far from the truth.

The work of these teams is not really very difficult. On a typical mission, the team is sent to some hamlet with its scooter truck, sets up its movie screen and projector, shows the movie, passes out brochures and leaflets and leaves, as quickly as possible. Most of the leaflets and brochures are printed by the U.S. Information Service in Saigon or Manila.

Rarely if ever do government propagandists stay around for more than a few hours, and the whole approach is based on mass communications rather than the "living together" and audience-participation techniques of the Viet Cong. Viet Cong propagandists generally are peasants, but the government men are not.

To American ears, propaganda is a bad word, and Americans often feel a little queasy about using either the word or the technique. This reticence is reflected at every level in Saigon's programs.

In the U.S. Army there is an organization devoted to "psychological warfare," and an exact counterpart of this has been designed and built in the Vietnamese Army. It is primarily a force of technicians, who know such arts as printing aerial leaflets, recording tapes for loudspeakers, and so on. As such, it has about as much prestige as a fighting organization, as, say, the chaplain's corps, or the special services section for troop recreation. The emphasis is on electronics and machinery rather than with direct contact with the "target people."

On the civilian side, the U.S. Information Service has what it terms "information programs." These, again, are essentially duplicated by information programs of the Saigon Information Ministry.

These programs are different from propaganda campaigns, their administrators say, because they are predicated on truthful reporting rather than distortions and lies. The theory behind this approach is that eventually the truth will out, and it is better to keep things clean rather than face exposure and possible humiliation later.

Unfortunately, in Viet Nam, where communications are so poor and people get so little chance to travel very far and check things for themselves, the truth rarely does out. The average propaganda lie is very apt to go unchallenged indefinitely.

It is simpler and safer for the poorly trained and paid government propaganda worker to make his rounds and hand out his presents, than to get really involved in hamlets. Presents include school notebooks in which a few pages of government "message" have been inserted, pencils stamped with Vietnamese flags, and children's tee shirts printed with big Vietnamese flags. (The Viet Cong regularly tears the offensive pages out of the notebooks, cuts the flags out of the pencils and dyes the children's gaily-colored tee shirts black.)

An American propaganda expert used the same expression Thuan did in summing up the essential difference between red and white propaganda in Viet Nam this way:

"There is a basic rule, applicable to all Vietnamese propaganda from whichever side, called '*tam dong*.' Freely translated, '*tam dong*' means 'likeness in thinking and ideology.'

"The Viet Cong propagandist breaks it down into the slogan 'live together, eat together, work together.'

"This means that the Viet Cong propagandist is expected to spend all his time with his psychological targets, blending in completely with their whole existence. Too many of the people on our side are just not willing to do this. They like to wear white shirts and sleep in soft beds. We send out our Vietnamese field workers on dangerous missions, and more often than not they go on sick call instead, or find some other excuse not to go. When they do go, they spend as little time in the target area as they can get away with. These workers are not peasants themselves, and they don't like or understand peasants.

"To many American officials, especially those at USIS, have assumed for too many years they can cover the field using mass communications methods. You can count on your fingers the number of Americans devoted to propaganda activity who actually get out in the field on any regular basis.

"Within these limitations, our propaganda program has to be divided according to three basic groups—the Vietnamese who have had virtually no contact with Saigon authority in 35 years or more, the Vietnamese who have had little or no contact with Saigon since Vietnamese independence in 1954, and the others.

"For the first group, most of whom live in Viet Cong base areas, the only kind of propaganda with which we can reach them is threatening. We drop leaflets saying, in effect, surrender or die. We mention that this year, 20 percent of the men in this or that village were killed by government troops, and say that next year another 20 percent will die unless resistance ends.

"For the second group, we concentrate on the meaning of Vietnamese independence and nationalism. We point out that Viet Nam is no longer under the foreign domination of France, and we concentrate on the responsibilities of free citizens in building a new country. This group makes up about half of the Vietnamese population, incidentally. That's some indication of how much control the Saigon government has over its population.

"For the last group, centered mostly in the larger towns, our main approach is bringing people up to date on what has happened since the end of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime. For one thing, people are no longer forced to give their labor and time, building the hated strategic hamlets. We point out all the benefits being offered by the new revolutionary regime, and describe its aspirations for peace, prosperity and democracy.

"But obviously all this is done by mass communications.

"The most important thing is the thing our side is not doing nearly enough of—getting out and talking and living with the people. What's really needed is the personal touch, and that's where the Viet Cong is beating us so badly."

The long, brown joss sticks that burn at Buddhist holy places and homes throughout South Viet Nam generate a pleasing fragrance said to find favor with ghosts. But the smell of joss sticks is one that I shall never be able to dissociate from the ghastly smell of burning human flesh.

The two odors mingled June 11, 1963, at the intersection of two busy Saigon streets, to create a political explosion, the effects of which are still felt in Washington and elsewhere. I was there, and it happened like this:

On Monday, June 10, I got a telephone call at my office from a young Buddhist monk named Thich Duc Nghiep whom I had known some time. Duc Nghiep became well known to Western newsmen later as official press spokesman for the Buddhist rebels, by virtue of his fairly fluent English. At this writing, he

is in the United States studying for a master's degree in comparative religion.

"We shall hold a meeting tomorrow morning at 8," Duc Nghiep said. "I would advise you to come. Something very important may happen."

For nearly a month, top Buddhist monks had been holding marching street demonstrations and hunger strikes in Saigon, all aimed at wringing concessions from the authoritarian Ngo Dinh Diem regime. Demands included one for government permission to fly the five-colored Buddhist flag in public. The Buddhists also wanted an end to alleged government favoritism to Catholics, an end to arbitrary policy arrests, and "social justice for the nation."

The whole thing had been touched off on Tuesday, May 8, 1963, when Buddhists observing the birthday of Buddha were forbidden to fly their flag in the streets of Hue, a coastal city north of Saigon. A pagoda protest meeting organized by the powerful young monk Thich Tri Quang had been tape recorded, and the Buddhists demanded permission to broadcast their recording on the local government radio station. Permission was denied, and several thousand Buddhist marchers led by monks headed from Hue's Tu Dam Pagoda for the radio station in the center of town.

As the marchers approached the radio station and surged around its entrance, the local military commander, a major named Dang Sy, had a bad case of jitters. He ordered troops and armored cars to move in.

Several grenades, apparently thrown by trigger-happy soldiers, exploded in the midst of the crowd. A few of the marchers (including children) were crushed under the tracks of the armored vehicles. Eight persons were killed on the spot, and, of the scores wounded, several died later.

The people who died in the Hue incident became the first of the Buddhist martyrs in what was to become a fierce struggle to destroy Ngo Dinh Diem and his family.

The Diem government, rather than back down, applied increasingly harsh measures against the Hue Buddhists, and the pleasant little city on the banks of the Perfume River became an armed camp. In another incident later in the summer, marchers with arms folded were blocked at a street barricade, and staged a sit-in on the pavement. Troops dispersed them by hurling glass containers of acid, which splashed over demonstrators and sent more than 70 of them to the hospital.

The masses of the nation were stirring, and the showdown was nearing.

arrived about a quarter to 8 at the small pagoda off Phan Dinh Phung Street where I had been advised to go. The concrete pagoda building was set in about 30 yards from the street with a muddy alleyway as an entrance. In the rear was a small courtyard, jammed with yellow-robed monks and gray-robed nuns. Loudspeakers nailed to trees and corners of the pagoda building were blaring in rapid Vietnamese.

At exactly 8 o'clock, the jabber of Vietnamese from the loudspeakers stopped and the chanting of prayer began. One monk led the chanting with a microphone and another one next to him kept time, beating rhythmically on a gourd.

"Na Mo A Di Da Phat," the ancient prayer begins, each word equally accented on the same monotonous note.

It is the most hypnotic kind of chant I have ever heard, and on that hot June morning, clouds of incense in the air, I found even myself affected. All the monks and nuns joined that chant, quietly at first, then with rising, hammering volume, as the verses were repeated over and over, the tempo speeding up slightly.

Eyes all around me were fixed straight ahead, almost glazed in the absorption of fervor. But at exactly 9 it stopped.

Monks and nuns, who apparently had drilled their procedure many times, lined up in the alleyway, moving out into the street in two ranks. Some unfurled banners in Vietnamese and English calling on the government to answer the Buddhist demands. In a minute or two, the procession of 350 or so monks and nuns was formed and moving. At its head was an innovation in the street marches—a gray sedan with four or five monks riding inside. It seemed strange to me at the time that monks were now riding instead of walking.

Police ahead of the procession cleared the streets as usual, keeping clear of the marchers, and not interfering, except to shunt traffic and crowds away from the line of march. Preceding the Buddhist car by about a half-block, a white police jeep kept pace. At that time, the main crackdown on Buddhists by government officials was in Central Viet Nam, not the Saigon area.

People leaned from shop windows along Phan Dinh Phung, and children stared at the passing procession.

The marchers reached the intersection of Le Van Duyet Street, one of the most important boulevards in Saigon, always jammed with heavy traffic. On one corner of the intersection stood the massive, gray Cambodian consulate building, with its stone lion statue. On two other corners were apartment buildings, and on the fourth corner, an Esso service station. At precisely the center of the intersection, the Buddhist car stopped, apparently stalled. The police jeep was already halfway down the next block.

The marchers began to move past the car, and then abruptly turned left into Le Van Duyet, quickly forming a circle about 30 feet in diameter, of which the car formed a link. It was now nearly 9:20.

The monks in the car had gotten out, and one of them had opened its hood. From inside, he pulled a five-gallon gasoline can made of translucent plastic, filled to the brim with pink gasoline. Three other monks were walking from the car side by side to the center of the circle. One of them placed a small brown cushion on the pavement, and the monk in the center sat down on it, crossing his legs in the traditional position of Buddhist meditation known as the "lotus posture." This monk was the Venerable Thich Quang Duc, destined to be known throughout the world as the primary saint of modern Vietnamese Buddhism.

The three monks exchanged a few quiet words. The two who had flanked Quang Duc brought the gasoline container quickly to the center of the circle, and poured most of it over the bowed head and shoulders of the seated monk.

The monks stepped back, leaving the gasoline can next to the seated man. From above 20 feet away, I could see Quang Duc move his hands slightly in his lap striking a match. In a flash, he was sitting in the center of a column of flame, which engulfed his entire body. A wail of horror rose from the monks and nuns, many of whom prostrated themselves in the direction of the flames.

From time to time, a light breeze pulled the flames away from Quang Duc's face. His eyes were closed, but his features were twisted in apparent pain. He remained upright, his hands folded in his lap, for nearly 10 minutes as the flesh burned from his head and body. The reek of gasoline smoke and burning flesh hung over the intersection like a pall.

Finally, Quang Duc fell backward, his blackened legs kicking convulsively for a minute or so. Then he was still, and the flames gradually subsided.

While the monk burned, other monks stood in positions at all four entrances to the intersection, holding banners reading: A Buddhist Priest Burns for Buddhist Demands.

City police at first watched in stunned horror, and then began running around aimlessly outside the circle of Buddhists. One of them radioed headquarters, and three or four fire trucks arrived with a platoon of helmeted riot police carrying fixed bayonets. The riot police charged down the street in a wave, but stopped short in confusion a few yards from the circle. As the fire trucks moved down the street, several monks leaped in front of their wheels, and other monks chocked themselves behind the rear wheels, making movement impossible without crushing someone.

All the while, leading monks with portable electric loudspeakers harangued onlookers, both in Vietnamese and English, with a highly emotional explanation as to why the suicide had taken place.

A black delivery truck with large Buddhist flags painted on its sides arrived, and monks unloaded a wooden coffin. The flames by now were completely out, and monks tried to transfer the charred body to the coffin. But its splayed arms and legs were rigid, and could not be forced into the box.

Seven monks shed their saffron robes (they were wearing

brown robes underneath) and made a kind of sling to carry the body. The circle broke and formed into a procession once again, the body at its head. Marching a few blocks more, the group arrived at Xa Loi Pagoda, the main Buddhist pagoda in South Viet Nam, where a bell was tolling mournfully from the concrete tower. It was 10 sharp, and the demonstration was finished.

Quang Duc was the first of the Buddhist monks to die by fiery suicide the summer of 1963. He also was the only one to die with such elaborate public trappings. The other suicides all were sprung by surprise without processions. In Saigon, one young monk arrived in a taxi at Saigon's central market place, walked to the center of the traffic circle, and set himself afire. Three American newsmen attempting to photograph the incident were badly beaten by police. Another young monk, his clothing apparently impregnated with gasoline in advance, died on a street corner facing Saigon Cathedral one bright Sunday morning, as Catholic worshipers were arriving for Mass. A policeman tried to beat out the flames, but without success.

Two monks in Hue burned themselves to death inside their barricaded pagoda, with no outsiders as witnesses. Another monk burned to death in front of a soldiers' memorial, completely alone, in the coastal town of Phan Thiet. And a 33-year-old nun died in flames near her pagoda outside another coastal town, the seaside resort of Nha Trang. In all, seven died, all with the blessings of the Buddhist high command.

Thich Quang Duc's body was taken for cremation at the Buddhist cemetery just outside Saigon, and monks in charge of burning the body claimed that Quang Duc's heart would not burn. A singed piece of meat purporting to be the heart was preserved in a glass chalice, becoming an object of worship.

Quang Duc's ashes were distributed to pagodas throughout the country. The yellow robes in which his body had been carried were cut into tiny swatches and distributed to Buddhist followers everywhere. Pinned to shirts and dresses, these bits of cloth were thought to have miraculous healing properties, and also were symbols of the Buddhist uprising against the government. At one point, police tried to crack down on wearers of the yellow cloth, but there were too many of them.

Tidings of miracles spread throughout the land. In the evening sky over Saigon, thousands said they could see the weeping face of the Buddha in the clouds. Traffic was jammed everywhere as crowds of people stood gazing into the sky.

Tens of thousands of followers poured through Xa Loi Pagoda each day to worship before the heart in the glass chalice.

Things have changed in Viet Nam since then.

At this writing, the retiring, Central Vietnamese monk named Thich Tri Quang who masterminded the 1963 Buddhist campaign is a powerful national leader. What Tri Quang and his coleader, Thich Tam Chau, say must be taken seriously by any leader of the government.

The handful of monks who command the movement ride to the premier's palace in limousines, and are certain to be heard for as long as they like. A ripple of anger on the part of the monks is enough to cause a cabinet reshuffle or even an army command reorganization. The Buddhist youth movement, sometimes uniformed, has become a kind of paramilitary force for the faith. In some cities, Buddhist youth groups have carried out arrests on their own, beaten up rival groups, maimed and killed. So have Catholic youth groups.

In any case, the Buddhist leaders have created a political force in South Viet Nam second in strength only to the Viet Cong.

The ruling class of Saigon—and, for that matter, of South Viet Nam—is pretty small. If you live in Saigon for a few years and are privy to the social elite, you probably know just about everyone who is anyone or is likely to become anyone in the event of a coup. People change jobs, of course, and sometimes people are out of jobs altogether. Recently, a number of familiar faces went to the penal colony on the island of Poulo Condore 60 miles offshore. A year ago, these people were sending other people to Poulo Condore, but some of the people they sent are now top officials again.

There are various ways to become one of the elite, but they all involve being born with a certain amount of money. To reach the top, you must have an education—preferably a foreign education, since you must speak French or English or both—and education is expensive.

As a generality, if as a Vietnamese you have a really solid education, you are likely to rise to the top, regardless of which side you are on. It doesn't really matter what field of learning you choose, although doctors very often make out better than others. Very few Vietnamese doctors end up practicing their professions. They can do much better going into politics, or so they believe.

In a way, this is the pattern with all Vietnamese politicians, and I mean that term specifically to include Vietnamese military officers.

Vietnamese military officers have always held roles completely foreign to the patterns of Western armies. Among other things, they command troops and run fighting campaigns. But they also administer about 85 percent of all the people in South Viet Nam. When Diem came to power in 1954, he felt it would be a mistake to make too many changes in the French provincial administration system immediately. As it turned out, the system never was changed, and still functions essentially in the French colonial pattern, except that Vietnamese instead of French hold the top jobs.

Under the colonial system, the nation was ruled by a colonial governor through a number of ministries, most important of which was (and is) the Interior Ministry. This ministry appointed a province chief for each of the country's major subdivisions. Each province chief had his own staff, and in turn appointed district chiefs at the next lower level. District chiefs and their staffs named canton chiefs, who named village chiefs, who named hamlet chiefs.

Under the French, most of the province chiefs were army officers. This, presumably, was because the main worry of each rural administrator was the war being waged in his own sector, by the communist insurgents. It was reasoned that military men were better qualified than civilians to do this work.

Diem continued the pattern. Out of 45 provinces, only two had civilian chiefs, and the rest were regular army officers—majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels. Nearly all of these officials were natives of provinces other than the ones they commanded and a majority were North or Central Vietnamese.

This geographical situation reflected the composition of the army itself, which is recruited primarily in central Viet Nam and the coastal cities. One rarely finds Vietnamese officers native to the Mekong River Delta where half the population of South Viet Nam lives, and where the war rages hottest.

Currently, every one of South Viet Nam's 45 provinces is commanded by a military officer, as is every one of the nearly 300 districts in the country. Communities that rank as cities all have army officers as mayors (with the exception of Saigon, where a civilian was recently named). Each of these administrative officers is, of course, subject to military discipline, and is part of the Defense Ministry. He is usually outranked by regimental, division and corps commanders who wander in and out of his sector with troops from time to time.

Nevertheless, the rural administrative officer is the supreme government authority in his region, with sweeping powers of good or evil. He is so remote from Saigon he must generally work his problems out for himself, and he has basically exactly the same job that provincial mandarins of the Vietnamese civil service held for many centuries. The average Vietnamese citizen has a great deal of contact (mostly unpleasant) with his local district chief, but generally none at all with Saigon.

An ordinary army captain does not have an enviable job in South Viet Nam. If he has a job as commander of an operational company, there will be all sorts of unpleasant field duties, not to mention the danger of geting shot in combat with the Viet Cong. But if this captain happens to land a job as district chief, he becomes a little emperor. As the chief tax collector, conscription officer, judge, county prosecutor, police chief, contract officer and everything else all rolled into one, he literally has the power of life and death over his subjects. If someone chooses to give him a hard time, that person is apt to be arrested as a Viet Cong agent, and no one is likely to be the wiser. That person may rot for months or years in some provincial jail without trial or further investigation, or he may be

shot on the spot. Similar pressures can be brought to bear on entire families, even on entire hamlets.

If you were a Vietnamese army captain earning $40.00 a month, wouldn't you like to be a district chief?

In general, the requirements for the job are not too exacting. The main thing is dedicated loyalty to the officers farther up the line who make the appointments. Military competence is apparently not a prerequisite. Discretion and political *savoir-faire* are.

I do not mean to imply that all Vietnamese military provincial officers are corrupt and self-serving. Some military officials, especially those who served in the Viet Minh in the war against the French and later switched to Diem, are excellent officials by any standards. But they are exceptions. Unfortunately, most of the really intelligent, dedicated and patriotic men and women who form the stuff of sound leadership stayed with the Viet Minh.

The central fact is, that despite all the power plays and reshuffles, the Saigon ministries, with all their red tape, favoritism, inefficiency and politics, have not changed in any important respect since French colonial days, and there are no prospects for any major change. The old forms in triplicate, the rubber stamps, the two-and-a-half-hour daily siesta and the ridiculous multiplication of bureaus and employees persists, war or no war, and the sheer inertia of Vietnamese administration is amply powerful to frustrate any innovator. General Nguyen Khanh, one of the hardest-working and driving leaders Viet Nam has had, failed completely to revamp the civil service.

The problem is less one of mechanics and organization than it is of attitudes. The Vietnamese hated the French enough to rise up and destroy them. But after a century of colonial rule, patterns are etched into a society.

Colonialism is not all bad. It sometimes introduces efficiency, education and other desirable by-products. But these things are only by-products. The reason for having a colony in the first place is for commercial exploitation, not altruism, and the first job of colonial officials is to make sure that nothing seriously interferes with this exploitation. This immediately makes the colonial official a "have" and an "exploiter" among the "have-nots," no matter how benign and enlightened his social views may be.

Inevitably, a colonial class developed in the French community in Viet Nam, which lived pretty high on the hog. The Vietnamese came to hate the colonialists, but at the same time envied them. In many cases, they imitated the French ways, just as a matter of prestige. French automobiles, night clubs, clothing, and all the rest were indelibly stamped into the texture of Viet Nam as status symbols.

The same mixture of hatred and envy was extended to the French colonial official, the little king, who could have any girl he wanted, take anything he pleased, and spit on his constituents if they objected. It is a sad observation of humanity that many Vietnamese hated this kind of thing not so much because of what it was but because it was a Frenchman doing it. Now there are Vietnamese holding the same jobs and spitting on the same people, and too often it seems that nothing has changed but the color of the faces.

There is no accurate gauge of former President Ngo Din Diem's popularity (or the lack of it) since he was never exposed to a free election. But there are grounds for feeling Diem was genuinely popular with a lot of Vietnamese for a long time. For one thing, he rode the crest of a revolutionary wave, coming to power at just the time his nation became independent (largely because of the efforts of his arch enemy, Ho Chi Minh). For another, Diem had been a good provincial mandarin in his time, and had a reputation for great personal honesty, stubbornness and courage. Many talented young Vietnamese returned to Saigon from France in the first years of Diem's rule, captured by the ideal of building an independent nation of which they could be proud. In the end, these same people were dancing and singing in the streeets of Saigon the day after Diem was overthrown and quietly butchered inside an American-made M113 personnel carrier—the machine, which though often stymied by mud has proved quite useful in street corner coups.

Many reasons are offered for the sweeping hatred of Diem that characterized his final years. One is that he was a Roman Catholic in a non-Christian country. Another is that he was a ruthless dictator. And so on. There is some substance to all these. But personally, I feel the biggest factor in the disenchantment of the Vietnamese people with the Diem regime was his failure to do anything to change the French colonial system of administration. And this fatal flaw appears to be no less true of Diem's successors.

If I have painted a black picture of Vietnamese governmental progress up to this point, what of the students who are the next generation of leaders?

It would be nice to think that idealistic young people in Viet Nam may be preparing themselves to forge a brave new world.

Some months ago, the Vietnamese government decided to liberalize its formerly stringent restrictions on the issuance of exit visas. Airline offices in town were mobbed. Students of all ages picked up their passports and enough money for one-way trips to Paris, paid for in many cases by their families' life savings. Air France began putting on special daily flights in addition to its regular flights to handle the huge load of youthful emigrants. The large new waiting room at Saigon Airport is packed before each of these flights, as students and their families tearfully say farewell, perhaps forever. Many families are happy to have at least one son or daughter out of the country, and there is a tragic Noah's Ark quality to the whole thing.

Of course, for each student who goes there are thousands who cannot. They must make the best of Saigon and choose to do so not by studying, but by joining various political action groups.

Since the summer of 1963, the leading monks of the Buddhist hierarchy have exercised enormous control over many of Saigon's young people. The monks now can get up a student demonstration of 10,000 or more on a day or two's notice.

Each of Saigon's scores of political parties also controls a student bloc, sometimes numbering no more than a hundred, sometimes several thousand. University professors in Hue and Saigon also are neck-deep in politics, and can have students and banners in the streets any time they please.

In discussing South Viet Nam's current leadership, there is one Saigon politician I have not mentioned so far. In himself, he is no more distinguished-seeming a leader than any of the others. A one-time Saigon lawyer now in his late 40's, he had a love affair in Tuy Hoa some years ago, and got in trouble with the government when his girl friend sued him for non-support.

In March, 1950, French authorities in Saigon threw him in jail for organizing an anti-American street demonstration during the goodwill visit of some U.S. warships.

He was among the many plotters and intriguers against Diem, too, and the Diem government had him under arrest in Tuy Hoa for several years.

In 1958, Diem ordered his release, in the belief that the man was just another one of the intellectual plotters who posed no real danger to anyone.

That man was Nguyen Huu Tho, whose present title is Chairman of the Central Committee of the National Front for the Liberation of South Viet Nam. As such, Tho is the number one man in the Viet Cong, and in the event of a Viet Cong victory, he would be president of the nation. Tho looks in some ways more like a figurehead than a real leader of the Viet Cong, but there is no question at least of his nominal authority.

In 1954 when Ngo Dinh Diem became President, South Viet Nam was a nation in anarchy. Powerful private armies belonging to the Cao Dai and Hoa Hoa religious sects roamed the nation and even controlled Saigon. A band of river pirates formed a secret society called the Binh Xuyen, organized a formidable fighting force, took over Saigon's police, established a syndicate dealing in narcotics, prostitution and many other things, and turned Saigon into the vice capital of Asia.

Besides the Cao Dai, the Hoa Hao and the Binh Xuyen, there were many other groups challenging Saigon authority when Ngo Dinh Diem took over. There was a large residuum of the Viet Minh organization itself, which elected to stay in South Viet Nam rather than go north to the new Democratic Republic of Viet Nam. There were intellectuals, professionals and old-time revolutionaries from the Dai Viet Party, the Viet-

namese Kuomintang (VNQDD), and many others who wanted no part of Diem. Unfortunately for themselves, they wanted no part of each other, either.

Diem moved swiftly. He crushed the Binh Xuyen in a pitched battle between his fledgling army and its troops. He cracked down hard on the Cao Dai, and most of its leaders fled to Cambodia. He tried repeatedly to make a deal with Ba Cut, leader of the Hoa Haos, giving Ba Cut a regular commission in the army in exchange for his allegiance.

Ba Cut repeatedly double-crossed Diem, however, so Diem launched Operation Nguyen Hue against the Hoa Haos. Ba Cut was captured in 1957, and publicly guillotined.

Political parties opposing Diem were more or less outlawed, and a lot of their top leaders were locked up or exiled.

By 1958, Diem was in undisputed control of South Viet Nam. The private armies were gone, the dangerous political opponents were neutralized, the streets of Saigon were quiet and more or less free of grenades, and it looked as if Diem had won some peace for his nation.

But as it turned out, this was only a respite. None of the old fighting political organizations had been crushed completely, but had merely been forced to go underground. In later years, American advisors were to cross swords repeatedly with Hoa Hao guerrilla units, under the impression they were fighting Viet Cong.

There were many groups in South Viet Nam in addition to a lot of peasants and, of course, the communists, who remained violently opposed to Diem. All that was needed to harness a lot of this revolutionary talent into a single channel was some overridingly persuasive new political organization. That organization was not long in forming. It was the National Liberation Front.

The Front began to take shape in 1959. It purported to be all things to all people, and from the beginning, was made up of many dependent front organizations. There was no mention of communism in any of the early organization work done by the Front, and its leaders made a point of bringing clergymen of all faiths even into the central committee.

All these dependent front organizations began to take form in 1958 and 1959, and the first flickerings of guerrilla resistance to the Diem regime began to be felt. The Saigon government saw a familiar hand behind these troublemakers, and the propaganda ministry invented a new and presumably derisive name for them. They were to be called henceforth in all Saigon references as the "Vietnamese Communists," or, in Vietnamese, "Viet Cong." The name stuck, although the rebels themselves have never used it.

Front activity spread rapidly, recruiting heavily from all the anti-Diem factions, and picking up as many peasants as possible.

The main leaders of the front movements were southerners, but they soon were joined by expert advisors in both political and military matters sent down from Hanoi. These advisors kept trickling in. At present, there probably are almost as many "advisors" from Hanoi working with the Viet Cong as there are American advisors working for the Saigon government. A key difference between these opposing groups of foreign advisors is that the overwhelming bulk of Americans are regular army men, while the advisors from Hanoi are mostly political organizers who may also be military tacticians.

From the first few thousand members, the fronts grew rapidly until on December 20, 1960, a national congress of front organizers was convened and formally proclaimed the "National Front for the Liberation of South Viet Nam."

The headquarters of the new national front had to be kept secret and floating because of the danger of Saigon raids. But from the beginning, the Front controlled certain "Liberated Zones"—the Do Xa region in the High Plateau, the D Zone jungles north of Saigon, C Zone in northern Tay Ninh Province along the Cambodian frontier, the U Minh Forest near the southern tip of Viet Nam, and so on. Big meetings could be held in these base areas without the slightest danger of serious interference.

The National Liberation Front quickly formed a central committee and a presidium (or politburo), of which lawyer Nguyen Huu Tho was chairman from the beginning. Another key member of the first presidium was a Paris-educated doctor named Phung Van Cung. A former executive of the old Vietnamese communist Democratic Party, Tran Buu Kim, sat on the politburo.

But Western intelligence specialists speculate that the greatest power in the Viet Cong politburo belongs to its secretary-general, a former mathematics teacher named Nguyen Van Hieu. Hieu is certainly the best-known Viet Cong leader outside South Viet Nam. Besides his politburo duties, he is a kind of shadow foreign minister and ambassador without portfolio for the Front, lecturing and attending ceremonies in Indonesia, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, the Soviet Union, China, and other communist or nonaligned countries. He seems to get in and out of South Viet Nam without difficulty, using the various standard infiltration routes, of which there are thousands. South Viet Nam's frontiers are leaky as a sieve, and probably always will be, unless someone decides to station several million sentries continuously along their vast length. Even then, I suspect the frontiers would leak.

Names of all the executives of the National Liberation Front are published and updated regularly by the Front, and there is nothing secret about them. The members of all its committees also are published. I won't bore the reader with a lot of meaningless names, but suffice it so say that each of the committees of the Front leadership is actually a shadow ministry, complete with secretariats, departments and all the other paraphernalia of communist bureaucracy. These shadow ministries function in the jungle, of course, but they still need some of the usual trappings. The Viet Cong makes a point of seizing government typewriters and filing cabinets in its raids.

Similar committees organized by Ho Chi Minh during the Indochina War emerged later as ministries in Hanoi, and this is the same pattern being applied in South Viet Nam.

Along with the development of the National Front Committees came the extension of the organization downward, in the form of provincial and district committees. Each subdivision was given an administrative structure patterned after the national committees.

One of the most important of the national committees, the one with which America has been chiefly concerned, is the "People's Self-Defense Armed Forces Committee," or war ministry. It is really this committee and its fighting forces that most Americans think of when they speak of the Viet Cong.

The central army committee is directly in charge of the Viet Cong's "main force" guerrillas, their counterpart of the regular army. These forces operate nationally and are generally involved in the really big fights. Currently, intelligence men estimate their strength at 34,000, but this number has been rising rapidly over the past four years, and presumably will be out of date when this is published.

The war ministry is also linked with the Viet Cong's estimated 80,000 "paramilitary" troops, but does not command them directly. Each province also has its military committee, and this committee commands the "regional guerrillas" in its bailiwick. Below the province level, district military committees control "Hamlet Self-Defense Forces," at the lowest end of the Viet Cong's military totem pole.

A key part of the Viet Cong war ministry is its agitprop section, which is tied to all the other ministries. This section commands the 4,000 or more armed agitprop agents like Thuan who travel in teams throughout South Viet Nam, raising all kinds of hell, for government authorities. The agitprop teams are considered by the Liberation Front (and by growing numbers of Saigon officials and Americans) the key to the success of the Viet Cong. All the teams are expert guerrilla fighters, the "special forces" of the Viet Cong. But their main object is not fighting but "agitation and propaganda." Viet Cong recruiting and growth in all fields owes most of its success to these teams. An American officer said of them recently that "they have done us far more damage than all the Viet Cong's main force battalions put together."

A complete communist organization normally must have a front which is open to all, an administrative system which is open to some, and a directing party, which is usually secret and open only to the elite.

The Viet Cong had the front from the beginning, evolved the administrative system soon afterward, but gave outsiders no hint

of the existence of a party for some time. Obviously, there must have been a party all along, because this is always the core of a communist-run subversive movement. But it was not until January, 1962, that the Liberation Front announced publicly the formation of the "Vietnamese People's Revolutionary Party." This party, the Front said, was "a Marxist-Leninist party," which henceforth would serve as the "vanguard" of the Front. At last, the Viet Cong was an openly Communist-run outfit.

It is important to note in passing that the average member of the Front and most of its branches is not a Communist member. Party membership is reserved for the elite, who must establish their political credentials over a long period of time. Once they do this, they usually rise fast in the Viet Cong hierarchy. This fairly sharp distinction between party members and non-party members of the Front, coupled with conspiratorial techniques worked out over many decades of communist evolution, makes it fairly easy for an agent to penetrate the Liberation Front itself, but very difficult to penetrate the governing party.

It is safe to say that no one outside a handful of the highest echelon of Viet Cong leaders has an accurate idea how many members the Front has. Fairly good estimates have been made of Viet Cong fighting strength, and intelligence men feel confident about their charts on the Viet Cong order of battle. But the Viet Cong fighting arm is only a small part of its national organization. Guesses have been made that the Front may have something in the vicinity of 5 million members in South Viet Nam—a nation the total population of which is only around 14 million.

There is no other party, religious organization—even the powerful Buddhists—professional or student group or military force in South Viet Nam that can come anywhere near this figure in strength.

That is the shape of the enemy the Free World faces here.

A radically unorthodox American experiment on a very small scale began in 1964 in the high, Viet Cong-controlled valleys of Quang Ngai Province. The experiment, which for the moment, at least, has official blessing, may peter out or it may prosper. The man running it is a 26-year-old American field agent of the U.S. Information Service. This young man, Frank Scotton of Needham, Massachusetts, is shot at constantly; he carries and uses a submachine gun; and he speaks fluent Vietnamese. He comes closer to being an American agitprop leader than any official I have ever met, and the program he administers relies almost entirely on pure communist guerrilla tactics.

"After all," Scotton says, "they stole atomic bomb secrets and all kinds of other things from us. Why should we be squeamish about stealing 'people's warfare' from them? It works better than anything we've come up with to match it, so why not give it a try?"

The men in Scotton's teams are all killers. They are recruited from the cream of the local militiamen, and they are accustomed to using terror in a general way. Scotton and his helpers are teaching them to use controlled terror in a new and restricted way—the Viet Cong way.

One of the commando recruits turned agent for the Viet Cong recently. The squad of which he was a member set up its own field tribunal, condemned the man and beheaded him. Both the head and body were politely returned to the man's family, however, for proper burial.

The teams Scotton trains, 39 men each, are patterned exactly on Viet Cong agitprop teams. Their training consists largely of group political discussion and politico-military agitation tactics. All this training and practice is out in certain target hamlets, not at any camp.

From the first day, each trainee must spend all his time among the people who are his targets, always in Viet Cong-congested areas. He eats with the peasants, lives with them and works with them. He is required to know personally every family in every hamlet in which he works.

During the day, the trainee dresses in black, baggy blouse and trousers, just like the other hamlet residents—and the Viet Cong. He sleeps, talks, and helps out with hamlet chores, making himself as agreeable a guest as possible. He buys all his meals and anything else he needs (except weapons) right there.

At night, he puts on a loose camouflaged uniform, and goes out to spread terror. He patrols and ambushes. Each time he kills, he leaves a slip of paper printed in black with a sinister human eye on the body (50,000 of these papers were printed by the U.S. Information Service, which is enough of a supply to last for some time).

He learns to know many of the National Liberation Front members living in the hamlets in which he works, and some of them die violently in their beds. Other Viet Cong functionaries find black eyes pasted to the doors of their huts at night. The eyes are ripped down in the morning, but mysteriously reappear the next night.

An American reader has grounds, perhaps, for objecting to such tactics. For one thing, there is a cold-blooded ruthlessness about them, even in the careful politeness with which they are carried out, that bespeaks something alien to the whole texture of American tradition. In any case, the reader may argue, this kind of thing should be the work of regular soldiers, not of civilian officials who are supposed to be spreading the good word about the American Way of Life. Perhaps. But I'm afraid the record shows that almost everything else the United States has tried in South Viet Nam has failed. Time has just about run out, and I think those who are trying some radical departures should be excused.

Superficially, Vietnamese-American personal relations are often good, but I think the relationship is skin deep. At times, Vietnamese hostility can flare out of control, and American patience frays badly.

All generalities are open to challenge, including the one I am about to make. But I think most Vietnamese not only dislike Americans but hold them in contempt. As a nationality, we are most disliked for things we cannot help—the color of our faces and the length of our noses. We are disliked because we are of the same racial stock as the French, and, ironically, because we do not seem to have the *savoir vivre*, the polish, of the French. We are disliked for being rich while Vietnamese are poor, for living in villas surrounded with barbed wire, while they live in huts, and all the other things that are part of the vast gulf between two cultures.

All this can be overcome, and often is.

But there are some even more serious obstacles. Most Vietnamese regard Americans as extremely gullible, politically infantile, and hypocritically softhearted. For these things, they hold us in contempt, which in Viet Nam is much worse than mere dislike.

I cannot give you any conclusive proof of these observations, and I offer them only on the basis of having lived a long four years among Vietnamese of every social caste. It is more a cumulative impression than anything else. It comes out in dropped remarks, innuendoes, reactions to situations, and even sometimes in frank statements from one's closest friends. Here is a sample, coming from a highly educated and worldly friend of mine:

"You Americans have poured money into South Viet Nam blindly, and through your policies, you have armed and equipped the Viet Cong with the best weapons made.

"You have come here to teach us how to fight a war we might never have had to fight if it hadn't been for you. You have brought us no new ideas, only new gadgets coupled with the tired old military ideas of the French. You are beginning to find that we Vietnamese know more about 'people's warfare' than you, and it is we who are the advisors, not you.

"You have always managed to back the wrong men here, the ones whose only qualification is being anticommunist, the ones who think like you because they have been rich enough to spend most their lives in the West, and who will lose the most if the Viet Cong wins. They are not Vietnamese, except their faces.

"You have staked your military reputation on Viet Nam, and yet you refuse to jump in with both feet by sending in armies and maybe even running the country as a colony for a few years. You won't do this, because you're afraid to take the responsibility. Your advisors actually order our troops, but only through the facade of your own officers. Your government is running our country, but only through its CIA—not openly. We know you are not here because you love Viet Nam (as you say) but

to protect American international interests.

"And on top of all these things, the Viet Cong is beating you—not us, you. This is why we despise you."

That was, word for word, what my friend said. I offer it not as a pearl of enlightenment, because nearly every point in his thesis can be argued. But it is the view of one Vietnamese, and I suspect of many Vietnamese.

I can think of a few Americans who are not held in contempt by the Vietnamese. One is Henry Cabot Lodge, who was the American ambassador to Saigon in the fall of 1963 and early 1964. He was blunt, skeptical and decisive. He also surprised a lot of people by taking an extreme interest in the political heart of the nation, which seemed to concern him even more than the shooting war.

Lodge had lots of ideas and painted with a broad brush. He thoroughly shook up the whole American official community, and alienated a lot of people along the way. He made undying enemies of the survivors of the Ngo family, particularly Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, who charges periodically that Lodge was behind the coup of November 1, 1963, in which both her husband and brother-in-law were slain. Actually, Lodge's only tangible contribution to the coup was in tightening down on American economic aid to the Diem regime, as a means of bringing pressure to stop the repressive measures Diem was using on Viet Nam. This aid cut probably was a major factor in squeezing the hair trigger that sets off coups in Saigon.

When Lodge left, a broad segment of Vietnamese regarded him as something of a Vietnamese national hero. One of the few genuinely spontaneous demonstrations I have ever seen in Saigon turned out at the airport for his departure. There were a good many thousand people there, cheering the slightly stooped, 6-foot-4 American, and some of them had tears in their eyes. Lodge may not have been liked any better than other Americans, but he was a symbol of authority, imagination and courage who, if nothing else, commanded respect. He was, in Vietnamese eyes, a politician at least as able as the French, and a statesman.

What of the future?

South Viet Nam is certain to have more political unheavals, and probably coups. I see no prospects of real political stability in the foreseeable future.

The United States is not likely to give up, and neither is the Viet Cong.

This entire book has dealt with various aspects of the war in Viet Nam, which is something entirely new to American experience. American officers are generally agreed that the experiences of both World Wars and the Korean War are almost totally inapplicable in South Viet Nam.

Communists in general realize they have a good thing going in South Viet Nam. The Vietnamese communists in particular believe they have refined the art of "people's warfare" far beyond the early teachings of Lenin and even those of the Chinese master, Mao Tse-tung. The Vietnamese war machine has admirers all over the world.

During a brief period near the close of World War II, Ho Chi Minh's guerrillas, who at the time were working in southern China, co-operated up to a point with Chiang Kai-shek's nationalist army against the Japanese. Chiang recognized the Vietnamese as masters of guerrilla warfare, and asked to borrow some Viet Minh advisors for some of his units. Ho obliged. Unfortunately for Chiang, when his final showdown with the Chinese communists came, the Viet Minh advisors were now his enemies, working closely with Mao Tse-Tung.

A lot of the things I have described in this book are peculiarly Vietnamese, or at least peculiarly Asian. But there are some striking similarities between the social, economic and political situation in South Viet Nam and the situation in many countries on the African and South American continents.

The international communist movement, particularly the Peking part of it, has a close eye on all these countries. Asia is pretty much gobbled up, the Soviet Union is out on its own, and Europe is settling down into a stability that does not make an apt setting for fomenting revolutionary activity.

The United States is an enormous fortress, against which a frontal attack might prove suicidal. In any case, Korea proved that the vast hordes of China in themselves are not enough to overcome American arms in conventional battle. Nuclear war with America remains a possibility, but only as a last resort.

But Africa and Latin America are up for grabs.

The National Liberation Front of Viet Nam is not the only such organization in the world. The National Liberation Front of Algeria has already won its war for independence, partly because of a new French policy enunciated by De Gaulle, which did away with the old patterns of French colonialism.

Fronts are forming in many new African nations, and most of them are getting help from China.

Fidel Castro's entire "26th of July Movement" followed the whole front pattern. Castro's flashing success only 90 miles from the homeland of the Yankee Imperialist has brought him great prestige with Asian communists.

It seems also that the Viet Cong has a certain prestige in Latin America. On October 9, 1964, two Venezuelan Liberation Front agents kidnapped a U.S. Air Force colonel from his home in Caracas. Their ransom demand was a subject of great interest in Viet Nam. They would agree to send back the American, they said, if the Americans in Saigon would arrange for the pardon of a 19-year-old Viet Cong terrorist who was scheduled to be shot October 15. This particular young Viet Cong was caught red-handed on May 9, 1964, preparing to blow up U.S. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, who was due to visit Saigon in a few days.

It happens that the American was released with no deal, and Troi, the Viet Cong, was shot anyway. But it shows that the Viet Cong has friends in faraway places.

In any case, Viet Cong methods of making trouble for the United States are likely to become a pattern for many years to come in many parts of the world.

Viet Nam may or may not eventually fall to the Viet Cong. In any case, America is on trial there.

The challenge of a new kind of war has been thrown down to America. The weapons by which this war is fought includes politics, diplomatic blackmail, interference in the domestic affairs of other nations, propaganda and controlled terror, all of which have somewhat dirty connotations in the American mind. It is a war in which a clever adversary can turn military defeat into political victory, ending up on top.

Even the military tactics of this kind of war are somewhat loathsome to most Americans. They involve ambushes, sniping, and murder in bed. Seldom if ever does it involve the vast, noble battles of the past in which American arms covered themselves with glory. The only glory anyone is likely to get out of it is the satisfaction of carrying a bundle of human enemy heads, suspended by wires stuck through their ears. There will never be the handing over of a sword by a beaten general to his victor. If there is victory, the fighting merely will die down to a few isolated incidents.

It is a war fought as much at a union meeting, a rural threshing party (in which singing farmers lead an ox over a pile of rice all night long to knock the grains loose), or in a coffee shop, as it is in battle. It is fought also in churches, temples and pagodas. No institution, no social class, no sex and no age group is exempt. It is total war, in a sense far more profound than that intended by Hitler, when he used the phrase.

It is a war fought with lies and counterlies.

To use a phrase coined by a different kind of American fighter, it is a war in which "nice guys finish last."

To carry the baseball allusion a little further, I'm afraid it is a kind of war in which America will have to pick up a new kind of bat to stay in the game.

Perhaps, in the end, America will find it can put Marx, Lenin, Mao and Giap to work for it, without embracing communism itself.

The United States has been fighting a war in South Viet Nam which has proved increasingly costly in blood and treasure. There is a distinct possibility that this war may be lost, for one reason or another.

Perhaps some still unseen approach will be found.

Perhaps America will fail to meet the threat.

It would be much more entertaining to watch if there were not so much at stake.

—Malcolm W. Browne

THE SPOOKY BANK ROBBER WHO HELPED CATCH HIMSELF

[*Continued from page* 57]

tens and twenties—the denominations of the Monroe loot. "What the hell's this?" he demanded.

"Oh, *that.*" Pat was cool as an ice cube. "That's money I haven't got to the bank with yet."

"Mind if we run through the numbers?" asked the G-man.

"Of course not," said willing Pat. "Anything to help."

There were almost 700 bills, totaling more than five grand. After checking them out, the G-man said to Pat, "Many thanks. You're in the clear." The two cops got going, and then, out of earshot of O'Shea, the federal agent, changed his story. "One of those 20's," he told the state man, "was a funny."

It might seem that the next step would be to turn around and pick up O'Shea. But as the G-man well knew, there wasn't any evidence that would hold up, despite the funny bill. The damnable trouble was that because the series letters of the loot had not been recorded, the bill O'Shea possessed could not be proved, beyond a scintilla of doubt, to have been involved in the robbery.

If one kind of evidence wouldn't hold, however, maybe another would. And with the initial hot scent tickling their noses, Foley and his dicks swarmed over joints where crumpled vehicular sheet metal was starched and ironed. What did the boys come up with but a place where Pat O'Shea had appeared, on the day of the crime, with a dented blue van which he wanted undented in great haste. Learning that from the Nutmeg force, the FBI men did a little button pushing on the memory machine to see what might come up on Patrick J. O'Shea.

It was like short-circuiting a switchboard. Gouts of hot stuff shot out. Pat, a Louisiana farm boy, had come to New York in his teens and worked as a truck driver, a salesman of Venetian blinds, and a mail handler for the New York Central in Grand Central Terminal. In 1946, giving way to his streak of kindness and genuine capacity for sympathy with others, including Uncle Sam in his difficulties, Pat enlisted for what was to be five years in the Army.

At one stage of his military career he had been officially obliged to don disguise, just as the Monroe bank robber had done. The bit of theatrics apparently touched an imaginative nerve, because his career with Uncle Sam came to a painful end when he was court-martialed for sending phony messages to himself which enabled him to grab dough for equally phony expenses. At his trial it was brought out that Pat had stolen the money mainly to bail his barracks buddies out of the waters of fiscal distress. His kind-heartedness drew him five years in the federal clink at Danbury, Connecticut.

Sprung more than a decade ago, Pat decided he liked the flavor of the Nutmeg state and went into appliance work for himself around Bridgeport and Fairfield. Although tops as a repair man, he was usually up to his eyeballs in debt because of his soft heart.

About that point the Bureau records ran down, but a little local loping around by Detectives Ciecierski and Harold Neville brought out more succulent details. When some woman for whom Pat had fixed a refrigerator put on the crying act, Pat not only didn't charge anything, but sometimes threw a five or ten into the kitty, especially if the woman was pretty.

Eight years before the time that was now of acute concern to the state police and the G-men, O'Shea turned up one day to do a repair job in the home of an attractive grass widow named Olive Krumbiede Hauser, who was living with a batch of kids in a pink Cape Codder. One thing led to another, as it always does, but before the neighbors could really get off the ground with the jungle drums, Olive announced that she and Pat had slipped away and got legally tied. He gave up his hall bedroom in Bridgeport and moved into the cottage.

Less than a month prior to the bank robbery, the dicks learned, O'Shea had been in such dire fiscal distress that he had applied to several of those very friendly loan companies for a lift. A naïve fellow in lots of ways, he found out that it's only when a man doesn't need a loan that he can get it. If he's clean, he gets, not the money, but the brush.

Pat's biggest cash problem had been the threat of the Bridgeport jug holding the mortgage on Olive's house to foreclose because of a four-month delinquency in payments. Now the cops, talking to the banker who had been about to heat up the paper, learned that Pat had just beaten the foreclosure gun by turning up the day after the robbery with a batch of crisp fives, tens and twenties.

The banker even recalled the dialogue. "What have you been doing lately, Mr. O'Shea?" he had asked as he automatically reached for the dough. "Robbing banks?" Pat had looked gravely at the counter in the temple for a second or two, then broken into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

Two weeks after the crime, O'Shea, who had suddenly flipped from a very industrious fellow to an indolent quart-a-day man, dropped into a Fairfield bank and changed a batch of 20's into smaller denominations. Trotting in on his heels, the law men found two of the bills with serial numbers corresponding to those of two of the funny 20's. It was now just about impossible that the money in O'Shea's possession had come from anywhere but the bank robbery.

But how to move against O'Shea before he spent chunks of the loot? At a council of war, with the cops and the G-men feeling the first pains of desperation, it was decided to ask Pat whether he would object to appearing before bank manager Wade and his five little held-up helpers. "Of course not," said Pat, when he heard the proposal. "You fellows seem to be having such a hard time with this bank robbery I'm beginning to feel sorry for you. Let's go."

None of the eyewitnesses, however, remembering a guy whose own mother couldn't have recognized him, would make so much as a stab at identification.

To Foley and his men that was one down. Next, knowing their own blood pressure was now going up, they asked Pat whether he'd take a lie-detector test. Pat studied the two officers who posed the question, smiled, shrugged and said, "Why not?"

O'Shea was the coolest customer in the room in state police headquarters at Hartford when he began to answer the man operating the detector. He seemed particularly calm when the questioner shot the big one at him: "Mr. O'Shea, did you rob the bank in Monroe last April 22?" Pat didn't even lift an eyebrow.

The needle, though, wasn't quite so calm. If ever there was a suspect who flunked a lie test, it was O'Shea.

Now, for the first time, the dicks came right out with the pointing finger. "You did it, Pat," said an FBI man. "You might as well throw in the sponge."

"Why should I?" asked Pat with a happy smirk. "Lie-detector stuff can't be used in a courtroom." No one could argue with him. No one could arrest him.

To remedy that little difficulty, J. Edgar Hoover, down in Washington, instructed his men to make a try with the federal attorney in Hartford for a warrant to pinch Pat on suspicion of robbery. The attorney spoke informally with a federal judge.

His Honor received the G-men and listened to them reeling off the evidence they were sure added up to O'Shea's connection with the crime: the repaired dent in the van, the letter and the numeral on the license, Pat's skill as an electrician, his experience as a masquerader, the cash in his van when he had just been turned down for a loan, the mortgage payment after the robbery, the high improbability of the long numbers on three bills being from anything but the funny money, O'Shea's sudden life of ease, and finally the lie-detector flunking.

Close, His Honor ruled, but no cigar. "You can't touch that man," the judge said, "because you don't have the series letters on the bank's money. And don't forget this: you can't even lay a hand on the money you find O'Shea with, because if you do he'll be able to charge *you* with larceny."

It was an awful thought. And now a crucial question struck the dicks: what the hell were they shadowing Pat for? The way things were going, they could stick on his tail till doomsday, yet not prove anything. But hope springs eternal where angels fear to tread. Something might still turn up—something that would warrant a pinch. And the only thing likely to turn it up was more spade work.

Since the money was no good as a clue, Foley leaned hard on other aspects of the problem. The bank robber—or Pat, as the cops called him informally—had been careful not to leave a single whorl of his fingerprints behind, so that branch of evidence could be forgotten. The search switched to linking O'Shea with the odds and ends of hardware that had gone into the harmless infernal device. But trying

to connect Pat with a piece of copper wire, with nuts and bolts, with the clock-timer from an untraceable electric stove, proved shortly to be nothing but a bruising labor of maddening frustration.

To drip a little sodium chloride in official wounds, the Connecticut newspapers and the letter writers signing themselves "Taxpayer" had begun to ask what was being done about catching Weirdo. The cops, noting this stuff as they worked around the clock, could have explained—but they had long ago learned that "explanation" is regarded as only another word for "excuse."

But if the cops were breathing hard, Pat was resting easy. He began commuting into New York—mainly, the police figured, to give Olive the impression that he was legitimately engaged in *some*thing. Actually he was having a high time in the big city while other Connecticut commuters were struggling against the wolf at the door. Pat went to shows, picked up dolls and turned into a solid drinker. Some days he'd spend all his time just changing fives, tens and twenties into bills of other denominations at any bank that struck his fancy. The G-men, doing the tailing job, turned up two more funny bills.

Four months after the heist, on a day in August, O'Shea dropped into an airplane showroom on Fifth Avenue and paid $17,000 cash for a four-seater Comanche. Pat had flown some during his Army service and now, after a few more lessons, he got a private license and took to flying over Connecticut from an airfield on Long Island.

"This guy," muttered a fuming cop, "has *every*thing working for him. We can't touch the dough. We can't trace the junk he used to scare the banker out of his wits. And now, for all we know, the bastard could be casing more banks in that damned airplane—and we have no way of finding out."

One night in November Pat dropped into a midtown eatery to have a few bites between Scotches. With his educated eye for shapely trouble, he stopped in his tracks at sight of the hat-check girl. From that moment on, Pat O'Shea was really hooked. Her name was Marguerite Guerra Furet, and she was a 23-year-old bundle of dark excitement—married, but not working at it.

Christmas Eve was much happier for Pat than for the cops assigned to do him in. Our boy trimmed two trees and two dames—a little tree in Marguerite's diggings in Brooklyn, and later a big tree for Olive and the kids in Fairfield. G-men had learned that to Marguerite, Pat was a secret government operative on the trail of Russian spies; to Olive, who since the robbery had been getting $200 a week just for groceries, Pat was doing well in the stock market.

On the nights Pat spent in Fairfield, he used up much of his time in a watering hole down the street from the pink cottage. The cops never followed him in but hung around out front—which was too bad, because if they had stuck closer to their target they might have found out something, as the British say, to their advantage.

But before the Connecticut tails could get curious about the charm of that bar for Pat, things showed signs of picking up in another direction. O'Shea flew down to Mexico in his Comanche and got a fast divorce for Marguerite. Then he returned, picked her up, and winged back to Mexico to take her as his wife in Juarez.

While the newlyweds were honeymooning in Texas, under the discreet scrutiny of the G-men, Lieutenant Foley, up among the Nutmeggers, grew jubilant. "Now," he told his men, "we can pinch this guy at last—if not for bank robbery, then for bigamy. Either way, he's going to do time."

All that had to be done to hold up the double ball-and-chain charge was to get the date of Pat's marriage eight years before to Olive and the recent records from Mexico. But though the officers looked and looked, there was no indication anywhere that Pat O'Shea had signed any joint contract with Olive, and slowly it dawned on the proper men that common as was the state in which Pat and Olive had lived, it was not something that could be taken to court as evidence in bigamy.

A month after his Mexican marriage, Pat drifted in to the bar of New York's Statler Hilton one night to acquire a little insulation against the February cold. Running his eyes down the mahogany as he warmed up, he stared for a moment, then crooked a finger at the barkeep. "See that fellow at the other end?" he said. "Give him a double Scotch with my compliments, and if he asks why, tell him he looks like he needs it."

The carefully inattentive G-man tending Pat faced up to his predicament like a gentleman. Caught in the act of dogging this wag, the tail hoisted his glass, and hunter and hunted, from the ends of the bar, drank to each other. Pat had never given, and was never to give, any other indication that he knew he was being followed.

But the incident brought both the G-men and the Connecticut police to the sudden realization that they had in their possession a weapon they had never thought to use: Pat O'Shea's streak of kindness. So, a few nights later, the same G-man caught up with Pat in the same bar. This time the G-man bought the drinks.

"I'd like a few words with you, Pat," said the federal operative.

"Be my guest," said O'Shea.

"We think you're really a nice sort of guy, Pat," the federal man went on, "and that you wouldn't have robbed that bank except it was the only way you could lay hands on money to pay the mortgage."

"Keep talking." Pat's eyes were intent.

"But we don't think you know all the trouble you've caused for a bunch of men who've made Connecticut one of the safest places in the country. Just because you've been lucky with a legal loophole that I won't discuss, some very fine fellows have got black eyes. How do you think one of their kids feels, Pat, when he asks his daddy for something and his policeman daddy has to turn him down because he hasn't received the promotion he was expecting—hasn't received it because of you?"

The corn may have been green, but green corn can be powerful stuff. Less than a month later, on March 23, 1964—11 months almost to the day from the Monroe job—a tall, thin fellow with a three-day growth of beard and only a few dabs of make-up on a pale face, stuck a gun at a teller in the City Savings Bank of Shelton, Connecticut, not far from Monroe, and left with a short bundle.

When the state cops arrived this time, they were able to get a good description. It sounded like Pat, and they flashed O'Shea's mug. Everybody nodded. Pat had practically left a road map, and he was nailed in a few hours. He couldn't confess both jobs quickly enough, and drew 10 to 15 years.

In the middle of the affable chats Pat had with the cops after his pinch, the boys demonstrated understandable curiosity about where he had stashed the loot. Even though they had been all but stepping on his heels, they had never picked up a clue to its whereabouts. There was a quirk in the law, they explained, which would have let them latch onto it if they could have located it out of Pat's possession and off his property. He might have kept it in the pink cottage—or even in the Brooklyn apartment—but that didn't seem likely, because wives can be prying. Please, where had Pat planted the green, so he could get at it whenever he wanted?

"I buried it in a vacant lot," he said, with an odd sort of logic. "That bar in Fairfield, where I used to get a drink evenings, had a back door. I'd go out through that to the vacant lot, dig up the suitcase where I kept the money, take out some, and bury the rest again." His face was perfectly straight as he added, "I'm sorry I kept you fellas worrying about it."

The problem was really academic because Pat had gone through every dollar—a thousand a week plus the airplane, for the whole $65,000. The fact that Pat had spent it all gave rise to one of the two theories about his downfall. Lieutenant Foley maintains that Pat had grown so accustomed to living high on one bank's money that robbing another seemed the only way of keeping up the fascinating pace. Foley says dedicated quaffing had so dulled Pat's mind that he simply botched the second job.

Other students of the O'Shea saga, however, believe that Pat just could have flubbed the second job deliberately. They insist that kindhearted Patrick J. O'Shea committed the second crime, after his bar-side talk with the G-man, to make the Connecticut cops look like the competent force they really were.

Lieutenant Foley's reaction to that idea is philosophical. "I guess the big thing," he says, "is that justice triumphed."

And he points out that had Pat not wound up in the toils, the day would have come when Olive and Marguerite found out about each other. Which raises the question: is a man not really better off in prison, getting food and shelter on the cuff, than outside facing the wrath of two women with him in common?

—Alan Hynd

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